LETTERS

On the Moſt Common, as well as Important,

OCCASIONS in LIFE,

BY

CICERO,	Sir W. TRUMBULL,
PLINY,	DRYDEN,
VOITURE,	ATTERBURY,
BALZAC,	GARTH,
St. EVREMOND,	ADDISON,
LOCKE,	STEELE,
Lord LANSDOWNE,	POPE,
Lord OXFORD,	GAY,
Lord PETERBOROUGH,	SWIFT,
Lord BOLINGBROKE,	BERKELEY,
Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE,	ROWE,

AND

Other WRITERS of diſtinguiſhed Merit;

WITH MANY

Original LETTERS and CARDS,

By the EDITOR:

Who has alſo prefixed,

A DISSERTATION

ON THE

EPISTOLARY STYLE;

WITH

Proper DIRECTIONS for addreſſing PERSONS of RANK and EMINENCE.

For the Uſe of Young GENTLEMEN and LADIES.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

TO THE

PARENTS,

GUARDIANS,

AND

GOVERNESSES

IN

GREAT-BRITAIN and *IRELAND*,

THIS

COLLECTION

OF

LETTERS.

IS HUMBLY INSCRIBED

BY

THEIR MOST OBEDIENT SERVANT,

JOHN NEWBERY.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE PREFACE.

THE editor of the following ſheets has ſelected from our moſt admired English *authors, and the beſt tranſlations we have of the Claſſics and the* French *writers, a ſeries of letters, which he apprehends will be not only uſeful to our youth of both ſexes, but alſo afford ſome entertainment to thoſe of age and experience: More eſpecially as he has been particularly careful to ſelect thoſe Letters that are eſteemed for their natural eaſe and elegance of ſtyle, or that are replete with ſentiment, and fraught with the knowledge of mankind. Beſides, the young ſtudent has here, for his practice and improvement, ma-*

ny examples from great men in view, all of them good, though not equally ſo, and he may form his ſtyle and manner upon the model of that author who pleaſes him beſt.

To render this volume of letters the more compleat, and that there may be ſomething ſaid ſuitable to every circumſtance in life, the author has added a great number of original letters, moſtly his own, and wrote for this purpoſe, which he hopes will be found uſeful to the reader.

9 DE61

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THE INTRODUCTION:

CONTAINING SOME

INSTRUCTIONS FOR EPISTOLARY WRITING.

TO take up the reader's time in expatiating on the neceſſity of teaching youth to write letters, would be abſurd and ridiculous; its uſefulneſs is allowed on all hands; for *epiſtolary writing* enters ſo much into the common concerns of life, that there is no doing without it. Our buſineſs, therefore, is to point out to the reader the method by which a proficiency in this art may be beſt obtained: and that is, by imitating very frequently, and with due attention, the letters of thoſe who have been moſt celebrated and diſtinguiſhed for this ſpecies of writing. In conformity to this opinion, we have ſelected, from our moſt admired writers, this little volume, as ſo many examples for the young ſtudent's practice and improvement: among theſe, he will alſo find original letters on various ſubjects, which however inferior to the reſt in point of ſtyle and ſentiment, will be found uſeful to the youth of

both ſexes, who may, perhaps, be glad to know how others have handled the ſubjects about which they have occaſion to write.

Beſides this book, the young ſtudent would do well to read ſuch authors as may tend to form his ſtyle; and thoſe eſpecially are to be ſelected for the purpoſe, that are remarkable for their purity of language, and elegant eaſineſs of expreſſion. We have had ſeveral works of this kind publiſhed lately, which juſtly deſerve the reader's conſideration; and among the reſt, due regard, I think, ſhould be paid to the letters that bear the name of *Fitzoſborn*, to thoſe between Mr. *Pope* and his friends that are written on familiar ſubjects, and to the tranſlations we have lately had of the epiſtles of *Cicero* and *Pliny*. But above all, let me recommend the *Spectators* to his frequent peruſal.

Eaſe, elegance, perſpicuity and correctneſs are admirably blended in the eſſays of Mr. *Addiſon*; and, after reading this little book, and thoſe I have mentioned, nothing, perhaps, can be recommended to young perſons, that is ſo likely to poliſh their ſtyle, as his pieces that are ſcattered through the ſeveral volumes of the *Spectators*, and marked at the bottom with ſome one of theſe letters——C. L. I. O. There is a happineſs in Mr. *Addiſon*'s manner, that is not to be deſcribed, but which, perhaps, may be attained, by making him your conſtant companion.

Thoſe who keep polite company acquire, as it were naturally, an air of politeneſs. They ſpeak correctly, and with a becoming boldneſs, eaſe and freedom; and ſo it is in writing: thoſe who conſtantly read polite, correct, and elegant authors, will acquire not only their manner of expreſſion, but, in ſome meaſure, their manner of thinking; and notwithſtanding the numerous tracts that have been written on *ſtyle*, there is in reality no acquiring a good one, by any rules whatever; nor is it to be obtained

tained in any other manner, than by converſing with polite company, who ſpeak correctly, and by frequently reading the beſt authors. Read, therefore, Mr. *Addiſon* again and again; make him your conſtant companion; and never leave him, till you have obtained a due portion of his elegance and eaſe. And though ſome of his eſſays, thoſe eſpecially on the pleaſures of imagination, and the ſubject of criticiſm, are wrote in a more elevated ſtyle than the familiarity of an epiſtle will admit of, yet there are others in abundance, which, though replete with character, and charged with the manners and humours of mankind, are nevertheleſs as familiar and eaſy, as if wrote from one friend to another, about any matter of the leaſt concern. The following account of the behaviour of Sir *Roger de Coverly* at church, is, I think, a proof of what I have aſſerted, and may ſerve as an example of his manner of writing.

'I am always very well pleaſed with a country *Sunday*, and think, if keeping holy the ſeventh day were only a human inſtitution, it would be the beſt method that could have been thought of for the poliſhing and civilizing of mankind. It is certain, the country people would ſoon degenerate into a kind of ſavages and barbarians, were there not ſuch frequent returns of a ſtated time, in which the whole village meet together with their beſt faces and in their cleanlieſt habits, to converſe with one another upon different ſubjects, hear their duties explained to them, and join together in adoration of the Supreme Being. *Sunday* clears away the ruſt of the whole week, not only as it refreſhes in their minds the notions of religion, but as it puts both ſexes upon appearing in their moſt agreeable forms, and exerting all ſuch qualities as are apt to give them a figure in the eye of the village. A country fellow diſtinguiſhes himſelf as much in the *church-yard*, as a citizen does upon the

'*Exchange*, the whole parish-politics being gene-
'rally discussed in that place, either after sermon,
'or before the bell rings.

'My friend Sir ROGER, being a good church-
'man, has beautified the inside of his church with
'several texts of his own chusing. He has like-
'wise given an handsome pulpit-cloth, and railed
'in the communion table at his own expence. He
'has often told me, that at his coming to his es-
'tate, he found his parishioners very irregular;
'and that in order to make them kneel and join in
'the responses, he gave every one of them a hassock
'and a common-prayer-book; and at the same time
'employed an itinerant singing-master, who goes
'about the country for that purpose, to instruct them
'rightly in the tunes of the Psalms; upon which
'they now very much value themselves, and indeed
'out-do most of the country churches that I have
'ever heard.

'As Sir ROGER is landlord to the whole congre-
'gation, he keeps them in very good order, and
'will suffer no-body to sleep in it besides himself;
'for if by chance he has been surprized into a short
'nap at sermon, upon recovering out of it, he stands
'up, and looks about him, and if he sees any body
'else nodding, either wakes them himself, or sends
'his servants to them. Several other of the old
'knight's particularities break out upon these occa-
'sions. Sometimes he will be lengthening out a
'verse in the singing-psalms, half a minute after the
'rest of the congregation have done it; some-
'times when he is pleased with the matter of his de-
'votion he pronounces *Amen* three or four times to
'the same prayer; and sometimes stands up, when
'every body else is upon their knees, to count the
'congregation, or see if any of his tenants are mis-
'sing. I was yesterday very much surprized to
'hear my old friend, in the midst of the service
'calling

'calling out to one *John Matthews*, to mind what 'he was about, and not diſturb the congregation. 'This *John Matthews*, it ſeems, is remarkable for 'being an idle fellow, and, at that time, was kick-'ing his heels for his diverſion. This authority of 'the knight, though exerted in that odd manner 'which accompanies him in all circumſtances of 'life, has a very good effect upon the pariſh, who 'are not polite enough to ſee any thing ridiculous 'in his behaviour; beſides that, the general good 'ſenſe and worthineſs of his character makes his 'friends obſerve theſe little ſingularities, as foils 'that rather ſet off than blemiſh his good quali-'ties.

'As ſoon as the ſermon is finiſhed, no-body pre-'ſumes to ſtir till Sir ROGER is gone out of the 'church. The knight walks down from his ſeat in 'the chancel, between a double row of his tenants, 'that ſtand bowing to him, on each ſide; and every 'now and then enquires how ſuch a one's wife, or 'mother, or ſon, or father do, whom he does not 'ſee at church; which is underſtood as a ſecret re-'primand to the perſon that is abſent. The chap-'lain has often told me, that upon a catechiſing day, 'when Sir ROGER has been pleaſed with a boy 'that anſwers well, he has ordered a bible to be 'given him, next day, for his encouragement; 'and ſometimes accompanies it with a flitch of ba-'con to his mother. Sir ROGER has likewiſe add-'ed five pounds a year to the clerk's place; and that 'he may encourage the young fellows to make them-'ſelves perfect in the church-ſervice, has promiſed 'upon the death of the preſent incumbent, who is 'very old, to beſtow it according to merit. The 'fair underſtanding between Sir ROGER and his 'chaplain, and their mutual concurrences in doing 'good, is the more remarkable, becauſe the very 'next village is famous for the differences and con-

'tentions that riſe between the Parſon and the 'Squire, who live in a perpetual ſtate of war. The Parſon is always preaching at the 'Squire, and the 'Squire, to be revenged on the parſon, never comes to church. The 'Squire has made all his tenants Atheiſts and tithe-ſtealers; whilſt the parſon inſtructs them every Sunday in the dignity of his order, and inſinuates to them, in almoſt every ſermon, that he is a better man than his patron. In ſhort, matters are come to ſuch an extremity, that the 'Squire has not ſaid his prayers, either in public or private, this half year; and that the Parſon threatens him, if he does not mend his manners, to pray for him in the face of the whole congregation. Feuds of this nature, though too frequent in the country, are very fatal to the ordinary people; who are ſo uſed to be dazzled with riches, that they pay as much deference to the underſtanding of a man of an eſtate, as of a man of learning; and are very hardly brought to regard any truth, how important ſoever it may be, that is preached to them, when they know there are ſeveral men of five hundred a year who do not believe it."

Now, though there is character, humour, and a knowledge of mankind diſplayed in this piece, yet every thing is eaſy and elegant, gentle and familiar; nor is there a figurative expreſſion in the whole eſſay, except *clearing away the ruſt of the week*, and *giving them a figure in the eye of the village*; and thoſe are ſo aptly applied, and fall in ſo naturally with the ſubject, that the ſenſe is as evident, even to an illiterate perſon, as if it was conveyed in a downright country phraſe.

But figures are not wholly to be excluded from epiſtles any more than from *converſation*. For they are a ſort of coin, without which the commerce of converſation, either literary or verbal, cannot be carried on. The moſt ignorant people make uſe of figures

figures (though unknowingly) in their intercourſe with each other, and very often thoſe of the moſt dignified kind. Figures are the language of the heart. They are a ſort of wings, with which nature has furniſhed the paſſions to convey themſelves the more forcibly, and are therefore not to be ſo ſcrupulouſly avoided, as the critics have inſinuated: for the language of nature can never be unnatural.

The objection they would make ſeems to lie here. *Epiſtolary Writing* ſhould be, as much as poſſible, like converſation; for it is ſuppoſed you are writing thoſe very ſentiments to an abſent perſon, cloathed in the ſame, or nearly the ſame language, in which you would deliver them if he was preſent. Whence it will follow, that the ſtyle of a letter, if natural, muſt depend on the diſpoſition of mind the writer is in, and the ſubject he is upon.

Was I writing to a man in the height of paſſion, who had done me a great injury, nobody, I ſuppoſe, would condemn my letter as unnatural, becauſe it contained ſome figurative expreſſions, which nature herſelf had there imprinted to expreſs the violent agitation of my mind. Nor would a merchant, deeply in love, be condemned, for not writing to his miſtreſs in the ſame eaſy, unaffecting ſtrain, as he wrote to his correſpondent for a few bales of goods; ſince, if the miſtreſs and correſpondent were both preſent, they would be addreſſed in a very different manner, and with a ſtyle not altogether ſimilar.

But when we are told that *Epiſtolary writing* ſhould be like converſation, we are not to ſuppoſe that it is the converſation of the illiterate and vulgar, but, as much as poſſible, like that of the learned and polite; for it would be inverting the order of things, and debaſing human nature, to make the gentleman and the ſcholar ſpeak and write like the ploughman.

Some critics, while they are intent on leading others,

others, *miſtead* themſelves. Inſtead of ſetting up nature as a ſtandard, they pervert her order, and change her courſe. Things with them muſt have a perpetual ſameneſs, and nature is to buckle to the ſturdy precepts of *Ariſtotle* and his followers. What a clamour have we had about what conſtitutes a perfect tragedy! and what invectives have been thrown out againſt the tragi-comedies of *Shakſpeare* and others! when, after all, if you conſult nature, ſhe will tell you, that theſe laſt are the moſt perfect pictures of human life; for we very often hear the ſervants merry, when their maſters are ſad; and ſee the parlour in tears, while gambols are going forward in the kitchen. And in a ſtate divided by parties, this will always be the caſe; for the downfal of one will prove the exaltation of the other. This, however, by way of digreſſion.——We ſhall now return to our ſubject, give the young ſtudent a few general rules, and conclude.

We have already obſerved, that letter-writing is but a ſort of epiſtolary converſation, and that you are to write to the perſon abſent, in the manner you would ſpeak to them, if preſent. The beſt and only way to do this, and to avoid being unnatural and affected, is, for the writer, after he has duly conſidered the ſubject he is upon, and formed the letter in his mind, to ſit down and write it immediately, in the words that nature dictates to him, neither hunting after elegant phraſes, nor rejecting them, if they naturally occur. They miſtake who ſuppoſe that perſpicuity depends upon expreſſion only; it is rather a character of the thought; for he who thinks clearly, will generally write ſo; but if there be a confuſion in the head, perſpicuity will never flow from the pen. Accuſtom yourſelf, therefore, to think juſtly, and then let your words follow one another from the pen, as they would from your tongue, if you were ſpeaking upon ſome ſubject with which

you

you were perfectly well acquainted, and to a perſon whoſe abilities you thought not ſuperior to your own. This ſort of confidence prevents the mind from being diſturbed by that diffidence which generally attends men of merit, and which often obſcures and envelopes the rich talents they poſſeſs; for what is done with pain, is ſeldom done with grace.

Though you ought to write down your thoughts in the firſt words that occur, I would not have you neglect a careful reviſal of them, when the whole letter is finiſhed. I ſay, when your letter is finiſhed; becauſe, was you to attempt this ſooner, and offer to ſubſtitute one word for another, or vary the phraſe in the courſe of your writing, you would probably break in upon your thought, loſe the beauty of your ſentence, and make that ſtiff, affected, and obſcure, which would be otherwiſe natural, eaſy, and clear. But when you have thus penned down your thoughts, it would be injuſtice to yourſelf, and an affront to the perſon you addreſs, not to reviſe the language, and make what alterations are neceſſary. If your correſpondent is a perſon of underſtanding, he will not be diſpleaſed with an eraſement, and if there ſhould be too many (which cannot be the caſe, if you accuſtom yourſelf to this regular manner of deliberately thinking and writing) you may then tranſcribe your letter, and ſend a fair copy; which is better than expoſing yourſelf, and affronting your friend, by offering him a bundle of inaccuracies.

But, as I have already obſerved, there is no obtaining a natural, eaſy ſtyle, and a graceful manner, either of writing or ſpeaking, but by practice; cuſtom overcomes many difficulties.—The young ſtudent, therefore, ſhould in this imitate the rules laid down by the moſt eminent painters, and both read and write ſomething every day, till he has acquired a proficiency in the art. Nor need he ever be afraid of writing too well, if what he writes is natural, and

and to the purpoſe. The obſervation of a certain eminent author, *That letters which paſs between familiar friends, if written as they ſhould be, can ſcarce ever be fit to ſee the light*, will upon examination be found erroneous; for we daily hear gentlemen ſpeak correctly and elegantly in company, upon almoſt any ſubject, without the appearance of affectation; and is it any matter of wonder, that men of great abilities ſhould write in that manner? In ſhort, both ſpeaking and writing, if a man is not over diffident, and has the requiſite talents, may be acquired by practice, founded upon a few good rules, to a greater degree of perfection, and with more eaſe than is generally imagined.

With regard to the manner, form, and ſuperſcription of letters, the following rules may be obſerved.

When you write to a perſon of conſequence, let it be on gilt paper, and incloſe it in a cover, and not write the ſuperſcription on the letter itſelf; unleſs it be to go by the poſt, in which caſe it will be neceſſary to ſave expence.

Begin your letter at a good diſtance from the top of the paper, and if you have compliments to ſend to any of the family, or to your correſpondent's friends, inſert them in the body of the letter, and not in the poſtſcript, as is too frequently done; for the placing of them there, betrays an inattention to your friends, and intimates that you had almoſt forgot them.

It is uſual with polite people to ſign their names at a conſiderable diſtance from the bottom of their letter, which is a needleſs and uſeleſs compliment; and, as it may expoſe the writer to ſome difficulties, I would have him avoid it, and ſign his name immediately under, and nearly cloſe to the latter part of the letter; for when it is ſet at ſo great a diſtance, if the paper ſhould fall into bad hands, that part may be taken

taken off, and a promiſſory note wrote over the name, and the perſon obliged to pay it: for the hand-writing can be proved, which ſuppoſes the value received; and who, in this caſe, can prove a negative? This caution may likewiſe ſerve for members of parliament, who frank letters for their friends.

The firſt letter in any title, as alſo the perſonal pronoun, if you are writing to any one of eminence and diſtinction, ſhould begin with a capital.

You ſhould not be too particular in the ſuperſcription of your letters to thoſe who are well known, for it is in ſome meaſure an affront, as it ſuppoſes the perſon not to be conſpicuous.

Theſe rules I thought proper to fix to the terms of addreſs, as they have not hitherto been taken notice of in any book that I have yet ſeen. The following are what we generally inſert in books of this kind, which, therefore, are to be placed in their uſual form.

How to addreſs perſons of diſtinction, either in writing or diſcourſe.

To the ROYAL FAMILY

To the King's moſt excellent Majeſty, *Sir*, or *may it pleaſe your majeſty.*

To his royal highneſs George, Prince of Wales, *Sir*, or, *may it pleaſe your Royal Highneſs.*

In the ſame manner to the reſt of the royal family; altering the addreſſes according to the different rank and degrees of dignity.

To the NOBILITY.

To his Grace A. Duke of S. *my Lord Duke*, or, *may it pleaſe your Grace*, or, *your Grace.*

To the moſt honourable G. Lord Marquis of H. *my Lord Marquis, your Lordſhip.*

To the Right hon. A. Earl of B. *my Lord, your Lordſhip.*

To

To the right hon. C. Lord Viſcount D. *my Lord, your Lordſhip.*

To the right hon. E. Lord F. *my Lord, your Lordſhip.*

The *ladies* are addreſſed according to the rank of their huſbands.

The ſons of Dukes, Marquiſſes, and the eldeſt ſons of Earls, have, by courteſy of *England*, the title of *Lord*, and *right honourable*; and the title *Lady*, and *right honourable*, is given to all their daughters.

But the youngeſt ſons of Earls are only *honourable* and *Eſquires*.

The ſons of *Viſcounts* and *Barons* are ſtiled *Eſquires* and *honourable*, and their daughters are directed to *The honourable Mrs.* A. B. but without any other ſtyle; and they have rank among the firſt gentry, without title.

The title of *honourable* is likewiſe conferred on certain perſons who have the king's commiſſion, and upon thoſe gentlemen who enjoy places of truſt and honour; and every conſiderable ſervant to the king, upon the civil or military liſt, or to any of the royal family, is ſtiled *Eſquire, pro tempore.*

The title of *right honourable* is given to no Commoners, excepting thoſe who are members of his Majeſty's moſt honourable privy-council, and the three Lord Mayors of *London*, *York*, and *Dublin*, and the Lord Provoſt of *Edinburgh*, during their office.

To the PARLIAMENT.

To the right honourable the Lords ſpiritual and temporal, in parliament of *Great Britain* aſſembled, *my Lords*, or, *may it pleaſe your Lordſhips.*

To the honourable the Knights, Citizens, and Burgeſſes in parliament of *Great Britain* aſſembled, *Gentlemen*, or, *may it pleaſe your Honours.*

To *the right honourable* C. D. Speaker of the honourable

honourable houſe of Commons, who is generally one of his Majeſty's moſt honourable privy-council, *Sir*.

To the CLERGY.

To the moſt reverend father in God John Lord Archbiſhop of Canterbury, *my Lord*, or, *your Grace*.

To the right reverend father in God W. Lord Biſhop of S. *my Lord, your Lordſhip*.

To the right reverend Lord Biſhop of G. Lord Almoner to his Majeſty, *my Lord, your Lordſhip*.

To the reverend Mr. (or Doctor, if the degree of doctor has been taken) A. B. dean of C. or archdeacon, or chancellor of D. or prebendary, *&c. Mr. Dean, Mr. Archdeacon, reverend Sir, &c.*

All Rectors, Vicars, Curates, Lecturers, and clergymen of all denominations are ſtiled *reverend*.

To the Officers of his MAJESTY'S H[illegible]

They are for the moſt part addreſſed [illegible] to their rank and quality, though ſometim[illegible] eably to the nature of their office, as, *my Lord Steward, my Lord Chamberlain, Mr. Vice-Chamberlain*, &c. and in all ſuperſcriptions of letters which relate to gentlemen's employments, their ſtile of office ſhould never be omitted.

To the COMMISSIONERS *and* OFFICERS *on the* CIVIL LISTS.

To the right honourable R. Earl of G. Lord privy-ſeal——Lord preſident of the council——Lord great chamberlain——Earl marſhal of *England*——His majeſty's principal ſecretaries of ſtate, &c. *my Lord, your Lordſhip*.

To the right honourable the Lords Commiſſioners —of the admiralty—of the treaſury—of trade and plantations, *my Lords, your Lordſhips*.

N. B. If there be a nobleman, or even a commoner,

moner, who is a privy councillor, among any ſet of commiſſioners, it will be proper to ſtile them collectively *right honourable*; the uſual addreſs then is *your Lordſhips*.

To the honourable the commiſſioners of his majeſty's cuſtoms—ditto of the revenue of exciſe—ditto for the duty on ſalt—ditto for his majeſty's ſtamp duties—ditto for victualling his majeſty's navy, *&c. &c.*

To the Officers of the ARMY *and* NAVY.

In the army, all noblemen are ſtiled according to their rank, to which is added their employ.

To the honourable A. B. lieutenant-general—major-general—brigadier-general of his majeſty's forces, *Sir, your Honour*.

To the right honourable J. Earl of S. captain of his majeſty's firſt troop of horſe-guards—band of gentlemen penſioners——band of yeomen of the guards, &c. *my Lord, your Lordſhip*.

All colonels are ſtiled *honourable*; and all inferior officers ſhould have the names of their employments ſet firſt; as for example, to Major W. C. Captain T. H. &c. *Sir*.

In the *navy*, all admirals are ſtiled *honourable* and noblemen according to quality and office. The other officers as in the army.

To the AMBASSADRY.

To his excellency Sir A. B. bart. his *Britannic* majeſty's envoy extraordinary, and plenipotentiary to the *Ottoman Porte*, *Sir, your Excellency*.

To his excellency C. D. eſq. ambaſſador to the moſt chriſtian majeſty, *Sir, your Excellency*.

To his excellency the baron de E. his *Pruſſian* majeſty's reſident at the court of *Great Britain*, *Sir, your Excellency*.

To ſeignior F. G. ſecretary from the republic of *Venice* at *London*, *Sir*.

To ſeignior H. J. ſecretary from the great duke of *Tuſcany* at *London*, *Sir*.

To K. L. eſq. his *Britannic* majeſty's conſul at *Smyrna*, *Sir*.

To the JUDGES *and* LAWYERS.

All judges, if privy councillors, are ſtiled *right honourable*; as for inſtance.

To the right honourable A. B. lord high chancellor of *Great Britain*, *my Lord*, *your Lordſhip*.

To the right honourable V. P. maſter of the rolls, *Sir*, *your Honour*.

To the right honourable Sir G. L. bart. lord chief juſtice of the king's bench—ditto of the common pleas, *my Lord*, *your Lordſhip*.

To the honourable Sir A. B. lord chief baron of the exchequer, *Sir*, or, *may it pleaſe you*, *Sir*.

To the honourable A. D. one of the juſtices of the court of ——, or to judge D. *Sir*, or, *may it pleaſe you*, *Sir*.

To Sir R. D. his majeſty's attorney——ſolicitor ——or advocate-general, *Sir*.

All others in the law, according to the offices and rank they bear, every barriſter having the title of *eſquire* given him.

N. B. *Upon the circuits, and when they ſit ſingly, every one of the Judges is addreſſed and treated with the ſame reſpect and ceremony as the chief juſtices.*

Of the LIEUTENANCY *and* MAGISTRACY.

To the right honourable S. earl of B. lord lieutenant and *cuſtos rotulorum* of the county of H. *my lord*, *your Lordſhip*.

To P. E. eſq. high ſheriff for the county of C. *Mr. High Sheriff*, *Sir*.

To the right honourable A. B. lord mayor of the city of *London*, *my Lord*, *your Lordſhip*.

To the right worſhipful C. D. eſq. alderman of *Tower-ward, London*; *Sir, Mr. Alderman.*

To the right worſhipful Sir E. F. recorder of the city of *London*; *Sir, Mr. Recorder.*

To the worſhipful G. H. eſq. mayor of L. *Mr. Mayor, Sir, your Worſhip.*

To the worſhipful J. K. eſq. one of his majeſty's juſtices of the peace for the county of S. *Sir, your Worſhip.*

To L. M. eſq. deputy ſteward of the city and liberty of W. *Mr. Deputy, Sir.*

To the GOVERNORS *under the* CROWN.

To his excellency J. lord C. lord lieutenant of the kingdom of *Ireland*; *my Lord Lieutenant, your Excellency.*

To their excellencies the lords juſtices of the kingdom of *Ireland*; *your Excellencies.*

To the right honourable J. earl of L. governor of *Dover Caſtle*, and lord-warden of the *Cinque Ports*; *my Lord, your Lordſhip.*

To the right honourable C. lord viſcount D. conſtable of the *Tower.*

To his excellency J. H. eſq. captain-general and governor in chief of the *Leeward Carribbee* iſlands in *America*; *Sir, Governor, your Excellency.*

To the honourable F. N. eſq. lieutenant-governor of *South Carolina.*

To the honourable Sir J. G. deputy-governor of *Portſmouth.*

To the honourable G. P. eſq. governor of *Fort St. George, Madras*, in the *Eaſt Indies.*

To the worſhipful the preſident, and governors of *Chriſt's Hoſpital, London.*

The ſecond governors of colonies appointed by the king, are ſtiled lieutenant-governors: thoſe appointed by proprietors, as the Eaſt-India *Company, &c. are called deputy-governors.*

To

To INCORPORATE BODIES.

To the honourable the court of directors of the united company of merchants of *England* trading to the *Eaſt-Indies*.

To the honourable the ſub-governor, deputy-governor, and directors of the *South-Sea* company.

To the honourable the governor, deputy-governor, and directors of the bank of *England*.

To the maſter and wardens of the worſhipful company of *Drapers*.

To a baronet: To Sir C. D. Bart. at *Binfield*, *Sir*.

To a knight: To Sir W. H. at *Richmond*, *Sir*.

To T. Y. eſq. at *Wickham*, *Sir*.

To Dr. W. Jones, at *Reading*, *Berks*.

To Mr. John Long, merchant in *London*, or *Briſtol*, &c.

To Mr. Swan, Surgeon at *Bath*.

N. B. The wives of *baronets* and *knights* are ſtiled *Ladies*.

P. S. *Beſides the books I have already mentioned, the reader would do well to peruſe two other volumes, lately publiſhed; the one entitled*, Letters to and for particular friends; *and the other*, Familiar letters on various ſubjects.

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LETTERS

ON THE

MOST COMMON, AS WELL AS IMPORTANT,

OCCASIONS in LIFE.

SERVIUS SULPICIUS to CICERO.

I RECEIVED the news of your daughter's death with all the concern it ſo juſtly deſerves: and indeed I cannot but conſider it as a misfortune in which I bear an equal ſhare with yourſelf. If I had been near you when this fatal accident happened, I ſhould not only have mingled my tears with yours, but aſſiſted you with all the conſolation in my power. I am ſenſible at the ſame time, that offices of this kind afford at beſt but a wretched relief: for as none are qualified to perform them, but thoſe who ſtand near to us by the ties either of blood or affection, ſuch perſons are generally too much affected themſelves, to be capable of adminiſtering comfort to others. Nevertheleſs I thought proper to ſuggeſt a few reflections, which occurred to me upon this occaſion: not as imagining they would be new to you, but believing that in your preſent diſcompoſure of mind they might poſſibly have eſcaped your attention. Tell me then, my friend, wherefore do you indulg

this exceſs of ſorrow? Reflect, I intreat you, in what manner fortune has dealt with every one of us: that ſhe has deprived us of what ought to be no leſs dear than our children, and overwhelmed in one general ruin our honours, our liberties, and our country. And after theſe loſſes, is it poſſible that any other ſhould increaſe our tears? Is it poſſible that a mind long exerciſed in calamities ſo truly ſevere, ſhould not become totally callous, and indifferent to every event? But you will tell me, perhaps, that your grief ariſes not ſo much on your own account, as on that of *Tullia*. Yet ſurely you muſt often, as well as myſelf, have had occaſion in theſe wretched times to reflect that their condition by no means deſerves to be regretted, whom death has gently removed from this unhappy ſcene. What is there, let me aſk, in the preſent circumſtances of our country, that could have rendered life greatly deſirable to your daughter? What pleaſing hopes, what agreeable views, what rational ſatisfaction could ſhe poſſibly have propoſed to herſelf from a more extended period? Was it in the proſpect of conjugal happineſs in the ſociety of ſome diſtinguiſhed youth? As if, indeed, you could have found a ſon-in-law amongſt our preſent ſet of young men, worthy of being intruſted with the care of your daughter! Or was it in the expectation of being the joyful mother of a flouriſhing race, who might poſſeſs their patrimony with independence, who might gradually riſe through the ſeveral dignities of the ſtate, and exert the liberty to which they were born in the ſervice and defence of their friends and country? But is there one amongſt all theſe deſirable privileges, of which we were not deprived before ſhe was in a capacity of tranſmitting them to her deſcendants? Yet, after all, you may ſtill alledge, perhaps, that the loſs of our children is a ſevere affliction; and unqueſtionably it would be ſo,

if

if it were not a much greater to ſee them alive to endure thoſe indignities which their parents ſuffer.

I lately fell into a reflection, which, as it afforded great relief to the diſquietude of my own heart, may poſſibly contribute likewiſe to aſſuage the anguiſh of yours. In my return out of *Aſia*, as I was ſailing from *Ægina* towards *Megara*, I amuſed myſelf with contemplating the circumjacent countries. Behind me lay *Ægina*, before me *Megara*; on my right I ſaw *Piræus*, and on my left *Corinth*. Theſe cities, once ſo flouriſhing and magnificent, now repreſented nothing to my view but a ſad ſpectacle of deſolation.

"Alas! (I ſaid to myſelf) ſhall ſuch a ſhort-
"lived creature as man complain, when one of his
"ſpecies falls either by the hand of violence, or by
"the common courſe of nature, whilſt in this nar-
"row compaſs ſo many great and glorious cities,
"formed for a much longer duration, thus lie ex-
"tended in ruins? Remember then, O my heart!
"the general lot to which man is born: and let that
"thought ſuppreſs thy unreaſonable murmurs."
Believe me, I found my mind greatly refreſhed and comforted by theſe reflections. Let me adviſe you in the ſame manner to repreſent to yourſelf, what numbers of our illuſtrious countrymen have lately been cut off at once, how much the ſtrength of the *Roman* republic is impaired, and what dreadful deva-ſtation has gone forth throughout all its provinces! And can you, with the impreſſion of theſe greater calamities upon your mind, be ſo immoderately afflicted for the loſs of one ſingle individual, a poor, little, tender woman? who, if ſhe had not died at this time, muſt in a few fleeting years more have inevitably undergone that common fate to which ſhe was born. Reaſonable however as theſe reflections are, I would call you from them awhile, in order to lead your thoughts to others more peculiarly

ſuitable

ſuitable to your circumſtances and character. Remember then, that your daughter lived as long as life was worth poſſeſſing, that is, till liberty was no more; that ſhe lived to ſee you in the illuſtrious offices of prætor, conſul, and augur; to be married to ſome of the nobleſt youths in *Rome*; to be bleſt with almoſt every valuable enjoyment; and at length to expire with the republic itſelf. Tell me now, what is there in this view of her fate, that could give either her or yourſelf juſt reaſon to complain? In fine, do not forget that you are *Cicero*; the wiſe, the philoſophical *Cicero*, who were wont to give advice to others; nor reſemble thoſe unſkilful empirics, who at the ſame time that they pretend to be furniſhed with remedies for other men's diſorders, are altogether incapable of finding a cure for their own. On the contrary, apply to your private uſe thoſe judicious precepts you have adminiſtered to the public. Time neceſſarily weakens the ſtrongeſt impreſſions of ſorrow: but it would be a reproach to your character not to anticipate this its certain effect, by the force of your own good ſenſe and judgment. If the dead retain any conſciouſneſs of what is here tranſacted, your daughter's affection, I am ſure, was ſuch both to you and to all her relations, that ſhe can by no means deſire you ſhould abandon yourſelf to this exceſs of grief. Reſtrain it then, I conjure you, for the ſake of the reſt of your family and friends, who lament to ſee you thus afflicted. Reſtrain it too, I beſeech you, for the ſake of your country, that whenever the opportunity ſhall ſerve, it may reap the benefit of your counſels and aſſiſtance. In ſhort, ſince ſuch is our fortune that we muſt neceſſarily ſubmit to the preſent ſyſtem of public affairs, ſuffer it not to be ſuſpected, that it is not ſo much the death of your daughter, as the fate of the republic, and the ſucceſs of our victors, that you deplore. But it would be ill manners to dwell

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any longer upon this ſubject, as I ſhould ſeem to queſtion the efficacy of your own good ſenſe. I will only add, therefore, that as we have often ſeen you bear proſperity in the nobleſt manner, and with the higheſt applauſe, ſhew us likewiſe that you are not too ſenſible of adverſity, but know how to ſupport it with the ſame advantage to your character. In a word, let it not be ſaid, that fortitude is the ſingle virtue to which my friend is a ſtranger. As for what concerns myſelf, I will ſend you an account of the ſtate of this province, and of what is tranſacting in this part of the world, as ſoon as I ſhall hear that you are ſufficiently compoſed to receive the information. Farewel.

MARCUS CATO *to* CICERO.

THE affection I bear both to you and to the republic, induces me very ſincerely to rejoice in finding that you exerciſe the ſame integrity and vigilance in the conduct of our armies abroad, as diſtinguiſhed your adminiſtration of our moſt important affairs at home. I have therefore paid your actions that honour which was moſt conſiſtent with my judgment: and in ſpeaking to this queſtion before the ſenate, as well as afterwards, when I aſſiſted in drawing up the decree that has paſſed in your favour, I applauded the probity and prudence with which you have protected your province, preſerved the crown and perſon of *Ariobarzanes*, and conciliated the affections of our allies in general. If you rather chuſe, however, that we ſhould aſcribe to the gods thoſe advantages which the republic has gained entirely by your own conſummate wiſdom and generoſity, I am glad the ſenate has paſſed a decree for that purpoſe. But if you are willing that fortune ſhould have the credit of your actions, as ſuppoſing a public thankſgiving neceſſarily opens your way

way to a triumph, I muſt obſerve, that the latter is not always a conſequence of the former: yet, granting it were, is it not far more to the honour of a general, to have it declared by a vote of the ſenate, that he preſerved his province by the mildneſs and equity of his adminiſtration, than that he owed it either to the ſtrength of his troops, or to the peculiar interpoſition of providence? Such at leaſt were my ſentiments when this queſtion came before the houſe: and if I have employed more words than uſual in explaining them, it was from a deſire of convincing you, that though I propoſed to the ſenate what I thought would be moſt to the advantage of your reputation, I rejoice that they have determined what is moſt agreeable to your wiſhes. I have only to requeſt the continuance of your friendſhip, and to intreat you ſteadily to perſevere in thoſe paths of integrity which you have hitherto purſued, both in reſpect to our allies and the republic. Farewel.

CICERO *to* MARCUS CATO.

PRAISE from thy lips, 'tis mine with joy to boaſt:
He beſt can give it who deſerves it moſt;

as *Hector*, I think, ſays to the venerable *Priam* in one of *Nævius*'s plays. Honourable indeed is that applauſe, which is beſtowed by thoſe who have themſelves been the conſtant object of univerſal approbation. Accordingly, I eſteem the encomium you conferred upon me in the ſenate, together with your congratulatory letter, as a diſtinction of the higheſt and moſt illuſtrious kind. Nothing could be more agreeable to my wiſhes, as nothing could be more glorious for my reputation, than your having thus freely given to friendſhip whatever you could ſtrictly give to truth. Were *Rome* entirely compoſed of

Catos,

Catos, or could it produce many (as it is ſurpriſing it can furniſh even one) of that venerable character, my deſires would be amply ſatisfied; and I ſhould prefer your ſingle approbation to all the laurels and all the triumphal cars in the univerſe. In my own judgment, indeed, and according to the refined eſtimate of true philoſophy, the compliments you paid me in the ſenate, and which have been tranſmitted to me by my friends, are undoubtedly the moſt ſignificant diſtinction I can poſſibly receive. I acquainted you in my former letter, with the particular motives which induced me to be deſirous (for I will not call it ambitious) of a triumph: and if the reaſons I there aſſigned will not, in your opinion, juſtify a warm purſuit of that honour, they muſt prove at leaſt that I ought not to refuſe it, if the ſenate ſhould make me the offer: and I hope that aſſembly, in conſideration of my ſervices in this province, will not think me undeſerving of a reward ſo uſually conferred. If I ſhould not be diſappointed in this hope, my only requeſt is (what indeed you kindly promiſe), that as you have paid me the honours you thought moſt to my glory, you would rejoice in my obtaining thoſe which are moſt to my inclination; and this diſpoſition you have already very ſincerely ſhewn, not only by your letter, but by having ſigned the decree that has paſſed in my favour. For decrees of this kind, I know, are uſually ſubſcribed by thoſe who are moſt in the intereſt of the perſon to whoſe honour they are voted. I will only add, that I hope to ſee you very ſhortly; and may I find the republic in a happier ſituation than I have reaſon to fear. Farewel.

PLINY

PLINY *to* TACITUS.

YOUR requeſt that I would ſend you an account of my uncle's death, in order to tranſmit a more exact relation of it to poſterity, deſerves my acknowledgements; for if this accident ſhall be celebrated by your pen, the glory of it, I am well aſſured, will be rendered for ever illuſtrious. And notwithſtanding he periſhed by a misfortune, which, as it involved at the ſame time a moſt beautiful country in ruins, and deſtroyed ſo many populous cities, ſeems to promiſe him an everlaſting remembrance; and although he has himſelf compoſed many and laſting works, yet, I am perſuaded, the mentioning him in your immortal writings will greatly contribute to eternize his name. Happy I eſteem thoſe to be, whom Providence has diſtinguiſhed with the abilities either of doing ſuch actions as are worthy of being related, or of relating them in a manner worthy of being read; but doubly happy are thoſe who are bleſſed with both theſe uncommon talents: in the number of which my uncle, as his own writings and your hiſtory will evidently prove, may juſtly be ranked. It is with extreme willingneſs, therefore, I execute your commands; and ſhould indeed have claimed the taſk, if you had not enjoined it. He was at that time with the fleet under his command at *Miſenum*. On the 23d of *Auguſt*, about one in the afternoon, my mother deſired him to obſerve a cloud which appeared of a very unuſual ſize and ſhape: he had juſt returned from taking the benefit of the ſun, and after bathing himſelf in cold water, and taking a ſlight repaſt, was retired to his ſtudy: he immediately aroſe and went out upon an eminence, from whence he might more diſtinctly view this uncommon appearance. It was not at that diſtance diſcernible from

what mountain this cloud iſſued; but it was found afterwards to aſcend from mount *Veſuvius*. I cannot give you a more exact deſcription of its figure, than by reſembling it to that of a pine tree, for it ſhot up a great height in the form of a trunk, which extended itſelf at the top into a ſort of branches; occaſioned, I imagine, either by a ſudden guſt of air that impelled it, the force of which decreaſed as it advanced upwards; or the cloud itſelf, being preſſed back again by its own weight, expanded in this manner. It appeared ſometimes bright, and ſometimes dark and ſpotted, as it was more or leſs impregnated with earth and cinders. This extraordinary phænomenon excited my uncle's philoſophical curioſity to take a nearer view of it. He ordered a light veſſel to be got ready, and gave me the liberty, if I thought proper, to attend him. I rather choſe to continue my ſtudies; for, as it happened, he had given me an employment of that kind. As he was coming out of the houſe he received a note from *Rectina*, the wife of *Baſſus*, who was in the utmoſt alarm at the imminent danger which threatened her; for her villa being ſituated at the foot of mount *Veſuvius*, there was no way to eſcape but by ſea; ſhe earneſtly entreated him therefore to come to her aſſiſtance. He accordingly changed his firſt deſign, and what he began with a philoſophical, he purſued with an heroical turn of mind: he ordered the gallies to put to ſea, and went himſelf on board with an intention of aſſiſting, not only *Rectina*, but ſeveral others (for the villas ſtand extremely thick upon that beautiful coaſt); when haſtening to the place from whence others fled with the utmoſt terror, he ſteered his direct courſe to the point of danger, and with ſo much calmneſs and preſence of mind, as to be able to make and dictate his obſervations upon the motion and figure of that dreadful ſcene. He was now ſo near the mountain, that the cinders, which grew thicker and hotter, the nearer

he approached, fell into the ſhips, together with pumice-ſtones and black pieces of burning rock: they were likewiſe in danger, not only of being aground by the ſudden retreat of the ſea, but alſo from the vaſt fragments which rolled down from the mountain, and obſtructed all the ſhore. Here he ſtopped to conſider whether he ſhould return back again, to which the pilot adviſed him: Fortune, ſaid he, befriends the brave, carry me to *Pomponianus*. *Pomponianus* was then at *Stabiæ*, ſeparated by a gulph, which the ſea, after ſeveral inſenſible windings, forms upon that ſhore: he had already ſent his baggage on board; for though he was not at that time in actual danger, yet being within the view of it, and indeed extremely near, if it ſhould in the leaſt increaſe, he was determined to put to ſea as ſoon as the wind ſhould change. It was favourable, however, for carrying my uncle to *Pomponianus*, whom he found in the greateſt conſternation. He embraced him with tenderneſs, encouraging and exhorting him to keep up his ſpirits: and the more to diſſipate his fears, he ordered, with an air of unconcern, the baths to be got ready; when, after having bathed, he ſat down to ſupper with great chearfulneſs, or at leaſt (what is equally heroic) with all the appearance of it. In the mean while the eruption from mount *Veſuvius* flamed out from ſeveral places with much violence, which the darkneſs of the night contributed to render ſtill more viſible and dreadful. But my uncle, in order to ſoothe the apprehenſions of his friend, aſſured him it was only the burning of the villages which the country people had abandoned to the flames. After this he retired to reſt; and, it is moſt certain, he was ſo little diſcompoſed as to fall into a deep ſleep; for, being pretty fat, and breathing hard, thoſe who attended without actually heard him ſnore. The court which led to his apartment being now almoſt filled with ſtones and aſhes, if he had continued there any time longer, it

would have been impoſſible for him to have made his way out; it was thought proper, therefore, to awaken him. He got up, and went to *Pomponianus* and the reſt of his company, who were not unconcerned enough to think of going to bed. They conſulted together whether it would be moſt prudent to truſt to their houſes, which now ſhook from ſide to ſide with frequent and violent concuſſions, or fly to the open fields, where the calcined ſtones and cinders, though light indeed, yet fell in large ſhowers and threatened deſtruction. In this diſtreſs they reſolved for the fields, as the leſs dangerous ſituation of the two: a reſolution, which, while the reſt of the company were hurried into by their fears, my uncle embraced upon cool and deliberate conſideration. They went out then, having pillows tied upon their heads with napkins; and this was their whole defence againſt the ſtorm of ſtones that fell around them. Tho' it was now day every where elſe, with them it was darker than the moſt obſcure night, excepting only what light proceeded from the fire and flames. They thought proper to go down farther upon the ſhore, to obſerve if they might ſafely put out to ſea, but they found the waves ſtill run extremely high and boiſterous. There my uncle, having drank a draught of cold water, threw himſelf down upon a cloth which was ſpread for him; when immediately the flames, and a ſtrong ſmell of ſulphur, which was the forerunner of them, diſperſed the reſt of the company, and obliged him to ariſe. He raiſed himſelf up, with the aſſiſtance of two of his ſervants, and inſtantly fell down dead; ſuffocated, as I conjecture, by ſome groſs and noxious vapours, having always had weak lungs, and frequently ſubject to a difficulty of breathing. As ſoon as it was light again, which was not till the third day after the melancholy accident, his body was found entire, and without any marks of violence upon it, exactly in the ſame poſture that he fell, and looking more like

ma

man asleep than dead. During all this time my mother and I were at *Misenum*. But as this has no connection with your history, so your enquiry went no farther than concerning my uncle's death; with that therefore I will put an end to my letter: suffer me only to add, that I have faithfully related to you what I was either an eye-witness of myself, or received immediately after the accident happened, and before there was time to vary from the truth. You will chuse out of this narrative such circumstances as shall be most suitable to your purpose; for there is a great difference between what is proper for a letter and an history, between writing to a friend, and writing to the public. Farewel.

PLINY *to* TITIANUS.

WHAT are you doing? and what do you propose to do? As for myself, I pass my life in the most agreeable, that is, in the most disengaged manner imaginable. I do not find myself, therefore, in the humour to write a long letter, tho' I am to read one. I am too much a man of pleasure for the former, and just idle enough for the latter; for none are more indolent, you know, than the voluptuous, or have more curiosity than those who have nothing to do. Farewel.

PLINY *to* MAXIMUS.

WHAT I should gladly do for any friend of yours, I think I may now with confidence request for a friend of mine. *Arrianus Maturius* is the most considerable man of this country. When I call him so, I do not speak with relation to his fortune, though that is very plentiful, but to his in-

tegrity, juſtice, gravity, and prudence. His advice is uſeful to me in buſineſs, and his judgment in matters of learning; his fidelity, truth, and good underſtanding, are very great; beſides this, he loves me as you do, than which I cannot ſay any thing that ſignifies a warmer affection. He has nothing that's aſpiring, and though he might riſe to the higheſt order of nobility, he keeps himſelf in an inferior rank; yet I think myſelf bound to uſe my endeavours to ſerve and promote him; and would therefore find the means of adding ſomething to his honours, while he neither expects or knows it, nay, though he ſhould refuſe it. Something, in ſhort, I would have for him that may be honourable, but not troubleſome; and I intreat that you will procure him the firſt thing of this kind that offers, by which you will not only oblige me, but him alſo; for though he does not covet it, I know he will be as grateful in acknowledging your favour as if he had aſked it. Farewel.

PLINY *to* HISPULLA.

AS I remember the great affection which was between you and your excellent brother, and know you love his daughter as your own, ſo as not only to expreſs the tenderneſs of the beſt of aunts, but even to ſupply that of the beſt of fathers; I am ſure it will be a pleaſure to you to hear that ſhe proves worthy of her father, worthy of you, and of your and her anceſtors. Her ingenuity is admirable, her frugality extraordinary. She loves me, the ſureſt pledge of her virtue; and adds to this a wonderful diſpoſition to learning, which ſhe has acquired from her affection to me. She reads my writings, ſtudies them, and even gets them by heart. You'd ſmile to ſee the concern ſhe is in when I hav

have a cauſe to plead, and the joy ſhe ſhews when it is over; ſhe finds means to have the firſt news brought her of the ſucceſs I meet with in court, how I am heard, and what decree is made. If I recite any thing in public, ſhe cannot refrain from placing herſelf privately in ſome corner to hear, where with the utmoſt delight ſhe feaſts upon my applauſes. Sometimes ſhe ſings my verſes, and accompanies them with the lute, without any maſter, except love, the beſt of inſtructors. From theſe inſtances I take the moſt certain omens of our perpetual and increaſing happineſs; ſince her affection is not founded on my youth and perſon, which muſt gradually decay, but ſhe is in love with the immortal part of me, my glory and reputation. Nor indeed could leſs be expected from one who had the happineſs to receive her education from you, who in your houſe was accuſtomed to every thing that was virtuous and decent, and even began to love me by your recommendation. For, as you had always the greateſt reſpect for my mother, you were pleaſed, from my infancy, to form me, to commend me, and kindly to preſage I ſhould be one day what my wife fancies I am. Accept, therefore, our united thanks; mine, that you have beſtowed her on me; and hers, that you have given me to her, as a mutual grant of joy and felicity.

PLINY *to* CATILIUS.

I Accept of your invitation to ſupper, but I muſt make this agreement beforehand, that you diſmiſs me ſoon, and treat me frugally. Let our entertainment abound only in philoſophical converſation, and even that too with moderation. There are certain midnight parties, which *Cato* himſelf could not ſafely fall in with; though I muſt confeſs at the ſame

ſame time, that *Julius Cæſar*, when he reproaches him upon that head, exalts the character he endeavours to expoſe; for he deſcribes thoſe perſons who met this reeling patriot, as bluſhing when they diſcovered who he was; and adds, You would have thought that *Cato* had detected them, and not they *Cato*. Could he place the dignity of *Cato* in a ſtronger light, than by repreſenting him thus venerable even in his cups? As for ourſelves nevertheleſs, let temperance not only beſpeak our table, but regulate our hours; for we are not arrived at ſo high a reputation, that our enemies cannot cenſure us but to our honour. Farewel.

From PLINY *to his Friend* FEROX.

YOUR laſt letter is a convincing argument that you ſtudy, and that you don't. You'll tell me I talk riddles to you, and ſo I do, till I explain to you more diſtinctly what my meaning is. In ſhort, the letter you ſent me, ſhews you did not ſtudy for it, ſo eaſy and negligent it appears to be; and yet at the ſame time 'tis ſo polite, that 'tis impoſſible any one ſhould write it, who did not weigh every word; or elſe you are certainly the happieſt man in the world, if you can write letters ſo juſt and exact, without care and premeditation.

VOITURE *to Monſ.* DE LIONNE *at* Rome.

SIR,

THOUGH no man treated me ſo ill at *Rome* as yourſelf, and I muſt place to your account ſome of the moſt diſagreeable hours I paſſed in all my travels; yet be aſſured, I never ſaw any perſon

in my life that I had ſo ſtrong an inclination to reviſit, or to whom I would more willingly do the beſt ſervices in my power. It is not very uſual to gain a man's friendſhip, at the ſame time that one ruins his fortune. This ſucceſs, however, you have had, and your advantage was ſo much more conſiderable than mine in all reſpects, that I had not the power to defend myſelf againſt you in either of thoſe inſtances, but you won both my money and my heart at the ſame time. If I am ſo happy as to find a place in yours, I ſhall eſteem that acquiſition as an over-balance to all my loſſes, and ſhall look upon myſelf as greatly a gainer in the commerce that paſſed between us. Though your acquaintance indeed has coſt me pretty dear, I do not by any means think I have paid its full value, and I would willingly part with the ſame ſum to meet with a man in *Paris* of as much merit as yourſelf. This being the literal truth, you may be well aſſured, Sir, that I ſhall omit nothing in my power to preſerve an honour I ſo highly eſteem; and that I ſhall not very eaſily give up a friend whom I purchaſed at ſo dear a price. I have accordingly performed every thing you deſired in the affair about which you wrote to me; as I ſhall obey you with the ſame punctuality in every other inſtance that you ſhall command me. For I am with all the affection that I ought, Sir,

Your's, *&c.*

VOITURE.

VOITURE

VOITURE *to his Highneſs the Duke of* Anguin, *on his taking* Dunkirk.

My Lord,

I AM ſo far from wondering at your taking *Dunkirk*, that I am of opinion that you could take the moon by the teeth, if you once went about it. Nothing can be impoſſible to you. I am only uneaſy as to what I ſhall ſay to your Highneſs on this occaſion, and am thinking by what extraordinary terms I may bring you to reach my conception of you. Indeed, my Lord, in that height of glory to which you have now attained, the honour of your favour is a ſingular happineſs; but it is a troubleſome taſk to us writers, who are obliged to congratulate you upon every good ſucceſs, to be perpetually on the hunt for words, whoſe force may anſwer your actions, and to be daily inventing freſh panegyrics. If you would but have the goodneſs to ſuffer yourſelf to be beat ſometimes, or to riſe from before ſome town, the variety of the matter might help to ſupport us, and we ſhould find out ſome fine thing or other to ſay to you upon the inconſtancy of fortune, and the glory which is gained by bearing her malice courageouſly. But ſhe having from the very firſt of your actions ranked you equal with *Alexander*, and finding you riſing upon us continually, upon my word, my Lord, we are at a loſs what to do, either with you or ourſelves. Nothing we are able to utter can come up to that which you do; and the very flights of our fancy flag before you. Eloquence, which magnifies the minuteſt things, cannot reach the height of thoſe which you do; no, not by its boldeſt figures. And that which is termed hyperbole on other occaſions, is but a cold way of ſpeaking when it comes

to be applied to you. Indeed it is difficult to comprehend how your Highneſs has, each ſummer, ſtill found out means to augment that glory, which, every winter, ſeemed at its full perfection; and that, having begun ſo grandly, and gone on more grandly, ſtill your laſt actions ſhould crown the reſt, and be found the moſt amazing. For my own part, my Lord, I congratulate your ſucceſs, as I am in duty obliged; but I plainly foreſee the very thing which augments your reputation with us, may prejudice that which you expect from after-ages; and that ſo many great and important actions, done in ſo ſhort a ſpace, may render your life incredible to future times, and make poſterity think your hiſtory a romance. Be pleaſed then, my Lord, to ſet ſome bounds to your victories, if it be only to accommodate yourſelf to the capacity of human reaſon, and not to go farther than common belief can follow you. Be contented to be quiet and ſecure, at leaſt for a while, and ſuffer *France*, which is eternally alarmed for your ſafety, to enjoy ſerenely for a few months the glory which you have acquired for her. In the mean time, I beſeech you to believe, that, among ſo many millions of men who admire you, and who continually pray for you, there is not one who does it with ſo much joy, with ſo much zeal and veneration, as does,

My Lord,

Your Highneſs's, &c.

BALZAC *to Madame* DE LA CHETARDIE.

Madam;

I CANNOT taſte of your bounty without expreſſing at the ſame time my gratitude. You have feaſted me indeed theſe four days in the moſt delicious manner; and either there is no pleaſure in the palate, or your cheeſes afford a reliſh of the moſt exquiſite

exquiſite kind. They are not merely an artful preparation of cream; they are the effect of a certain quinteſſence hitherto unknown; they are I know not what kind of wonderful production, which, with a moſt delicious ſweetneſs, preſerve at the ſame time a moſt pleaſing poignancy. Undoubtedly, Madam, you muſt be the favourite of Heaven, ſince you are thus bleſſed with a land that flows with milk and honey. It was in this manner, you know, that Providence formerly regaled its choſen people; and ſuch were once the riches of the golden age. But methinks you ought to limit the luxury of your table to rarities of this kind, and not look out for any other abundance, in a place which affords ſuch charming repaſts. You ought long ſince to have purified your kitchen, and broke every inſtrument of ſavage deſtruction; for would it not be a ſhame to live by cruelty and murder, in the midſt of ſuch innocent proviſions? I am ſure, at leaſt, I can never eſteem them too much, nor ſufficiently thank you for your preſent. It is in vain you would perſuade me, that it was the work of one of your dairy-maids: ſuch coarſe hands could never be concerned in ſo curious a production. Moſt certainly the nymphs of *Vienne* were engaged in the operation; and it is an original of their making, which you have ſent me as a rarity. If this thought appears to you poetical, you muſt remember that the ſubject is ſo too; and might with great propriety make part of an eclogue, or enter into ſome corner of a paſtoral. But I am by no means an adept in the art of rhyming; beſides, it is neceſſary I ſhould quit the language of fable, to aſſure you in very true and very ſerious proſe, I ſo highly honour your virtue, that I ſhould always think I owed you much, though I had never received any favour at your hands; and if you were not my benefactreſs, I ſhould nevertheleſs be always, Madam

Your, &c.

BALZAC.

BALZAC *to the Mayor of* Angouleme.

Sir,

I Perſuade myſelf that the requeſt which the bearer of this will make to you on my behalf, will not be diſagreeable. It concerns indeed the public intereſt as well as mine; and I know you are ſo punctual in the functions of your office, that to point out to you a grievance is almoſt the ſame as to redreſs it. At the entrance of the *Fauxbourg Lomeau*, there is a way of which one cannot complain in common terms. It would draw imprecations from a man that never uſed a ſtronger affirmative in all his life than yea verily; and raiſe the indignation even of the mildeſt father of the Oratory. It was but the day before yeſterday, that I had like to have been loſt in it, and was in imminent danger of being caſt away in a terrible ſlough. Had it indeed been in the open ſea, and in a ſhattered veſſel, expoſed to the fury of the winds and waves, the accident would have been nothing extraordinary; but to ſuffer ſuch a misfortune upon land, in a coach, and during the very time of your mayoralty, would have been beyond all credit and conſolation. Two or three words of an order from you would put this affair into a better ſituation, and at the ſame time oblige a whole country. Let me hope then that you will give occaſion to thoſe without your diſtrict to join in applauſes with your own citizens, and not ſuffer your province, which you have embelliſhed in ſo many other parts, to be disfigured in this by ſo vile a blemiſh. But after the intereſt of the public has had its due weight with you, will you not allow me to have ſome ſhare in your conſideration, and be inclined to favour a perſon who is thought not to be ungrateful for the

good offices he receives? There are who will ſay even more, and aſſure you that you have an opportunity of extending your reputation beyond the bounds of your province, and of making the remembrance of your mayoralty laſt longer than its annual period. I ſhall learn by the return of the bearer, if you think my friends ſpeak the truth, and whether you have ſo high an opinion of the acknowledgement I ſhall make to you, as to comply with the requeſt I have already tendered; to which I have only to add the aſſurance of my being, with great ſincerity,

Sir, yours, *&c.*

BALZAC.

ST. EVREMONT *to Madam* ***.

I Remember, Madam, that when I went to the army, I begged that the Chevalier *de Grammont* might ſucceed me in your favour, in caſe I ſhould be ſo unfortunate as to meet my death there; in which particular you have ſo well obeyed, that you love him whilſt I am alive, to learn to do it better after my death. You are very punctual in obeying my orders; and ſhould I continue to give you the ſame commiſſion, in all appearance you would ſee it carefully executed. You may imagine, Madam, that I deſign to hide a real grief under a pretended banter; and being ſo well acquainted with my paſſion, you cannot eaſily perſuade yourſelf that I can ſuffer a rival without jealouſy. But perhaps you don't know, Madam, that if I dare not complain of you becauſe I love you too much; I dare not complain of him, becauſe I love him little leſs. And if I muſt of neceſſity be angry, tell me whom I am to be moſt angry with; either with him who goes to rob me of my miſtreſs, or you who ſteal my friend

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from me. Let the matter be how it will, you need not give yourſelf much trouble to appeaſe my indignation. My paſſion is too violent to indulge my reſentment in the leaſt; and my tenderneſs will always make me forget the injuries I have received from you. I love you, though perfidious; I love him, though treacherous; and only fear that a ſincere friend is no favourite of either of you. Farewell. Let us enter, I beſeech you, into a new unknown ſort of confederacy; and by a ſtrange myſtery, let his, let your and my friendſhip be only one and the ſame thing.

ST. EVREMONT *to Madam* ***.

YOU are upon the point of making a very ſorry gallant of a very good friend; and I perceive hat what I called ſatisfaction, when I was with you, s now become inſenſibly ſome ſort of a charm. I alk no more of *turning into ridicule*; and the very ame perſon who ſet ſuch a value upon your mali-ious fancies, now diſcovers in you more affecting ualities, which give him a diſguſt for your firſt en-earments. You always appeared very engaging to e; but now I begin to feel with emotion, what I as uſed to ſee only with pleaſure. To ſpeak ainly to you, I am afraid I may be in love with ou, if you will ſuffer me to love you; for at is preſent writing I am in ſuch a condition, that can let it alone, if you don't like it. You muſt texpect from me any fine thoughts, or noble rap-res: I am wholly incapable of them, and freely ve them to the admirers of Madam *C****. Let drawing-rooms make the moſt on't. Permit adam *D**** to define love by her own fancy; and n't envy the vain imaginations of thoſe miſerable atures, who, when their beauty is decayed, value mſelves upon the wit that ſtill continues with them.

at the expence of the face they have loſt. Finding me ſo clowniſh in the contempt of refined ſentiments, you'll imagine, perhaps, that I am a hero as to the exerciſes of the body; pray hearken how the caſe ſtands with me. I am indifferent in every thing; and neither nature nor fortune has done any thing for me but what is common. As I canot ſee without envy, thoſe people that are ſumptuous and magnificent in their expences; ſo I cannot, without ſome diſpleaſure, behold thoſe that are too much given to their pleaſures: And if I dare ſpeak my thoughts, I hate, in ſome meaſure, the *Vivonnes* and the *Saucours*, becauſe I cannot reſemble them. My affairs go always at the ſame rate: I never allow myſelf any extravagance; and I ſtand in need of a little œconomy to make things even at the year's end, and paſs a winter's night. Not that I am reduced either to want or infirmity: But to explain myſelf frankly, my experience is ſmall, and my efforts indifferent. Tell me now whether with theſe qualities I may preſume to ſet up for your lover, or whether I am ſtill to continue your friend? As for myſelf, I am reſolved to take what part you aſſign me; and if I paſs from friendſhip to love without difficulty, I am able to return from love to friendſhip with as little violence.

ST. EVREMONT *to the Dutchess of* MAZARIN.

I BEG of you, Madam, to tell the Dutchess of *Bouillon*, that no person can be more sensible than I am of the honour that she does me by remembering me. I don't much pity *La Fontaine*'s condition, fearing lest my own may stand in need of pity. At his, and my age, nobody ought to wonder that we lose our reason, but that we keep it. The preservation of it is no great advantage; it is an obstacle to the quiet of old people, and a bar to the pleasures of the young. *La Fontaine* feels not that disorder which it gives, and perhaps he is the happier on that score.

ST. EVREMONT *to the Count* DE LIONNE.

Sir,

PERHAPS you are not at *Paris*; perhaps you are; and in this last case, your silence may be rather the effect of your forgetfulness, than of your absence. But, suppose it were, I am too much beholden to you for your past services, to complain of your present indifference. I don't enquire after you, to fatigue you for an answer, or renew a correspondence that would rob you of some hours, which you know how to bestow to better purpose. But, Sir, you still owe something to our friendship, and you will discharge the obligation, if you can find some way, either by yourself, or any body else, to let me know that you are in health. This piece of news will give me a joy, in which you are more concerned, than any other; and if you were of my temper, you would be of my opinion, that to be well is better

than to command the whole world. No treaſures are worth one year's health. Pardon, Sir, the chat of an infirm man, who, enjoying a quarter of an hour's health, thinks no other ſubject ſo proper to be talked on. You were, perhaps, of my humour, when you enjoyed ſome eaſe of the pains occaſioned by your broken arm, and your other wounds. Now you are perfectly cured, reliſh the pleaſures of it, and let me make melancholy reflections on the ſong you have taught me:

But oh! when age benumbs our veins,
No longer ſprightly joy remains.

If there be any airs as agreeable as this in the muſic of the *Feaſt of Verſailles*, I deſire you to ſend them me, and you will oblige one who is more than ever, *&c.*

Mr. LOCKE *to Mr.* MOLYNEUX.

Sir, *Oates, Sept.* 3, 169[illegible]

I HAVE ſo much the advantage in the bargain if friendſhip may be called one, that whatſoeve ſatisfaction you find in yourſelf on that account, yo muſt allow in me with a large overplus. The onl riches I have valued, or laboured to acquire, ha been the friendſhip of ingenious and worthy men and therefore you cannot blame me if I ſo forward laid hold of the firſt occaſion that opened me a wa to yours. That I have ſo well ſucceeded in it, count one of my greateſt happineſſes, and a ſufficie reward for writing my book, had I no other bene by it. The opinion you have of it gives me farth hopes; for it is no ſmall reward to one who lo truth, to be perſuaded that he has made ſome diſ veries of it, and any ways helped to propagate it

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others. I depend ſo much upon your judgment and candor, that I think myſelf ſecure in you from peeviſh criticiſm or flattery; only give me leave to ſuſpect, that kindneſs and friendſhip do ſometimes carry your expreſſions a little too far on the favourable ſide. This, however, makes me not apprehend you will ſilently paſs by any thing you are not thoroughly ſatisfied of in it. The uſe I have made of the advertiſements I have received from you of this kind, will ſatisfy you that I deſire this office of friendſhip from you, not out of compliment, but for the uſe of truth, and that your animadverſions will not be loſt upon me. Any faults you ſhall meet with in reaſoning, in perſpicuity, in expreſſion, or of the preſs, I deſire you to take notice of, and ſend me word of; eſpecially if you have any where any doubt; for I am perſuaded, that, upon debate, you and I cannot be of two opinions; nor, I think, any two men uſed to think with freedom, who really prefer truth to opiniatrety, and a little fooliſh vainglory of not having made a miſtake. I ſhall not need to juſtify what I have ſaid of you in my book: The learned world will be vouchers for me; and that in an age not very free from envy and cenſure. But you are very kind to me, ſince, for my ſake, you allow yourſelf to own that part which I am more particularly concerned in, and permit me to call you my friend, whilſt your modeſty checks at the other part of your character. But aſſure yourſelf I am as well perſuaded of the truth of it, as of any thing elſe in my book; it had not elſe been put down in it: It only wants a great deal more I had to ſay, had that been a place to draw your picture at large. Herein I pretend not to any particular obligation above others that know you. For though perhaps I may love you better than many others; yet, I conclude, I cannot think better of you than others do. I am very glad you were provided of a tutor nearer

home;

home; and it had this particular good luck in it, that otherwiſe you had been diſappointed, if you had depended on Mr. *Gibbs*, as a letter I writ to you from *London* about it, I hope, acquainted you. I am, dear Sir,

Your moſt affectionate
and moſt humble ſervant,
JOHN LOCKE.

Mr. LOCKE *to Mr.* MOLYNEUX.

Sir, *London, Sept.* 12, 1696.

COULD the painter have made a picture of me capable of your converſation, I ſhould have ſat to him with more delight than ever I did any thing in my life. The honour you do me, in giving me thus a place in your houſe, I look upon as the effect of having a place already in your eſteem and affection; and that made me more eaſily ſubmit to what me-thought looked too much like vanity in me. Painting was deſigned to repreſent the Gods, or the great men that ſtood next to them. But friendſhip, I ſee, takes no meaſure of any thing, but by itſelf; and where it is great and high, will make its object ſo, and raiſe it above its level. This is that which has deceived you into my picture, and made you put ſo great a compliment upon me: And I do not know what you will find to juſtify yourſelf to thoſe who ſhall ſee it in your poſſeſſion. You may indeed tell them, the original is as much yours as the picture; but this will be no great boaſt, when the man is no more conſiderable than his ſhadow. When I looked upon it after it was done, methought it had not the countenance I ought to accoſt you with. I know not whether the ſecret diſpleaſure I felt, whilſt I was ſitting

ſitting, from the conſideration that the doing of my picture brought us no nearer together, made me look grave: But this I muſt own, that it was not without regret that I remembered, that this counterfeit would be before me with the man that I ſo much deſired to be with, and could not tell him how much I longed to put myſelf into his hands, and to have him in my arms. One thing pray let it mind you of, and when you look on it at any time, pray believe that the colours of that face on the cloth are more fading and changeable than thoſe thoughts which will always repreſent you to my mind, as the moſt valuable perſon in the world whoſe face I do not know, and one whoſe company is ſo deſirable to me, that I ſhall not be happy till I do. Though I know how little ſervice I am able to do, yet my conſcience will never reproach me for not wiſhing well to my country: By which I mean *Engliſhmen*, and their intereſt, every where. There has been of late years, a manufacture of linen carried on in *Ireland*, if I miſtake not: I would be glad to learn from you the condition it is in; and, if it thrives not, what are the rubs and hindrances that ſtop it. I ſuppoſe you have land very proper to produce flax and hemp; why could not there be enough, eſpecially of the latter, produced there to ſupply his Majeſty's navy? I ſhould be obliged by your thoughts about it, and how it might be brought about. I have heard there is a law requiring a certain quantity of hemp to be ſown every year: if it be ſo, how comes it to be neglected? I know you have the ſame public aims for the good of your country that I have, and therefore, without any apology, I take this liberty with you. I received an account of your health, and your remembrance of me, not long ſince, by Mr. *Howard*, for which I return you my

thanks.

thanks. I troubled you with a long letter about the beginning of the laſt month, and am, Sir,

Your moſt affectionate

and moſt humble ſervant,

JOHN LOCKE.

Mr. MOLYNEUX *to Mr.* LOCKE.

Honoured dear Sir, *Dublin, Sept.* 20, 1698.

I ARRIVED here ſafely the 15th inſtant: And now that the ruffling and fatigue of my journey is a little over, I ſit down to a taſk, which I muſt confeſs is the hardeſt I was ever under in my life; I mean expreſſing my thanks to you ſuitable to the favours I received from you, and ſuitable to the inward ſenſe I have of them in my mind. Were it poſſible for me to do either, I ſhould in ſome meaſure be ſatisfied: but my inability of paying my debts makes me aſhamed to appear before my creditor. However, thus much with the ſtricteſt ſincerity I will venture to aſſert to you, that I cannot recollect, through the whole courſe of my life, ſuch ſignal inſtances of real friendſhip, as when I had the happineſs of your company for five weeks together in *London*. It is with the greateſt ſatisfaction imaginable, that I recollect what then paſſed between us, and I recollect it the happieſt ſcene of my whole life. That part thereof eſpecially, which I paſſed at *Oates*, has made ſuch an agreeable impreſſion on my mind, that nothing can be more pleaſing. To all in that excellent family, I beſeech you, give my moſt humble reſpects. It is my duty to make my acknowledgments there in a particular letter; but I beg of you to make my excuſe for omitting it at this time, becauſe I am a little preſſed by ſome buſineſs that is throw

thrown upon me ſince my arrival: To which alſo you are obliged for not being troubled at preſent with a more tedious letter from, Sir,

Your moſt obliged
and entirely affectionate
friend and ſervant,
WILLIAM MOLYNEUX.

Mr. LOCKE *to Mr.* MOLYNEUX.

Dear Sir, *London, Sept.* 29, 1698.

YOURS of the 20th has now diſcharged me from my daily employment of looking upon the weather-cock, and hearkening how loud the wind blowed. Though I do not like this diſtance, and ſuch a ditch betwixt us, yet I am glad to hear that you are ſafe and ſound on t'other ſide the water. But pray you ſpeak not in ſo magnificent and courtly a ſtyle of what you received from me here. I lived with you and treated you as my friend, and therefore uſed no ceremony, nor can receive any thanks but what I owe you doubly, both for your company, and the pains you were at to beſtow that happineſs on me. If you keep your word, and do me the ſame kindneſs again next year, I ſhall have reaſon to think you value me more than you ſay, though you ſay more than I can with modeſty read. I find you were beſet with buſineſs when you writ your letter to me, and do not wonder at it; but yet for all that I cannot forgive your ſilence concerning your health, and your wife. My ſervice to him, your brother, and Mr. *Burridge:*

ridge: and do me the justice to believe that I am with a perfect affection, dear Sir,

Your most humble

and most faithful servant,

JOHN LOCKE.

Mr. LOCKE *to Mr.* BURRIDGE.

Sir, *Oates, Oct.* 27, 1698.

YOU guessed not amiss, when you said in the beginning of yours of the 13th instant, that you gave me the *trouble* of a letter: For I have received few letters in my life, the contents whereof have so much troubled and afflicted me, as that of yours. I parted with my excellent friend, when he went from *England*, with all the hopes and promises to myself of seeing him again, and enjoying him longer in the next spring. This was a satisfaction that helped me to bear our separation; and the short taste I had of him here, in this our first interview, I hoped would be made up in a longer conversation which he promised me the next time: But it has served only to give me a greater sense of my loss, in an eternal farewel in this world. Your earlier acquaintance may have given you a longer knowledge of his virtue and excellent endowments: A fuller sight, or greater esteem of them, you could not have than I. His worth and his friendship to me made him an inestimable treasure; which I must regret the loss of, the little remainder of my life, without any hopes of repairing it any way. I should be glad if what I owed the father, could enable me to do any service to his son. He deserves it for his own sake, as well as for his father's. I desire you therefore to assure those who have the care of him, that

there be any thing, wherein I at this diſtance may be any way ſerviceable to young Mr. *Molyneux*, they cannot do me a greater pleaſure than to give me the opportunity to ſhew that my friendſhip died not with his father. Pray give my moſt humble ſervice to Dr. *Molyneux*, and to his nephew. I am, Sir,

Your moſt faithful

and humble ſervant,

JOHN LOCKE.

Mr. LOCKE *to the Lady* CALVERLEY.

Madam,

WHATEVER reaſon you have to look on me as one of the ſlow men of *London*, you have this time given me an excuſe for being ſo: For you cannot expect a quick anſwer to a letter, which took me up a good deal of time to get to the beginning of it. I turned and turned it on every ſide; looked at it again, and again, at the top of every page; but could not get into the ſenſe and ſecret of it, till I applied myſelf to the middle. You, Madam, who are acquainted with all the ſkill and methods of the ancients, have not, I ſuppoſe, taken up with this hieroglyphical way of writing for nothing: And ſince you were going to put into your letter things that might be the reward of the higheſt merit, you would, by this myſtical intimation, put me into the way of virtue, to deſerve them. But whatever your ladyſhip intended, this is certain, that in the beſt words in the world, you gave me the greateſt humiliation imaginable. Had I as much vanity as a pert citizen that ſets up for a wit in his pariſh, you have ſaid enough in your letter to content me: And if I could be ſwoln that way, you have taken a great deal of

pains to blow me up, and make me the fineſt gaudy bubble in the world, as I am painted by your colours. I know the Emperors of the Eaſt ſuffer not ſtrangers to appear before them, till they are dreſſed up out of their own wardrobes: Is it ſo too in the empire of wit? And muſt you cover me with your own embroidery, that I may be a fit object for your thoughts and converſation? This, madam, may ſuit your greatneſs, but doth not at all ſatisfy my ambition. He, who has once flattered himſelf with the hopes of your friendſhip, knows not the true value of things, if he can content himſelf with theſe ſplendid ornaments. As ſoon as I had read your letter, I looked in my glaſs, felt my pulſe, and ſighed; for I found in neither of thoſe the promiſes of thirty years to come. For at the rate I have hitherto advanced, and at the diſtance I ſee by this complimental way of treatment I ſtill am, I ſhall not have time enough in this world to get to you. I do not mean to the place where you now ſee the pole elevated, as you ſay, 64 degrees. A poſt horſe, or a coach, would quickly carry me thither. But when ſhall we be acquainted at this rate? Is that happineſs reſerved to be completed by the goſſiping bowl, at your grand-daughter's lying-in? If I were ſure, that when you leave this dirty place, I ſhould meet you in the ſame ſtar where you are to ſhine next, and that you would then admit me to your converſation, I might perhaps have a little more patience. But methinks it is much better to be ſure of ſomething, than to be put off to expectations of ſo much uncertainty. If there be different elevations of the pole here, that keep you at ſo great a diſtance from thoſe who languiſh in your abſence; who knows but in the other world there are different elevations of perſons? And you, perhaps, will be out of ſight among the ſeraphims, while we are left behind, in ſome dull planet. This the high flights of your elevated genius gives us fu

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augury of, whilſt you are here. But yet, pray take not your place there before your time; nor keep us poor mortals at a greater diſtance than you need. When you have granted me all the nearneſs that acquaintance and friendſhip can give, you have other advantages enough ſtill, to make me ſee how much I am beneath you. This will be only an enlargement of your goodneſs, without leſſening the adoration due to your other excellencies. You ſeem to have ſome thoughts of the town again. If the parliament, or the term, which draw ſome by the name and appearance of buſineſs; or if company, and muſic-meetings, and other ſuch entertainments, which have the attractions of pleaſure and delight, were of any conſideration with you; you would not have much to ſay for *Yorkſhire* at this time of the year. But theſe are no arguments to you, who carry your own ſatisfaction, and I know not how many worlds always about you. I would be glad you would think of putting all theſe up in a coach, and bringing them this way. For though you ſhould be never the better, yet there be a great many here that would, and amongſt them,

The humbleſt of
your Ladyſhip's ſervants,
JOHN LOCKE.

Mr. LOCKE *to* ANTHONY COLLINS, *Eſq.*

Sir, *Oates, Sept.* 20, 1703.

YOURS of the 7th, which I juſt now received, is the only letter I have a long time wiſhed for, and the welcomeſt that could come; for I longed to hear that you were well, that you were returned, and that I might have the opportunity to return you

my thanks for the books you ſent me, which came ſafe, and to acknowledge my great obligations to you, for one of the moſt villainous books that I think ever was printed *. It is a preſent that I highly value. I had heard ſomething of it, when a young man in the univerſity; but poſſibly ſhould never have ſeen this quinteſſence of railing, but for your kindneſs. It ought to be kept as the pattern and ſtandard of that ſort of writing, as the man he ſpends it upon ought for that of good temper, and clear and ſtrong arguing.

I am, &c.

To the Same.

Sir, *Oates, Nov.* 17, 1705.

THE books I received from you to-night, with the kind letter accompanying them, far more valuable than the books, give matter of enlarging myſelf this evening. The common offices of friendſhip, that I conſtantly receive from you in a very obliging manner, give me ſcope enough, and afford me large matter of acknowledgement. But when I think of you, I feel ſomething of nearer concernment that touches me; and that noble principle of the love of truth, which poſſeſſes you, makes me almoſt forget thoſe other obligations, which I ſhould be very thankful for to another. In good earneſt, Sir, you cannot think what a comfort it is to me, to have found out ſuch a man: And not only ſo, but I have the ſatisfaction that he is my friend. This gives a guſto to all the good things you ſay to me in your letter. For though I cannot attribute them to myſelf (for I know my own defects too well), yet I am ready to perſuade

* *Chillingworthi noviſſima:* or the ſickneſs, here death, and burial of WILLIAM CHILLINGWORTH

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myſelf you mean as you ſay; and to confeſs the truth to you, I am almoſt loth to undeceive you, ſo much do I value your good opinion. But to ſet it upon the right ground, you muſt know that I am a poor ignorant man, and if I have any thing to boaſt of, it is that I ſincerely love and ſeek truth, with indifference whom it pleaſes or diſpleaſes. I take you to be of the ſame ſchool, and ſo embrace you. And if it pleaſe God to afford me ſo much life as to ſee you again, I ſhall communicate to you ſome of my thoughts tending that way. You need not make any apology for any book that is not yet come. I thank you for thoſe you have ſent me: They are more, I think, than I ſhall uſe; for the indiſpoſition of my health has beaten me almoſt quite out of the uſe of books; and the growing uneaſineſs of my diſtemper* makes me good for nothing. *I am, &c.*

To the Same.

Sir, *Oates, Jan.* 24, 1703-4.

TILL your confidence in my friendſhip, and freedom with me, can preſerve you from thinking you have need to make apologies for your ſilence, whenever you omit a poſt or two, when in your kind way of reckoning you judge a letter to be due; you know me not ſo well, as I could wiſh: Nor am I ſo little burthenſome to you as I deſire. I could be pleaſed to hear from you every day; becauſe the very thoughts of you every day afford me pleaſure and ſatisfaction. But I beſeech you to believe, that I meaſure not your kindneſs by your opportunities of writing; nor do ſuſpect that your friendſhip falters, whenever your pen lies a little

* An aſthma.

ſtill. The ſincerity you profeſs, and I am convinced of, has charms in it, againſt all the little phantoms of ceremony. If it be not ſo, that true friendſhip ſets one free from a ſcrupulous obſervance of all thoſe little circumſtances, I ſhall be able to give but a very ill account of myſelf to my friends; to whom when I have given poſſeſſion of my heart, I am leſs punctual of making of legs, and kiſſing my hand, than to other people, to whom that outſide civility is all that belongs. I received the three books you ſent me. That which the author ſent me* deſerves my acknowledgement more ways than one: And I muſt beg you to return it. His demonſtrations are ſo plain, that if this were an age that followed reaſon, I ſhould not doubt but this would prevail. But to be rational is ſo glorious a thing, that two-legged creatures generally content themſelves with the title; but will not debaſe ſo excellent a faculty, about the conduct of ſo trivial a thing, as they make themſelves. There never was a man better ſuited to your wiſhes, than I am. You take a pleaſure in being troubled with my commiſſions; and I have no other way of commerce with you, but by ſuch importunities. I can only ſay, that, were the tables changed, I ſhould, being in your place, have the ſame ſatisfaction; and therefore confidently make uſe of your kind offer. I therefore beg the favour of you to get me Mr. *Le Clerc's Harmony of the Evangeliſts*, in *Engliſh*, bound very finely in calf, gilt and lettered on the back, and gilt on the leaves; ſo alſo I would have *Moliere*'s works (of the beſt edition you can get them) bound. Theſe books are for the ladies; and therefore I would have them fine, and the leaves gilt as well as the back. *Moliere* of the *Paris* edi-

* Reaſons againſt reſtraining the Preſs, *London*, 1704, in *Quarto*.

tion,

tion, I think, is the beſt, if it can be got in *London* in quires. You ſee the liberty I take. I ſhould be glad you could find out ſomething for me to do for you here.

I am perfectly, &c.

To the Same.

Dear Sir, *Oates*, *May* 19, 1704.

NOTHING works ſo ſteadily and effectually as friendſhip. Had I hired a man to have gone to town on my buſineſs, and paid him well, my commiſſions would not have been ſo ſoon, nor ſo well diſpatched, as I find by yours of the 16th, they have been by you. You ſpeak of my affairs, and act in them with ſuch an air of intereſt and ſatisfaction, that I can hardly avoid thinking, that I oblige you with employing you in them. 'Tis no ſmall advantage to me, to have found ſuch a friend, at the laſt ſcene of my life; when I am good for nothing, and am grown ſo uſeleſs, that I cannot but be ſure that in every good office you do me, you can propoſe to yourſelf no other advantage, but the pleaſure of doing it. Every one here finds himſelf obliged, by your late good company. As for myſelf, if you had not convinced me by a ſenſible experiment, I could not have believed, I could have had ſo many happy days together. I ſhall always pray, that yours may be multiplied. Could I in the leaſt contribute any thing thereto, I ſhould think myſelf happy in this poor decaying ſtate of my health; which, though it affords me little in this world to enjoy, yet I find the charms of your company make me not feel the want of ſtrength, or breath, or any thing elſe.

The Biſhop of *Glouceſter* came hither the day you went from hence, and in no very good ſtate of health. I find two groaning people make but an uncom-

uncomfortable concert. He returned yeſterday, and went away in ſomewhat a better ſtate. I hope he got well to town.

Enjoy your health and youth whilſt you have it, to all the advantages and improvements of an innocent and pleaſant life; remembering that mercileſs old-age is in purſuit of you, and when it overtakes you, will not fail, ſome way or other, to impair the enjoyments both of body and mind. You know how apt I am to preach. I believe it is one of the diſeaſes of old-age. But my friends will forgive me, when I have nothing to perſuade them to, but that they ſhould endeavour to be as happy, as it is poſſible for them to be: And to you I have no more to ſay, but that you go on in the courſe you are in. I reflect often upon it, with a ſecret joy, that you promiſed I ſhould in a ſhort time ſee you again. You are very good, and I dare not preſs you. But I cannot but remember how well I paſſed my time, when you were here.

I am, &c.

To the Same, directed thus:

For ANTHONY COLLINS, *Eſq; to be delivered to him after my deceaſe.*

Dear Sir,

BY my will you will ſee that I had ſome kindneſs for ***. And I knew no better way to take care of him, than to put him, and what I deſigned for him, into your hands and management. The knowledge I have of your virtue of all kinds, ſecures the truſt, which, by your permiſſion, I have placed in you; and the peculiar eſteem and love I have obſerved in the young man for you, will diſpoſe him to be ruled and influenced by you, ſo that of that

need ſay nothing. But there is one thing, which it is neceſſary for me to recommend to your eſpecial care and memory * * * * *

May you live long and happy, in the enjoyment of health, freedom, content, and all thoſe bleſſings which Providence has beſtowed on you, and your virtue entitles you to. I know you loved me living; and will preſerve my memory, now I am dead. All the uſe to be made of it is, that this life is a ſcene of vanity, that ſoon paſſes away; and affords no ſolid ſatisfaction, but in the conſciouſneſs of doing well, and in the hopes of another life. This is what I can ſay, upon experience, and what you will find to be true, when you come to make up the account. Adieu! I leave my beſt wiſhes with you.

JOHN LOCKE.

Earl of ROCHESTER *to the Honourable* HENRY SAVILLE.

HARRY,

YOU cannot ſhake off the ſtateſman entirely; for I perceive, you have no opinion of a letter, that is not almoſt a *Gazette:* Now, to me, who think the world as giddy as myſelf, I care not which way it runs, and am fond of no news, but the proſperity of my friends, and the continuance of their kindneſs to me, which is the only error I wiſh to continue in 'em. For my own part, I am not ſtung with my Lord *M*——'s mean ambition, but I aſpire to my *L*——'s generous philoſophy. They who would be great in our little government, ſeem as ridiculous to me as ſchool-boys, who, with much endeavour, and ſome danger, climb a crab-tree, and venture their necks for fruit, which ſolid pigs would diſdain,

disdain, if they were not starving. These reflections, how idle soever they seem to the busy, if taken into consideration, would save you many a weary step in the day, and help *G——y* to many an hour's sleep, which he wants in the night: But *G——y* would be rich; and, by my truth, there is some sense in that. Pray remember me to him, and tell him, I wish him many millions, that his soul may find rest. You write me word, that I am out of favour with a certain poet, whom I have ever admired, for the disproportion of him and his attributes: He is a rarity which I cannot but be fond of, as one would be of a hog that could fiddle, or a singing owl. If he falls upon me at the blunt, which is his very good weapon in wit, I will forgive him, if you please, and leave the repartee to *Black Will*, with a cudgel. And now, my dear *Harry*, if it may agree with your affairs to shew yourself in the country this summer, contrive such a crew together, as may not be ashamed of passing by *Woodstock*; and if you can debauch Alderman *G——y*, we will make a shift to delight his gravity. I am sorry for the declining D——s, and would have you be generous to her at this time; For that is true pride, and delight in it.

ROCHESTER.

Earl of ROCHESTER *to the Honourable* HENRY SAVILLE.

Dear Saville,

THIS day I received the unhappy news of my own death and burial. But, hearing who heirs and successors were decreed me in my place and chiefly in my lodgings, it was no small joy to me that those tidings prove untrue. My passion for living

living is so increased, that I omit no care of myself, which, before, I never thought life worth the trouble of taking. The King, who knows me to be a very ill-natured man, will not think it an easy matter for me to die, now I live chiefly out of spite. Dear Mr. *Saville*, afford me some news from your land of the living: And though I have little curiosity to hear who's well, yet I would be glad my few friends are so, of whom you are no more the least than the meanest. I have better compliments for you, but that may not look so sincere as I would have you believe I am, when I profess myself

Your faithful affectionate
humble servant,
ROCHESTER.

Earl of ROCHESTER *to Mrs.* ——.

Madam,

THIS is the first service my hand has done me, since my being a cripple, and I would not employ it in a lie so soon: Therefore pray believe me sincere, when I assure you, that you are very dear to me; and as long as I live, I will be kind to you.

P. S. This is all my hand would write, but my heart thinks a great deal more.

To the Same.

Madam,

NOTHING can ever be so dear to me as you are; and I am so convinced of this, that I dare undertake to love you whilst I live: Believe all I say, for that is the kindest thing imaginable, and when you

you can devise any way that may make me appear so to you, instruct me in it, for I need a better understanding than my own, to shew my love, without wrong to it.

Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE *to Mr.* SIDNEY.

Sir, *Hague, Dec.* 13, N. S. 1675.

'THOUGH I did not like the date of your last letter, yet I did all the rest very well. I thought *Lyons* a little too far off for one I wish always in my reach: But when I remembered it was a place of so great trade, and where you told me yours had been very good in former times, I was contented, to think you spent your time to your own advantage and satisfaction, though not to your friends, by keeping at such a distance. I was very well pleased t'other day with a visit made me by Captain *Fresheim*, who was much in your praises; but I did not like that he should make you kinder to him than to me: Yet I think he deserves it of you, if all be true that he tells; for he pretends to think you *le plus bel homme, & le plus honnête homme*, and I know not what more, that never came into my head, as you know very well. However, I was mighty glad to hear him say, you had the best health that could be, and that you looked as if you would keep it so, if you did not grow too kind to the place and company you lived in, or they to you. Yet, after what you tell me of the *French* air and *Bourbon* waters, I am much apter to wish myself there, than you in these parts of the world; and though I hear news every day from all sides, yet I have not heard any so good, since I came upon the scene, as what you send me, of the effects I am like to feel by the change, whenever I come upon the

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where you are. They will be greater and better than any I can expect by being the busy man, though *je pourrois bien faire merveilles*, with the company I am joined to; and nobody knows to what Sir *Ellis* may raise another ambassador, that has already raised one from the dead. They begin to talk now of our going to *Nimeguen*, as if it were nearer than I thought it a month ago: When we are there, it will be time enough to tell you what I think of our coming away. Hitherto, I can only say, there are so many splinters in the broken bone, that the patient must be very good, as well as the surgeon, if it be a sudden cure. And, though I believe, both where you and I are, the dispositions towards it are very well, yet I doubt of those who are farther off on both sides of us. For aught any body knows, this great dance may end as others use to do, every man coming to the place where they begun, or near it: Only, against all reason and custom, I doubt the poor *Swede*, that never led the dance, is likeliest to pay the fidlers. I hope you know what passes at home; at least, 'tis pity you should not: But if you don't, you shall not for me at this distance; and since you talk of returning, the matter is not great. In the mean time, pray let me know your motions and your health, since the want of your cypher keeps me from other things you said you had a mind to tell me. I hear nothing of the letter you say you have sent me by so good a hand; so that all I can say to that is, that by whatsoever it comes, any will be welcome that comes from yours; because nobody loves you better than I, nor can be more than I am,

Yours, &c.

Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE *to Lord* ARLINGTON.

My Lord, *Bruſſels, March* 2, N. S. 1668.

I AM ſorry his majeſty ſhould meet with any thing he did not look for at the opening of this ſeſſion of parliament; but confeſs, I do not ſee why his majeſty ſhould not only conſent to, but encourage any inquiries or diſquiſitions they deſire to make into the miſcarriages of the late war, as well as he has done already in the matter of accounts: For, if it be not neceſſary, it is a king's eaſe and happineſs to content his people. I doubt, as men will never part willingly with their monies, unleſs they be well perſuaded it will be employed directly to thoſe ends for which they gave it; ſo they will never be ſatisfied with a government, unleſs they ſee men are choſen into offices and employments by being fit for them; continued, for diſcharging them well; rewarded for extraordinary merit; and puniſhed for remarkable faults. Beſides, in theſe caſes, his majeſty diſcharges the hardſhips and ſeverity of all puniſhments upon the parliament, and commits no force upon the gentleneſs of his own nature, while his ſubjects ſee that no tenderneſs of their prince, nor corruption of miniſters, can preſerve them long from paying what they owe to any forfeits of their duty. Nor indeed can any prince do juſtice to thoſe that ſerve him well, without puniſhing thoſe that ſerve him ill; ſince that is to make their conditions equal, whoſe deſerts are different. I ſhould not ſay this to any perſon but your Lordſhip, to whom I know part of that juſtice is due. But to ſay truth, the progreſs and end of the laſt war went ſo much to my heart, and I have heard ſo much lately from Monſieur *de*

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Wit, concerning the carriage of it on our ſide, eſpecially what fell under his eye while he was abroad in the fleet, that I cannot but think the parliament may be excuſed for their warmth in this purſuit. But your Lordſhip can beſt diſcern by the courſe of debates, whether this proceeds from a ſteady intention upon a general good, or from ſome accidental diſtempers, from which the greateſt and beſt aſſemblies of men are not always free, eſpecially when they have continued long together. I beg your Lordſhip's pardon for my liberty in theſe diſcourſes, to which you were pleaſed to encourage me, by hearing me ſo obligingly thoſe few minutes I was allowed for ſuch talk or thoughts at my laſt being with you, and from the ſenſe you then expreſſed of the abſolute neceſſity there was for his majeſty to fall into a perfect intelligence with his parliament, eſpecially being engaged into an appearance of action abroad by the force of this preſent conjuncture.

I am ever, &c.

Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE *to the Biſhop of* ROCHESTER.

My Lord, *Nimeguen, May* 21, N. S. 1677.

I AM unacquainted with thanks or praiſes, having ſo little deſerved any, that I muſt judge of them ither by the report of others, than by any expeence of my own. But if, by either, I underſtand y thing of them, all the charm or value they have ſes from the eſteem a man has of the perſon that ves them, or the belief in ſome meaſure of his own ſerving them. The firſt of theſe circumſtances ve ſo great an advantage to thoſe I had lately the nour of receiving from your lordſhip in a letter livered me by Mr. *Dolben*, that the want of the

other was but neceſſary to allay the vanity they might otherwiſe have given me. But where a man can find no ground to flatter himſelf upon the thanks he receives, he begins to conſider whether they are praiſe or reproach: And ſo I am ſure I have reaſon to do in the acknowledgments your lordſhip is pleaſed to make me of any favours to your ſon, who has never yet been ſo kind to me, as to give me the leaſt occaſion of obliging him. I confeſs, I ſhould have been glad to meet with any, though I do not remember ſo much as ever to have told him ſo; but if he has gueſſed it from my countenance or converſation, it is a teſtimony of his obſerving much, and judging well; which are qualities I have thought him guilty of, among thoſe others that allow me to do him no favour but juſtice only in eſteeming him. 'Tis his fortune to have been beforehand with me by giving your lordſhip an occaſion to take notice of me, and thereby furniſhing me with a pretence of entering into your ſervice; which gives him a new title to any I can do him, and your lordſhip a very juſt one to employ me upon all occaſions. Notwithſtanding your lordſhip's favourable opinion, I will aſſure you, 'tis well for me, that our work here requires little ſkill, and that we have no more bad forms to deal with in this congreſs, while the treaty is truly in the field, where the conditions of it are yet to be determined. *Fata viam inveniunt.* Which is all I can ſay of it: Nor ſhall I increaſe your lordſhip's preſent trouble, beyond the profeſſions of my being,

My Lord,

Your Lordſhip's moſt obedient

Humble ſervant.

Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE *to Sir* JOHN TEMPLE.

SIR, *Bruſſels, May* 10, N. S. 1666.

AFTER ſo long and ſo hard a journey, I thought you would be glad to know I was well again in my former ſtation, and what was the occaſion of my leaving it ſo ſuddenly and ſo privately, that I could not acquaint any of my friends with it before I went, which now I am at liberty to entertain you with. This winter has paſſed with much noiſe, made by the Biſhop of *Munſter* in his enterprize againſt *Holland*, with ſome attempts, but little ſucceſs. The fault he has laid in ſome degree upon the Marquis here, for refuſing to ſuffer the Duke of *Bornoville* to go and command his troops, which he durſt not conſent to, for fear of giving too much offence to the *French* and the *Dutch*, at a time when the *Spaniards* here are in an ill condition for a quarrel: But the Biſhop's chief complaints have been, want of thoſe ſums of money ſtipulated by his Majeſty to be furniſhed him both before and after his taking the field. Our excuſes upon the loſs of the ſhips with tin before *Oſtend*, though they may ſerve to keep us in countenance, yet they will not pay forces in the field, which he has often threatened theſe three months paſt, muſt break up without ſpeedy ſupplies. In the mean time his neighbouring Princes of the Empire, eſpecially the Electors of *Mentz* and *Brandenburg*, with the Duke of *Nieuburg*, ſeeing a flame broke out, which muſt draw foreign armies into the Empire, both *French* and *Dutch*, have uſed firſt all offices they could, to prevail with the Biſhop to make his peace with *Holland*, engaged the Emperor himſelf in the ſame endeavours;

and finding him steady to his treaty with the King, at last the Duke of *Brandenburg* drew his forces into the field, resolved to compel him by joining with the *Dutch*, if he could not persuade him to make the peace; and the Duke of *Nieuburg* prepared to second him in this design. The *French* were not wanting in their offices to the same ends; so that a private agreement was made about the beginning of this month, for the *French*, *Dutch*, and *Munster* envoys to meet at *Cleve*, and there treat the peace under the mediation of the Elector of *Brandenburg*. As soon as the King received this alarm, he sent an express immediately to command me away the instant I received it, with a commission to the Bishop of *Munster*, and with instructions to do all I could possibly to hinder the peace, and with bills of exchange to revive his payments which had been long intermitted, and promise of more to be remitted every post, which I was to order into his agent's hands here in my absence. I went accordingly, acquainted none with my going but the Marquis here, who gave me twenty of his own guards, with command to follow absolutely all orders I should give them. I was to pass through a great deal of the *Spanish* country, much infested with *Dutch* parties, more of the Duke of *Nieuburg*'s, and more yet of the *Brandenburgh rs*, who I knew were all enemies to the affair I went upon, and therefore thought it best to pass for a *Spanish* envoy sent from the Marquis *Castel-Rodrigo* to the Emperor, and charged my first guard and cornet that commanded them to keep true to this note. And some of my servants, as most of the guards, speaking *Spanish*, I spoke nothing else unless in private, or when I was forced out of it by some incident. In this guise I came to *Dusseldorp*, where the Duke of *Nieuburg* happened to be (contrary to what I had been informed.) As soon as I was in my inn, one of his officers came to know

who I was, and whither I was going, and would not be ſatisfied by the common anſwer from my ſervants and guards, but would receive it from me. When he came up, though with much civility, yet he preſſed me ſo far, that I found there was no feigning with him, and ſo bid him tell the Duke, that within an hour I would come and give him an account both of myſelf and my journey. I remembered the great kindneſs that had ever interceded between his Majeſty and this Prince; and though I went upon an errand that I knew was diſagreeable to him, yet I thought he would be leſs likely to croſs me, if I acquainted him frankly with it, than if I diſguiſed ſcurvily, as I was likely to do, being the only thing in the world I could do the moſt uneaſily. I had a letter of credence, which I brought out of *England* at my firſt coming over, for this Prince; but paſſing another way to *Munſter*, I had not uſed it, and ſo reſolved to do it now. I did ſo, gave it him, told him my errand, how much his Majeſty reckoned upon his friendſhip, and deſired his good offices to the Biſhop of *Munſter* in the deſign I went upon, of keeping him firm to his treaties with the King my maſter.

This Duke is, in my opinion, the fineſt gentleman of any *German* I have ſeen, and deſerves much better fortune than he is in; being ſmall, very much broken, and charged with a very numerous iſſue: He ſeems about fifty years old, tall, lean, very good mien, but more like an *Italian* than a *German*; all he ſays is civil, well-bred, *honnête*, plain, eaſy, and has an air of truth and honour. He made great profeſſions of kindneſs and reſpect to the King; was ſorry he could not ſerve him in this affair; his engagements were already taken with the Emperor and his neighbour Princes for making the *Munſter* peace, and by that means keeping war out of the Empire. He doubted

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I could not serve his Majesty upon this errand neither; for, he first believed I could not get safe to *Munster*, the ways being all full of *Dutch* and *Brandenburg* parties, who had notice of the King's intention to send away to the Bishop upon this occasion: And if I should arrive, he believed, however, I should find the peace signed before I came. My answer was short, for I was very weary, that go I would, however I succeeded; that for the danger of the journey, I knew no providing against it, but a very good guide, who might lead me through ways the most unfrequented; that I would desire his Highness to give me one of his own guards to conduct me, because none would expect a person going upon my design, would have one in his livery for a guide; and I desired he would let me pass, as I had done hitherto in the journey, for a *Spanish* envoy. The Duke, after some difficulties at first (which we turned into pleasantries) complied with me in all. I took my leave, and went away early next morning. I never travelled a more savage country, over cruel hills, through many great and thick woods, stony and rapid streams, never hardly in any high-way, and very few villages, till I came near *Dortmund*, a city of the Empire, and within a day's journey, or something more, of *Munster*. The night I came to *Dortmund* was so advanced when I arrived, that the gates were shut; and with all the eloquence, which was as moving as we could, we were not able to prevail to have them opened. They advised us to go to a village about a league distant, where, they said, we might have lodging. When we came there, we found it all taken up with a troop of *Brandenburg* horse, so as the poor *Spanish* envoy was fain to eat what he could get in a barn, and to sleep upon a heap of straw, and lay my head upon my page instead of a pillow. The best of it was, that he, understand-

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ing *Dutch*, heard one of the *Brandenburg* ſoldiers coming into the barn, examine ſome of my guards about me and my journey; which when he was ſatisfied of, he asked if he had heard nothing upon the way of an *Engliſh* envoy that was expected: the fellow ſaid, he was upon the way, and might be at *Dortmund* within a day or two; with which he was ſatisfied, and I ſlept as well as I could. The next morning I went into *Dortmund*, and hearing there, that for five or ſix leagues round all was full of *Brandenburg* troops, I diſpatched away a *German* gentleman I had in my train, with a letter to the Biſhop of *Munſter*, to let him know the place and condition I was in, and deſired he would ſend me guards immediately, and ſtrong enough to convoy me. The night following my meſſenger returned, and brought me word, that by eight o'clock the morning after, a commander of the Biſhop's would come in ſight of the town, at the head of 1200 horſe, and deſired I would come and join them ſo ſoon as they appeared. I did ſo; and after an eaſy march till four o'clock, I came to a caſtle of the Biſhop's, where I was received by Lieutenant-General *Gorgas*, a *Scotchman*, in that ſervice, who omitted nothing of honour or entertainment that could be given me. There was nothing here remarkable, but the moſt epiſcopal way of drinking that could be invented. As ſoon as we came into the great hall, where ſtood many flagons ready charged, the General called for wine to drink the King's health; they brought him a formal bell of ſilver gilt, that might hold about two quarts or more: He took it empty, pulled out the clapper, and gave it me, whom he intended to drink to; then had the bell filled, drank it off to his Majeſty's health; then aſked me for the clapper, put it in, turned down the bell, and rung it out to ſhew he had played fair, and left nothing in it; took out

the

the clapper, and deſired me to give it to whom I pleaſed; then gave his bell to be filled again, and brought it to me. I, that never uſed to drink, and ſeldom would try, had commonly ſome gentlemen with me that ſerved for that purpoſe when 'twas neceſſary; and ſo I had the entertainment of ſeeing this health go current through about a dozen hands, with no more ſhare in it than juſt what I pleaſed. The next day, afternoon, about a league from *Munſter*, the Biſhop met me at the head of 4000 horſe, and, in appearance, brave troops. Before his coach, that drove very faſt, came a guard of 100 *Heydukes*, that he had brought from the laſt campaign in *Hungary*; they were in ſhort coats and caps, all of a brown colour, every man carrying a ſabre by his ſide, a ſhort pole-ax before, and a ſcrewed gun hanging at his back by a leather belt that went croſs his ſhoulders. In this poſture they ran almoſt full ſpeed, and in excellent order, and were ſaid to ſhoot 200 yards with their ſcrewed guns, and a bullet of the bigneſs of a large pea, into the breadth of a dollar or crown-piece. When the coach came within forty yards of me, it ſtopped; I ſaw the Biſhop, and his General, the Prince *d'Homberg*, come out; upon which I alighted, ſo as to meet him between my horſes and his coach. After compliments, he would have me go into his coach, and ſit alone at the back end, reſerving the other to himſelf and his General: I excuſed it, ſaying I came without character; but he replied, his agent had writ him word I brought a commiſſion, which ſtiled me *Oratorem noſtrum* (as was true) and that he knew what was due to that ſtile from a great King. I never was nice in taking any honour that was offered to the King's character, and eaſily took this; but from it, and a reception ſo extraordinary, began immediately to make an ill preſage of my buſineſs, and to think of the *Spaniſh* proverb:

Quien

Quien te haſe mas corte que no ſuele hazer
Ote ha d'engannar, ote ha meneſter.

And with theſe thoughts, and in this poſture, I entered *Munſter*, and was conducted by the Biſhop to a lodging prepared for me in one of the Canon's houſes The Biſhop would have left me immediately after he had brought me to my chamber; but I told him, I could not let him go without aſking an hour of audience that very evening. He would have excuſed it upon reſpect, and weariness, and much compliment; but I perſiſted in it, unleſs he would chuſe to ſit down where we were, and enter upon affairs without ceremony. He was at laſt contented, and I ſaid all I could towards my end of keeping him to the faith of his treaty with the King, to the purſuit of the war till both conſented to the peace, and to the expectations of the money that was due. He anſwered me, with the neceſſities that had forced him to treat, from the failing of his payments; the violences of his neighbour Princes, and the laſt inſtances of the Emperor: But that he would, upon my coming, diſpatch one immediately to *Cleve*, to command his miniſters to make a ſtop in their treaty, till they received further orders, which I ſhould be maſter of. I went to ſupper after he left me, but was told enough privately to ſpoil it before I ſat down, which was, that the treaty was ſigned at *Cleve*; though I took no notice of it, becauſe I knew, if it were ſo, being angry would hurt nobody but my maſter or myſelf. Next day the Biſhop made me a mighty feaſt among all his chief officers, where we ſat for four hours, and in bravery I drank fair like all the reſt; and obſerved, that my *Spaniſh* Cornet, and I that never uſed it, came off in better order than any of the company. I was very ſick after I came to my lodgings;

lodgings; but he got on horseback on purpose to shew himself about the town, while the rest of the company were out of sight all the afternoon. The day after was agreed to give me an account of the affair of *Cleve*, upon the return of the Bishop's express after my arrival; and at an audience in the evening, with great pretence of trouble and grief, he confessed the treaty was signed, so past remedy, and that it had been so before his express arrived, though much against his expectation, as he professed. I am sure it was not against mine; for I left *Brussels* in the belief that I should certainly find all concluded, which made my journey much harder than it could have been with any hopes of succeeding. I told him, when I found all ended, and no hopes of retrieving it, that I would be gone within a day or two, and would take my leave of him that night, being not well, and needing some rest before I began my journey. He said and did all that could be to persuade my stay till I had represented his reasons to the King, and received an answer; and found his design was to keep me as long as he could, while his agent at *Brussels* received bills of exchange from *England* that were ordered him in my absence. So that I knew not how much every day's stay would cost the King, and that no other service was to be done his Majesty in this affair, besides saving as much of his money as I could. The Bishop finding me immoveable, advised me, however, as pretended kindness, to go by *Collen*, which, by four or five days about, would be the only way that was left for me with any safety, the *Dutch* and *Brandenburghers* having posted themselves on purpose to attend my return upon the other roads; and he offered me Colonel *Ossory*, an *Irish* gentleman in his service, to conduct me. I seemed to accept it and to be obliged by his care, but I wished myself well out of it, and took my leave, though he pressed

tended to ſee me again next day. I went home, and inſtead of going to bed, as I gave out, I laid my journey ſo as to be on horſeback next morning between three and four o'clock, upon *Good-Friday*, which I thought might help to make my journey leſs ſuſpected. I fee'd the officer that opened the gates for me, to keep them ſhut two hours longer than uſual that morning (which I hear was performed), and ſo committed myſelf to the conduct of the Duke of *Nieuburg*'s guide, to lead me the ſhorteſt way he could into ſome place belonging to his maſter. I rode hard, and without any ſtop, to a village eight leagues from *Munſter*, and juſt upon the borders of the *Brandenburg* country. There I baited, and pretended to go to bed and ſtay all night; but in an hour's time, having got freſh horſes ready for four men that I pretended to ſend before me, I put on a caſſock of one of the Marquis's guards, and with my page, the Duke of *Nieuburg*'s guard, and Colonel *Masjatte*, a *Flemiſh* officer in the *Munſter* ſervice, I took horſe at the back-door of the inn, while the reſt of my company thought me in bed, and reſolved to ride as far as I could the reſt of that day, leaving my ſteward to follow me the next, with the reſt of my train and guards. I rode till eight at night, through the wildeſt country, and moſt unfrequented ways, that ever I ſaw; but being then quite ſpent, and ready to fall from my horſe, I was forced to ſtop and lay me down upon the ground, till my guard went to a peaſant's houſe in ſight, to find if there were any lodgings for me. He brought me word there were none, nor any proviſions in the houſe, nor could find any thing but a little bottle of juniper water, which is the common cordial in that country. I drank a good deal, and with it found my ſpirits ſo revived, that I reſolved to venture upon the three leagues that remained of my journey, ſo as to get into the territories of *Nieuburg*, having paſſed all the way, ſince I left my

train, through thoſe of *Brandenburg*, whoſe engagements with the *Dutch* left me no ſafety while I was there. About midnight I came to my lodging, which was ſo miſerable that I lay upon ſtraw, got on horſeback by break of day, and to *Duſſeldorp* by noon; where, being able to ride no farther, I went to bed for an hour, ſent to make my excuſes to the Duke of *Nieuburg* upon my haſte and wearineſs, and to borrow his coach to carry me to *Ruremonde*, which was a long day's journey. This Prince ſent me his coach and his compliments, with all the civilities in the world. I went away that afternoon, got to *Ruremonde* the next, and from thence hither, not without great danger of the *Dutch* parties, even in the *Spaniſh* country; and ſo have ended the hardeſt journey that ever I made in my life, or ever ſhall; for ſuch another I do not think I could ever bear with a body no ſtronger than mine. At my return, I had the fortune to ſtop ſeveral bills of exchange, that would otherwiſe have fallen into the hands of the Biſhop's agent here, and to forbid the payment of the reſt he received in my abſence, which, though accepted by the Merchants at *Antwerp*, yet were not ſatisfied, the time having not expired at which they were payable. And this ſervice to the King is all the ſatisfaction I have by this adventure, which has ended the whole affair of *Munſter*, that has of late made ſo much noiſe, and raiſed ſo much expectation in the world.

I am, Sir,

Yours, &c.

Dr. GARTH *to* ANTHONY HENLY, *Esq; incloſing a poem, called, his* Diſpenſary.

SIR,

A MAN of your character can no more prevent a dedication, than he would encourage one; for merit, like a virgin's bluſhes, is ſtill moſt diſcovered, when it labours moſt to be concealed.

'Tis hard, to think well of you ſhould be but juſtice, and to tell you ſo ſhould be an offence: Thus, rather than violate your modeſty, I muſt be wanting to your other virtues; and to gratify one good quality, do wrong to a thouſand.

The world generally meaſures our eſteem, by the ardour of our pretences; and will ſcarce believe that ſo much zeal in the heart can be conſiſtent with ſo much faintneſs in the expreſſion: But when they reflect on your readineſs to do good, and your induſtry to hide it; on your paſſion to oblige, and your pain to hear it owned; they will conclude, that acknowledgments would be ungrateful to a perſon, who even ſeems to receive the obligations he confers. But though I ſhould perſuade myſelf to be ſilent upon all occaſions, thoſe more polite arts, which, till of late, have languiſhed and decayed, would appear under their preſent advantages, and own you for one of their generous reſtorers; inſomuch that Sculpture now breathes, painting ſpeaks, muſic raviſhes; and if you help to refine our taſte, you diſtinguiſh your own. Your approbation of this poem is the only exception to the opinion the world has of your judgment, that ought to reliſh nothing ſo much as what you write yourſelf: But you are reſolved to forget to be a critic, by remembering you are a friend. To ſay more, would be uneaſy to you; and to ſay leſs, would be unjuſt in

Your humble ſervant.

To

To Dr. GARTH.

WHETHER your letter or your preſcription has made me well, I proteſt I cannot tell; but thus much I can ſay, that as the one was the moſt nauſeous thing I ever knew, ſo the other was the moſt entertaining. I would gladly aſcribe my cure to the laſt; and if ſo, your practice will become ſo univerſal, you muſt keep a ſecretary as well as an apothecary. The obſervations I have made are theſe; that your preſcription ſtaid not long with me, but your letter has, eſpecially that part of it where you told me, I was not altogether out of your memory; You'll find me much altered in every thing when you ſee me, but in my eſteem for yourſelf. I, that was as lank as a crane when I left you at *London*, am now as plump as an ortolan. I have left off my falſe calves, and had yeſterday a great belly laid to me. A facetious widow, who is my confidante in this affair, ſays, you ought to father the child; for he that lends a man a ſword, is in ſome part acceſſory to the miſchief done with it; however, I'll forgive you the ill-convenience you've put me to. I believe, you were not aware you were giving life to two people. Pray let me have a conſolatory letter from you upon this new calamity; for nothing can be ſo welcome, except-ing rain, in this ſandy country where we live. The widow ſaith, ſhe reſolves to be ſick, on purpoſe to be acquainted with you; but I tell her, ſhe'll reliſh your preſcription better in full health: And if at this diſtance you can do her no ſervice, pray preſcribe her

Your humble ſervant.

To PHILOTES.

I SHOULD not have ſuffered ſo long an interval to interrupt our correſpondence, if my expedition to *Euphronius* had not wholly employed me for theſe laſt ſix weeks. I had long promiſed to ſpend ſome time with him before he embarked with his regiment for *Flanders*; and as he is not one of thoſe Hudibraſtic heroes who chuſe to run away one day that they may live to fight another, I was unwilling to truſt the opportunity of ſeeing him, to the very precarious contingency of his return. The high enjoyments he leaves behind him, might indeed be a pledge to his friends, that his caution would at leaſt be equal to his courage, if his notions of honour were leſs exquiſitely delicate. But he will undoubtedly act as if he had nothing to hazard; though at the ſame time, from the generous ſenſibility of his temper, he feels every thing that his family can ſuffer in their fears for his danger. I had an inſtance, whilſt I was in his houſe, how much *Euphronia*'s apprehenſions for his ſafety were ready to take alarm upon every occaſion. She called me one day into the gallery to look upon a picture, which was juſt come out of the painter's hands; but the moment ſhe carried me up to it, ſhe burſt out into a flood of tears. It was drawn at the requeſt, and after a deſign of her father's, and is a performance which does great honour to the ingenious artiſt who executed it. *Euphronius* is repreſented under the character of *Hector* when he parts from *Andromache*, who is perſonated in the piece by *Euphrouia*; as her ſiſter, who holds their little boy in her arms, is ſhadowed out under the figure of the beautiful nurſe with the young *Aſtyanax*. I was ſo pleaſed with the deſign in this uncommon family-piece, that I thought it deſerved particular mention; as I could

wiſh it were to become a general faſhion, to have all pictures of the ſame kind executed in ſome ſuch manner. If inſtead of furniſhing a room with ſeparate portraits, a whole family were to be thus introduced into a ſingle piece, and repreſented under ſome intereſting hiſtorical ſubject, ſuitable to their rank and character, portraits, which are now ſo generally and ſo deſervedly deſpiſed, might become of real value to the public. By this means hiſtory-painting would be encouraged amongſt us, and a ridiculous vanity turned to the improvement of one of the moſt inſtructive, as well as the moſt pleaſing of the imitative arts. Thoſe who never contributed a ſingle benefit to their own age, nor will ever be mentioned in any after one, might by this means employ their pride and their expence in a way which might render them entertaining and uſeful both to the preſent and future times. It would require, indeed, great judgment and addreſs in the painter, to chuſe and recommend ſubjects proper to the various characters which would preſent themſelves to his pencil; and undoubtedly we ſhould ſee many enormous abſurdities committed, if this faſhion were univerſally to be followed. It would certainly, however, afford a glorious ſcope to genius, and probably ſupply us, in due time, with ſome productions which might be mentioned with thoſe of the moſt celebrated ſchools. I am perſuaded at leaſt, that great talents have been ſometimes loſt to this art, by being confined to the dull, though profitable, labour of ſenſeleſs portraits; as I ſhould not doubt if the method I was ſpeaking of were to take effect, to ſee that very promiſing genius, which in conſequence of your generous offices, is now forming his hand by the nobleſt models in *Rome*, prove a rival to thoſe great maſters whoſe works he is ſtudying. It cannot, I think, be denied, that the prevailing fondneſs of having our perſons copied out to poſterity, is, in the preſent application of it, a m

abſurd and uſeleſs vanity; as, in general, nothing affords a more ridiculous ſcene, than thoſe groteſque figures which uſually line the manſions of a man, who is fond of diſplaying his canvas-anceſtry.

Good heaven! that ſots and knaves ſhould be ſo vain,
To wiſh their vile reſemblance may remain;
And ſtand recorded, at their own requeſt,
To future times a libel or a jeſt. DRYDEN.

You muſt by no means, however, imagine that I abſolutely condemn this lower application of one of the nobleſt arts. It has certainly a very juſt uſe, when employed in perpetuating the reſemblances of that part of our ſpecies, who have diſtinguiſhed themſelves in their reſpective generations. To be deſirous of an acquaintance with the perſons of thoſe who have recommended themſelves by their writings or their actions to our eſteem and applauſe, is a very natural and reaſonable curioſity. For myſelf, at leaſt, I have often found much ſatisfaction in contemplating a well-choſen collection of the portrait kind, and comparing the mind of a favourite character, as it was either expreſſed or concealed in its external lineaments. There is ſomething likewiſe extremely animating in theſe lively repreſentations of celebrated merit; and it was an obſervation of one of the *Scipio's*, that he could never view the figures of his anceſtors without finding his boſom glow with the moſt ardent paſſion of imitating their deeds. However, as the days of exemplary virtue are now no more, and we are not, many of us, diſpoſed to tranſmit the moſt inflaming models to future times, it would be but prudence, methinks, if we are reſolved to make poſterity acquainted with the perſons of the preſent age, that it ſhould be by viewing them in the actions of the paſt. Adieu.

I am, &c.

To

To the Same.

Tunbridge, Auguſt 4, 1748.

I THINK I promiſed you a letter from this place; yet I have nothing more material to write than that I got ſafe hither. To any other man I ſhould make an apology for troubling him with an information ſo trivial; but among true friends there is nothing indifferent, and what would ſeem of no conſequence to others, has, in intercourſes of this nature, its weight and value. A by-ſtander, unacquainted with play, may fancy, perhaps, that the counters are of no more worth than they appear; but thoſe who are engaged in the game, know they are to be conſidered at a higher rate. You ſee I draw my alluſions from the ſcene before me: A propriety which the critics, I think, upon ſome occaſions recommend. I have often wondered what odd whim could firſt induce the healthy to follow the ſick into places of this ſort, and lay the ſcene of their diverſions amidſt the moſt wretched part of our ſpecies: One ſhould imagine an hoſpital the laſt ſpot in the world, to which thoſe who are in purſuit of pleaſure would think of reſorting. However, ſo it is; and by this means the company here furniſh out a tragi-comedy of the moſt ſingular kind. While ſome are literally dying, others are expiring in metaphor; and in one ſcene you are preſented with the real, and in another with the fantaſtical pains of mankind. An ignorant ſpectator might be apt to ſuſpect, that each party was endeavouring to qualify itſelf for acting in the oppoſite character: For the infirm cannot labour more earneſtly to recover the ſtrength they have loſt, than the robuſt to diſſipate that which they poſſeſs. Thus the diſeaſed paſs not more anxious nights in their beds, than the healthy at the hazard tables; and I frequently ſee a game at quadrille oc-

caſion

caſion as ſevere diſquietudes as a fit of the gout. As for myſelf, I perform a ſort of middle part in this motley drama, and am ſometimes diſpoſed to join with the invalids in envying the healthy, and ſometimes have ſpirits enough to mix with the gay in pitying the ſplenetic.

The truth is, I have found ſome benefit by the waters; but I ſhall not be ſo ſanguine as to pronounce with certainty of their effects, till I ſee how they enable me to paſs through the approaching winter. That ſeaſon, you know, is the time of trial with me: and if I get over the next with more eaſe than the laſt, I ſhall think myſelf obliged to celebrate the nymph of theſe ſprings in grateful ſonnet.

But, let time and ſeaſons operate as they may, there is one part of me over which they will have no power; and in all the changes of this uncertain conſtitution, my heart will ever continue fixed and firmly yours.

I am, &c.

To CLEORA.

Auguſt 11, 1738.

THO' it is but a few hours ſince I parted from my *Cleora* yet I have already, you ſee, taken up my pen to write to her: You muſt not expect, however, in this, or in any of my future letters, that I ſay fine things to you, ſince I only intend to tell you true ones. My heart is too full to be regular, and too ſincere to be ceremonious. I have changed the manner, not the ſtyle, of my former converſations; and I write to you, as I uſed to talk to you, without form or art. Tell me then, with the ſame undiſſembled ſincerity, what effect this abſence has upon your uſual chearfulneſs? as I will ho-

honeſtly confeſs, on my own part, that I am too intereſted to wiſh a circumſtance ſo little conſiſtent with my own repoſe, ſhould be altogether reconcileable to yours. I have attempted, however, to purſue your advice, and divert myſelf by the ſubject you recommend to my thoughts: But it is impoſſible, I perceive, to turn off the mind at once from an object, which it has long dwelt upon with pleaſure. My heart, like a poor bird which is hunted from her neſt, is ſtill returning to the place of its affections, and, after ſome vain efforts to fly off, ſettles again where all its cares and all its tenderneſs are centered. Adieu.

To ORONTES.

May 6, 1735.

LET others conſider you for thoſe ample poſſeſſions you enjoy; ſuffer me to ſay, that it is your application of them alone which renders either them or you valuable in my eſtimation. Your ſplendid roofs and elegant accommodations I can view without the leaſt emotion of envy: But when I obſerve you in the full power of exerting the noble purpoſes of your exalted generoſity,—it is then, I confeſs, I am apt to reflect with ſome regret on the humbler ſupplies of my own more limited finances. *Nihil habet* (to ſpeak of you in the ſame language that the firſt of Orators addreſſed the greateſt of Emperors) *fortuna tua majus, quam ut poſſis; nec natura melius, quam ut velis ſervare quamplurimos.* To be able to ſoften the calamities of mankind, and inſpire gladneſs into a heart oppreſſed with want, is indeed the nobleſt privilege of an enlarged fortune; but to exerciſe that privilege in all its generous refinements, is an inſtance of the moſt uncommon elegance, both of temper and underſtanding.

In the ordinary diſpenſations of bounty, little addreſs is required. But when it is to be applied to thoſe

of

of a ſuperior rank or more elevated mind, there is as much charity diſcovered in the manner as in the meaſure of one's benevolence. It is ſomething extremely mortifying to a well-formed ſpirit, to ſee itſelf conſidered as an object of compaſſion; as it is the part of improved humanity to humour this honeſt pride in our nature, and to relieve the neceſſities without offending the delicacy of the diſtreſſed.

I have ſeen charity (if charity it might be called) inſult with an air of pity, and wound at the ſame time that it healed. But I have ſeen too the higheſt munificence diſpenſed with the moſt refined tenderneſs, and a bounty conferred with as much addreſs as the moſt artful would employ in ſolliciting one. Suffer me, *Orontes*, upon this ſingle occaſion, to gratify my own inclinations in violence to yours, by pointing out the particular inſtance I have in my view; and allow me, at the ſame time, to join my acknowledgments with thoſe of the unfortunate perſon I recommended to your protection, for the generous aſſiſtance you lately afforded him.

I am, &c.

Mr. DRYDEN *to Mr.* DENNIS.

My Dear Mr. DENNIS,

WHEN I read a letter ſo full of my commendations as your laſt, I cannot but conſider you as the maſter of a vaſt treaſure, who, having more than enough for yourſelf, are forced to flow out upon your friends. You have indeed the beſt right to give them, ſince you have them in propriety; but they are no more mine when I receive them, than the light of the moon can be allowed to be her own, who ſhines but by the reflection of her brother. Your own

poetry

poetry is a more powerful example, to prove that the modern writers may enter into comparison with the ancients, than any which *Perrault* could produce in *France*; yet neither he, nor you, who are a better critic, can persuade me that there is any room left for a solid commendation, at this time of day at least, for me. If I undertake the translation of *Virgil*, the little which I can perform will shew at least, that no man is fit to write after him, in a barbarous modern tongue: Neither will his machines be of any service to a christian poet. We see how ineffectually they have been tried by *Tasso*, and by *Ariosto*. 'Tis using them too dully, if we only make devils of his gods. As if, for example, I would raise a storm, and make use of *Æolus*, with this only difference, of calling him Prince of the Air, what invention of mine would there be in this? Or who would not see *Virgil* through me, only the same trick play'd over again by a bungling juggler? *Boileau* has well observed that it is an easy matter in a christian poem, for God to bring the devil to reason. I think I have given a better hint for new machines in my preface to *Juvenal*, where I have particularly recommended two subjects, one of King *Arthur*'s conquest of the *Saxons*, and the other of the *Black Prince*, in his conquest of *Spain*. But the guardian angels of monarchies and kingdoms are not to be touched by every hand. A man must be deeply conversant in the *Platonic* philosophy to deal with them: and therefore I may reasonably expect, that no poet of our age will presume to handle those machines, for fear of discovering his own ignorance; or, if he should, he might, perhaps, be ungrateful enough not to own me for his benefactor. After I have confessed thus much of our modern heroic poetry, I cannot but conclude with Mr. *Rym*---, that our *English* comedy is far beyond any thing of the ancients. And, notwithstanding our irregularities, so is our trage-

Shakſpeare had a genius for it; and we know, in ſpite of Mr. *R*——, that genius alone is a greater virtue (if I may ſo call it) than all other qualifications put together. You ſee what ſucceſs this learned critic has found in the world, after his blaſpheming *Shakſpeare*. Almoſt all the faults which he has diſcovered are truly there; yet who will read Mr. *Rym*——, or not read *Shakſpeare*? For my own part, I reverence Mr. *Rym*——'s learning, but I deteſt his ill-nature and his arrogance. I, indeed, and ſuch as I, have reaſon to be afraid of him, but *Shakſpeare* has not. There is another part of poetry in which the *Engliſh* ſtand almoſt upon an equal footing with the ancients; and 'tis that which we call *Pindarique*, introduced, but not perfected, by our famous Mr. *Cowley*. And of this, Sir, you are certainly one of the greateſt maſters: You have the ſublimity of ſenſe as well as ſound, and know how far the boldneſs of a poet may lawfully extend. I could wiſh you would cultivate this kind of ode, and reduce it either to the ſame meaſure which *Pindar* uſed, or give new meaſures of your own. For, as it is, it looks like a vaſt tract of land newly diſcovered. The ſoil is wonderfully fruitful, but unmanured; overſtocked with inhabitants, but almoſt all ſavages, without laws, arts, arms, or policy. I remember poor *Nat. Lee*, who was then upon the verge of madneſs, yet made a ſober and witty anſwer to a bad poet, who told him, *It was an eaſy thing to write like a madman*. No, ſaid he, *'tis very difficult to write like a madman; but 'tis a very eaſy matter to write like a fool*. *Otway* and he are ſafe by death from all attacks, but we poor poets militant (to uſe Mr. *Cowley*'s expreſſions) are at the mercy of wretched nibblers; and when they cannot faſten upon our parts, they fall upon our morals, our principles of ſtate, and religion. For my principles of religion, I will not juſtify them to you; I know yours are far dif-

ferent. For the ſame reaſon, I ſhall ſay nothing of my principles of ſtate: I believe you in yours follow the dictates of your reaſon, as I in mine do thoſe of my conſcience. If I thought myſelf in an error, I would retract it; I am ſure that I ſuffer for them; and *Milton* makes even the devil ſay, *That no creature is in love with pain*. For my morals betwixt man and man, I am not to be my own judge; I appeal to the world if I have deceived or defrauded any man; and for my private converſation, they who ſee me every day can be the beſt witneſſes, whether or no it be blameleſs and inoffenſive. Hitherto I have no reaſon to complain that men of either party ſhun my company. I have never been an impudent beggar at the doors of noblemen: My viſits have indeed been too rare to be unacceptable, and but juſt enough to teſtify my gratitude for their bounty; which I have frequently received, but always unaſked, as themſelves will witneſs. I have written more than I needed to you on this ſubject: For I dare ſay, you juſtify me to yourſelf. As for that which I firſt intended for the principal ſubject of this letter, which is my friend's paſſion, and his deſign of marriage, on better conſideration I have changed my mind: For having had the honour to ſee my dear friend *Wycherley*'s letter to him on that occaſion, I find nothing to be added or amended. But, as well as I love Mr. *Wycherley*, I confeſs I love myſelf ſo well, that I will not ſhew how much I am inferior to him in wit and judgment, by undertaking any thing after him. The is *Moſes* and the prophets in his counſel. *Jupiter* and *Juno*, as the poets tell us, made *Tireſias* their umpire in a certain merry diſpute which fell out in heaven betwixt them: *Tireſias*, you know, had been of both ſexes, and therefore was a proper judge. Our friend Mr. *Wycherley* is full as competent an arbitrator: He has been a bachelor, and a married man, and is now a widower. *Virgil* ſays of *Ceneus*,

—*Ne*

——Nunc vir nunc fœmina Ceneus,
Rurſus et in veterem fato revoluta figuram.

Yet, I ſuppoſe, he will not give any large commendations to his middle ſtate; nor, as the ſailor ſaid, will be fond, after a ſhipwreck, to put to ſea again. If my friend will adventure after this, I can but wiſh him a good wind, as being his, and,

My dear Mr Dennis, *yours, &c.*

A Character of Mr. WYCHERLEY,
By the Honourable Mr. GRANVILLE.

Of all our modern wits, none ſeems to me
Once to have touch'd upon true comedy,
But haſty Shadwel, *and ſlow* Wycherley.
Shadwel's *unfiniſh'd works do yet impart*
Great proofs of nature's force, tho' none of art;
But Wycherley *earns hard whate'er he gains,*
He wants no judgement, and he ſpares no pains.

Earl of ROCHESTER, *&c.*

SIR,

THIS is part of a character given of Mr. *Wycherley*, by one of the greateſt wits our later ages have produced. There are ſome other lines, which I have forgot, relating to the ſame purpoſe, but their ſenſe, as I remember, is this; That as Mr. *Wycherley* excels in ſtrength and variety of his thoughts, ſo is he guilty of the feweſt errors: He is not only the greateſt *wit*, but the moſt correct, or ſomewhat to that ſignification.

This character, however juſt in other reſpects, yet injures Mr. *Wycherley* in one particular, being repre-

ſented as a laborious writer, which every one can contradict, who has the leaſt perſonal knowledge of him. Thoſe indeed who form their judgment only by his writings, may be apt to imagine, that ſo many admirable reflections, ſuch diverſity of images and characters, ſuch ſtrict enquiries into nature, ſo thorough an inſpection and ſuch cloſe obſervations upon the ſeveral humours, manners, ſentiments, and affections of men, and, as it were, ſo true and ſo perfect a *diſſection* of human kind, delivered with ſo much pointed wit, and force of expreſſion, as appears in his comedies, could be no other than the work of extraordinary labour and application. Whereas others, who have the happineſs to be acquainted with the author, as well as his works, are able to aſſirm, that all theſe perfections are due to his genius, and natural penetration. We owe the pleaſure and advantage of having been ſo well entertained and inſtructed by him, to his facility of doing it; for if I miſtake him not extremely, had it been a trouble to him to write, he would have ſpared himſelf that trouble. What he has performed would, indeed, have been difficult for a genius of leſs force; but the *club* which a man of ordinary ſize could not lift, was no more than a walking-ſtaff for *Hercules*.

Mr. *Wycherley* in his *writings* is *ſevere*, and *bold* in his *undertakings*; in his *converſation*, *gentle*, *modeſt*, *inoffenſive*. In his writings he ſeems without *mercy*; in his nature he is all *tenderneſs*. He makes uſe of his *ſatire*, as a man truly *brave* of his courage, only upon public occaſions, and for public good: He compaſſionates the wound he is under a neceſſity to probe; or, like a good-natured conqueror, grieves at the occaſion that provokes him to make ſuch havock.

There are ſome who object againſt his *verſification*; but a diamond is not leſs a diamond for not being poliſhed. *Verſification* is in *poetry*, what *colouring*

to *painting*, a beautiful ornament: But if the proportions are juſt, the poſture true, the figure bold, and the reſemblance according to nature, though the colours happen to be rough, or carelеſly laid on, yet the picture ſhall loſe nothing of its eſteem. Such are many of the eſtimable pieces of *Raphael*; whereas the fineſt and the niceſt colour that art can invent, is but labour in vain, when the reſt is in diſorder; like paint beſtowed on an ill face, whereby the deformity is rendered but ſo much the more conſpicuous and remarkable. It would not be unſeaſonable to make ſome obſervations upon this ſubject, by way of advice to many of our preſent writers, who ſeem to lay the whole ſtreſs of their endeavours upon the *harmony* of words. Like *eunuchs* they ſacrifice their *manhood* for a *voice*, and reduce our poetry to be like *echo*, nothing but *ſound*. In Mr. *Wycherley* every thing is *maſculine*; his muſe is not led forth as to a review, but as to a *battle*; not adorned for parade, but for execution. He would be tried by the *ſharpneſs* of his blade, and not by the *finery*. Like your heroes of antiquity, he charges in iron, and ſeems to deſpiſe all ornament but intrinſic merit; and, like thoſe heroes, has therefore added another name to his own; and by the unanimous aſſent of the world, is called, *The Manly Wycherley*. But in order to judge of his learning, genius, taſte, and admirable diſpoſition, you ſhould be acquainted with him. Name your day, and I will bring you together. I ſhall have both your thanks. Let it be at my lodgings. I can give you no *Falernum* that has out-lived twenty Conſulſhips, but I can promiſe you a bottle of good old claret, that has ſeen two reigns. Horatian wit will not be wanting when you two meet. He ſhall bring with him, if you will, a young poet newly inſpired in the neighbourhood of *Cooper's* Hill, whom he and *Walſh* have taken under their wing. His name is *Pope*; he is not above 17 or 18 years of age, and promiſes miracles. If he goes on

on as he has begun in the paſtoral way, in which *Virgil* firſt try'd his ſtrength, we may hope to ſee *Engliſh* poetry vie with the *Roman*, and the Swan of *Windſor* ſing as ſweetly as the *Mantuan*. I expect your anſwer.

Dear HARRY, *adieu, &c.*

Queen ANN BOLEYN's *laſt Letter to King* HENRY VIII.

Sir,

YOUR Grace's diſpleaſure and my impriſonment are things ſo ſtrange unto me, as what to write, or what to excuſe, I am altogether ignorant. Whereas you ſend unto me (willing me to confeſs a truth, and ſo obtain your favour) by ſuch a one, whom you knew to be my ancient profeſſed enemy, I no ſooner received this meſſage by him, than I rightly conceived your meaning; and if, as you ſay, confeſſing a truth indeed may procure my ſafety, I ſhall, with all willingneſs and duty, perform your command. But let not your Grace ever imagine, that your poor wife will ever be brought to acknowledge a fault, where not ſo much as a thought thereof preceded. And to ſpeak a truth, never prince had wife more loyal in all duty, and in all true affection, than you have ever found in *Ann Boleyn*; with which name and place I could willingly have contented myſelf, if God and your Grace's pleaſure had been ſo pleaſed. Neither did I at any time ſo far forget myſelf in my exaltation, or received queenſhip, but that I always looked for ſuch an alteration as I now find; for the ground of my preferment being on no ſurer foundation than your Grace's fancy, the leaſt alteration I knew was fit and ſufficient to draw that fancy to ſome other object. You have choſen me, from a low eſtate,

to

to be your Queen and companion, far beyond my deſert or deſire. If then you found me worthy of ſuch honour, good your Grace let not any light fancy, or bad counſel of mine enemies, withdraw your princely favour from me; neither let that ſtain, that unworthy ſtain, of a diſloyal heart towards your good Grace, ever caſt ſo foul a blot on your moſt dutiful wife, and the infant Princeſs your daughter. Try me, good King, but let me have a lawful trial, for my truth ſhall fear no open ſhame; then ſhall you ſee either mine innocence cleared, your ſuſpicion and conſcience ſatisfied, the ignominy and ſlander of the world ſtopped, or my guilt openly declared. So that whatſoever God or you may determine of me, your Grace may be freed from an open cenſure; and mine offences being ſo lawfully proved, your Grace is at liberty, both before God and man, not only to execute worthy puniſhment on me as an unlawful wife, but to follow your affection, already ſettled on that party for whoſe ſake I am now as I am; whoſe name I could, ſome good while ſince, have pointed unto, your Grace not being ignorant of my ſuſpicion therein.

But if you have already determined of me, and that not only my death, but an infamous ſlander muſt bring you the enjoying of your deſired happineſs; then I deſire of God, that he will pardon your great ſin therein, and likewiſe mine enemies, the inſtruments thereof; and that he will not call you to a ſtrict account for your unprincely and cruel uſage of me, at his general judgment-ſeat, where both you and myſelf muſt ſhortly appear, and in whoſe judgment I doubt not (whatſoever the world may think of me) mine innocence ſhall be openly known, and ſufficiently cleared.

My laſt and only requeſt ſhall be, that myſelf may only bear the burden of your Grace's diſpleaſure, and that it may not touch the innocent ſouls of thoſe poor gentlemen, who (as I underſtand) are likewiſe in

ſtrait

ſtrait impriſonment for my ſake. If ever I have found favour in your ſight, if ever the name of *Ann Bolyn* hath been pleaſing in your ears, then let me obtain this requeſt; and I will ſo leave to trouble your Grace any farther, with mine earneſt prayers to the Trinity to have your Grace in his good keeping, and to direct you in all your actions.

From my doleful priſon in the *Tower*, this 6th of *May*.

Your loyal and ever faithful wife,

ANN BOLEYN.

Sir WALTER RALEIGH *to Prince* HENRY, *Son of* JAMES I.

May it pleaſe your Highneſs,

THE following lines are addreſſed to your Highneſs, from a man who values his liberty, and a very ſmall fortune in a remote part of this iſland, under the preſent conſtitution, above all the riches and honours that he could any where enjoy under any other eſtabliſhment. You ſee, Sir, the doctrines that are lately come into the world, and how far the phraſe has obtained, of calling your royal father God's Vicegerent; which ill men have turned both to the diſhonour of God, and the impeachment of his Majeſty's goodneſs. They adjoin Vicegerency to the idea of being all-powerful, and not to that of being all-good. His Majeſty's wiſdom, it is to be hoped, will ſave him from the ſnare that may lie under groſs adulations; but your youth, and the thirſt of praiſe which I have obſerved in you, poſſibly miſled you to hearken to theſe charmers, who would conduct your noble nature into tyranny. Be careful, O my Prince! hear them not, fly from their deceits; for

are in the ſucceſſion to a throne, from whence no evil can be imputed to you, but all good muſt be conveyed from you. Your father is called the Vicegerent of Heaven; while he is good, he is the Vicegerent of Heaven. Shall men have authority from the Fountain of Good to do evil? No, my Prince; let mean and degenerate ſpirits, which want benevolence, ſuppoſe your power impaired by a diſability of doing injuries. If want of power to do ill be an incapacity in a Prince, with reverence be it ſpoken, it is an incapacity he has in common with the Deity. Let me not doubt but all pleas, which do not carry in them the mutual happineſs of Prince and People, will appear as abſurd to your great underſtanding, as diſagreeable to your noble nature. Exert yourſelf, O generous Prince, againſt ſuch ſycophants, in the glorious cauſe of liberty; and aſſume ſuch an ambition worthy of you, to ſecure your fellow-creatures from ſlavery; from a condition as much below that of brutes, as to act without reaſon is leſs miſerable than to act againſt it. Preſerve to your future ſubjects the divine right of being free agents; and to your own royal houſe, the divine right of being their benefactors. Believe me, my Prince, there is no other right can flow from God. While your Highneſs is forming yourſelf for a throne, conſider the laws as ſo many common-places in your ſtudy in the ſcience of government; when you mean nothing but juſtice, they are an eaſe and help to you. This way of thinking is what gave men the glorious appellations of deliverers and fathers of their country; this made the ſight of them rouſe their beholders into acclamations, and mankind incapable of bearing their appearance, without applauding it as a benefit. Conſider the inexpreſſible advantages which will ever attend your Highneſs, while you make the power of endering men happy the meaſure of your actions. While this is your impulſe, how eaſily will that power be extended! The glance of your eye will give glad-

gladneſs, and your very ſentence have a force of boun-ty. Whatever ſome men would inſinuate, you have loſt your ſubjects when you have loſt their inclinations. You are to preſide over the minds, not the bodies of men; the ſoul is the eſſence of the man, and you can-not have the true man againſt his inclinations. Chuſe therefore to be the King, or the conqueror of your people; it may be ſubmiſſion, but it cannot be obe-dience, that is paſſive. I am, Sir,

Your Highneſs's moſt faithful ſervant,

WALTER RALEIGH.

CHARLES I. *to the Earl of* STRAFFORD.

STRAFFORD,

THE misfortune that is fallen upon you by th ſtrange miſtaking and conjuncture of theſe time being ſuch, that I muſt lay by the thought of employ-ing you hereafter in my affairs; yet I cannot ſatisfy myſelf in honour or conſcience, without aſſuring yo (now in the midſt of your troubles) that, upon th word of a king, you ſhall not ſuffer in life, honour or fortune. This is but juſtice, and therefore a very mean reward from a maſter to ſo faithful and able ſervant, as you have ſhewed yourſelf to be; yet it as much as I conceive the preſent times will permit though none ſhall hinder me from being

Your conſtant faithful friend, CHARLES R

Earl of STRAFFORD *to his Son.*

My deareſt WILL,

THESE are the laſt lines that you are to rece from a father that tenderly loves you. I w there was a greater leiſure to impart my mind u

yo

you; but our merciful God will ſupply all things by his grace, and guide and protect you in all your ways; to whoſe infinite goodneſs I bequeath you; and therefore be not diſcouraged, but ſerve him, and truſt in him, and he will preſerve and proſper you in all things. Be ſure you give all reſpects to my wife, that hath ever had a great love unto you, and therefore will be well becoming you. Never be wanting in your love and care to your ſiſters, but let them ever be moſt dear unto you: For this will give others cauſe to eſteem and reſpect you for it, and is a duty that you owe them in the memory of your excellent mother and myſelf: Therefore your care and affection to them muſt be the very ſame that you are to have of yourſelf; and the like regard muſt you have to your youngeſt ſiſter; for indeed you owe it her alſo, both for her father and mother's ſake. Sweet *Will*, be careful to take the advice of thoſe friends, which are by me deſired to adviſe you for your education. Serve God diligently morning and evening, and recommend yourſelf unto him, and have him before your eyes in all your ways. With patience hear the inſtructions of thoſe friends I leave with you, and diligently follow their counſel. For, till you come by time to have experience in the world, it will be far more ſafe to truſt to their judgments than your own. Loſe not the time of your youth, but gather thoſe ſeeds of virtue and knowledge which may be of uſe to yourſelf, and comfort to your friends, for the reſt of your life. And that this may be the better effected, attend thereto with patience, and be ſure to correct and refrain yourſelf from anger. Suffer not ſorrow to caſt you down, but with chearfulneſs and good courage go on the race you have to run in all ſobriety and truth. Be ſure with an hallowed care to have reſpect to all the commandments of God, and give not yourſelf to neglect them in the leaſt things, leſt by degrees you come to forget them in the greateſt; for the heart of

man

man is deceitful above all things. And in all your duties and devotions towards God, rather perform them joyfully than penſively, for God loves a chearful giver. For your religion, let it be directed according to that which ſhall be taught by thoſe which are in God's church, the proper teachers thereof, rather than that you ever either fancy one to yourſelf, or be led by men that are ſingular in their own opinion, and delight to go ways of their own finding out: For you will certainly find ſoberneſs and truth in the one, and much unſteadineſs and vanity in the other. The King, I truſt, will deal graciouſly with you; reſtore you thoſe honours and that fortune, which a diſtempered time hath deprived you of, together with the life of your father; which I rather adviſe might be by a new gift and creation from himſelf, than by any other means, to the end you may pay the thanks to him without having obligations to any other. Be ſure to avoid, as much as you can, to enquire after thoſe that have been ſharp in their judgments towards me, and I charge you never to ſuffer thought of revenge to enter into your heart; but be careful to be informed who were my friends in this proſecution, and to them apply yourſelf to make them your friends alſo; and on ſuch you may rely, and beſtow much of your converſation amongſt them. And God Almighty, of his infinite goodneſs, bleſs you and your children's children; and his ſame goodneſs bleſs your ſiſters in like manner, perfect you in every good work, and give you right underſtandings in all things. *Amen.*

Your moſt loving father,

T. WENTWORTH

King CHARLES *the Second's Letter to the Duke of* YORK *in his Exile.*

I HAVE already given you my reaſons at large, why I think it fit that you ſhould abſent yourſelf for ſome time beyond ſea. As I am utterly ſorry for the occaſion, ſo you may be ſure I ſhall never deſire it longer, than it will be abſolutely neceſſary both for your good and my ſervice. In the mean time, I think it proper to give you, under my hand, that I expect this compliance from you, and I deſire it may be as ſoon as conveniently you can. You may eaſily believe with what trouble I write this to you, there being nothing I am more ſenſible of than the conſtant kindneſs you have ever had for me; and I hope you are ſo juſt to me, as to be aſſured that no abſence, or any thing elſe, can ever change me from ever being truly and kindly yours.

CHARLES REX.

Queen ANNE *to the Duke of* MARLBOROUGH *after the Victory of* Oudenarde.

I WANT words to expreſs the joy I have that you are well after your glorious ſucceſs, for which, next to Almighty God, my thanks are due to you: And indeed I can never ſay enough for all the great and faithful ſervices you have ever done me. But be ſo juſt as to believe I am as truly ſenſible of them as a grateful heart can be, and ſhall be ready to ſhew it upon all occaſions. I hope you cannot doubt of my eſteem and friendſhip for you, nor think, becauſe I differ with you in ſome things, it is for want of either. No; I do aſſure you, if you were here, I am ſure you would not think me ſo much in the wrong

in ſome things, as I fear you do now. I am afra my letter ſhould come too late to *London*, and there fore dare ſay no more, but that I pray God Al mighty to continue his protection over you, and ſen you ſafe home again: And be aſſured I ſhall e be ſincerely, *&c.*

Duke of MARLBOROUGH *to Queen* ANNE.

MADAM,

BY what I hear from *London*, I find your Maje is pleaſed to think, that when I have reflected, muſt be of opinion, that you are in the right in givi Mr. *Hill* the Earl of *Eſſex*'s regiment. I beg yo Majeſty will be ſo juſt to me, as not to think I c be ſo unreaſonable as to be mortified to the degr that I am, if it proceeded only from this one thing for I ſhall always be ready and glad to do eve thing that is agreeable to you, after I have repr ſented what may be a prejudice to your ſervice. B this is only one of a great many mortifications th I have met with. And as I may not have many o portunities of writing to you, let me beg of yo Majeſty to reflect what your own people and the r of the world muſt think, who have been witneſſe the love, zeal, and duty, with which I have ſer you, when they ſhall ſee, that after all I have do it has not been able to protect me againſt the mal of a bed-chamber woman. Your Majeſty will allo me on this occaſion, to remind you of what I writ you the laſt campaign, of the certain knowledg had of Mrs. *Maſham*'s having aſſured Mr. *Harl* that I ſhould receive ſuch conſtant mortifications, ſhould make it impoſſible for me to continue in y ſervice. God Almighty and the whole world my witneſſes, with what care and pains I have ſer

you more than twenty years; and I was reſolved, if poſſible, to have ſtruggled with difficulties to the end of this war. But the many inſtances I have had of your Majeſty's great change to me, have ſo broke my ſpirits, that I muſt beg, as the greateſt and laſt favour, that you will approve of my retiring, ſo that I may employ the little time I have to live in making my juſt acknowledgments to God, for the protection he has been pleaſed to give me. And your Majeſty may be aſſured, that my zeal for you and my country is ſo great, that in my retirement I ſhall daily pray for your proſperity, and that thoſe who ſhall ſerve you as faithfully as I have done, may never feel the hard return that I have met with.

From a Gentleman to his Friend, to comfort him under the Apprehenſions of Death.

Sir,

I HEARD of your indiſpoſition with a great deal of regret. All your friends are extremely concerned at your deſperate condition; but moſt of all, to find this laſt ſcene of your life not only diſſonant from, but a little unworthy of, the reſt. 'Tis a miſery of nature to be neither exempt from pain, nor daſh under it; but your diſtemper has nothing in it but danger. I grant it is eſſential to humanity to dread a diſſolution; and that few are found ſo miſerable, but upon very indifferent terms would compound to live; but theſe are men abſolute ſlaves to the mechaniſm of their exiſtence, and who have not philoſophy enough to raiſe them above the condition of animated clay. You, Sir, have taſted all the entertainments that life affords, and long ago might have been thought tired with the nauſeous revolution of the ſame delights. You were never imperious in

authority, nor ſupercilious to your inferiors; you drank without quarrelling, and played without ſwearing; you repay'd what you borrow'd, and lent ſometimes more than you could conveniently ſpare; you laughed at no religion, though you never declared your own: Every one by this diſcretion thought you of his, becauſe your morality ſhewed you of the beſt. If you have not improved your eſtate, you have ſpent it not ill, and have left enough to bury you. Methinks theſe reflections might make your mind more eaſy under your approaching diſunion. That you ſhould chuſe to live (if it were in your option) I don't wonder at, ſince your life was a pleaſure to your friends, and never a trouble to yourſelf. But ſince neceſſity ſeems to have determined your fate, the radical moiſture quite exhauſted, and the glaſs, in fine, run out; why ſhould you be anxious at the cloſing of a period, you have ſo glorioufly protracted to a good old age? Why can't you calmly ſuffer what it is impoſſible to avoid, and not by any regrets and reluctances ſeem too deſirous of what muſt not, cannot be? This were by one action to tarniſh the glories of fifty odd years. I can't ſee a bleſſing on earth worth your ſtaying for; the eternal viciſſitude of things confirms you, that they were made to be changed, and that the law of ſucceſſion would be violated, if you did not in your turn make way for a new part to be acted. Shew the world you believed what you practiſed. Since to die is the conſequence of being born, let the ſcene be quietly ſhifted, and go calmly off the ſtage. As you lived honourably, die ſo, and then you may expect to reſt happily, and leave a good name behind you.

To Colonel R***s *in* Spain.

BEFORE this can reach the beſt of huſbands and the fondeſt lover, thoſe tender names will be of no more concern to me. The indiſpoſition in which you, to obey the dictates of your honour and duty, left me, has increaſed upon me; and I am acquainted by my phyſicians I cannot live a week longer. At this time my ſpirits fail me; and it is the ardent love I have for you that carries me beyond my ſtrength, and enables me to tell you, the moſt painful thing in the proſpect of death is, that I muſt part with you. But let it be a comfort to you I have no guilt hangs upon me, no unrepented folly that retards me; but I paſs away my laſt hours in reflection upon the happineſs we have lived in together, and in ſorrow that it is ſo ſoon to have an end. This is a frailty, which, I hope, is ſo far from being criminal, that methinks there is a kind of piety in being ſo unwilling to be ſeparated from a ſtate which is the inſtitution of Heaven, and in which we have lived according to its laws. As we know no more of the next life, but that it will be an happy one to the good, and miſerable to the wicked, why may we not pleaſe ourſelves at leaſt, to alleviate the difficulty of reſigning this being, in imagining that we ſhall have a ſenſe of what paſſes below, and may poſſibly be employed in guiding the ſteps of thoſe with whom we walked with innocence when mortal? Why may I not hope to go on in my uſual work, and, though unknown to you, be aſſiſtant in all the conflicts of your mind? Give me leave to ſay to you, O beſt of men! that I cannot figure to myſelf a greater happineſs than in ſuch an employment; to be preſent at all the adventures to which human life is expoſed; to adminiſter ſlumber to thy eye-lids in the agonies of a fever; to cover thy beloved face in the day of battle; to go with thee a

guardian angel, incapable of wound or pain, when I have longed to attend thee, when a weak, a fearful woman. Theſe, my dear, are the thoughts with which I warm my poor languid heart; but indeed I am not capable, under my preſent weakneſs, of bearing the ſtrong agonies of mind I fall into, when I form to myſelf the grief you muſt be in upon your firſt hearing of my departure. I will not dwell upon this, becauſe your kind and generous heart will be but the more afflicted, the more the perſon for whom you lament offers you conſolation. My laſt breath will, if I am myſelf, expire in a prayer for you. I ſhall never ſee thy face again. Farewel for ever.

*From Miſs *** to Miſs* PEMBERTON, *giving her the melancholy Account of her Siſter's Death.*

Dear Miſs PEMBERTON,

JUST as I was ſetting out for *Worceſterſhire*, in order to follow my ſiſter, who, you know, has been ſome time there, I received a letter from my aunt, acquainting me, that ſhe was taken ill laſt *Friday*, and died in two days after.——Yes, that lately ſo much admired, that ſplendid beauty is now reduced to a cold lump of clay.—For ever cloſed are thoſe once ſparkling eyes;—huſhed is that voice that once gave ſo much delight; thoſe limbs, which art was ranſacked to adorn, have now no other covering than a ſimple ſhroud, and in a few days will be confined within the narrow compaſs of a tomb,——Ah! what is life!——What all the gaudy pride of youth, of pomp, of grandeur! What the vain adoration of a flattering world!——Deluſive pleaſures!——fleeting nothings! how unworthy are you of the attention of a reaſonable being!——You know the gay manner in which we have always lived, and will, no doubt, be ſurpriſed to find expreſſions of this kind fall from my pen;—but, my dear *Pemberton*, hitherto my life has

been a dream; but I am now, thank Heaven, awake!—My ſiſter's fate has rouſed me from my lethargy of mind, made me ſee the ends for which I was created, and reflect that there is no time to be loſt for their accompliſhment. Who can aſſure me, that in an hour, a moment, I may not be as ſhe is?—And if ſo, oh how unfit, how unprepared to make my audit at the great tribunal!—In what a ſtrange ſtupidity have I paſſed fourteen or fifteen years! (for thoſe of my childhood are not to be reckoned) I always knew that death was the portion of the human race, yet never took the leaſt care to arm againſt the terrors of it. Whenever I went a little journey, I provided myſelf with all things neceſſary, yet have I got nothing ready for that long, laſt voyage I muſt one day take into another world.—What an infatuation, to be anxious for the minuteſt requiſites for eaſe and pleaſure, in a dwelling where I propoſed to ſtay a few weeks or months perhaps, yet wholly regardleſs of what was wanting for making my felicity in an eternal ſituation! Reaſon, juſt kindled, ſhudders at the recollection of that endleſs train of follies I have been guilty of.—Well might the poor *Berinthia* feel all their force.—Vain, gay, unthinking as myſelf, I tremble at the bare imagination of thoſe ideas which her laſt moments muſt inſpire; for I now faithfully believe with Mr. *Waller*, that,

Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,
Who ſtand upon the threſhold of the new.

Whether it was the ſuddenneſs of her fate, or a letter ſhe wrote to me not two hours before her death, I know not, that has made this alteration in me; but of this I am certain, that I can never enough acknowledge the goodneſs of that Divine power, without whoſe aſſiſtance it could not have been brought about. I ſhall make no apology for this melancholy

epiſtle,

epiſtle, becauſe I am very ſenſible that whatever concern you may feel for my ſiſter, it will be greatly alleviated, by finding I am become at leaſt a reaſonable creature. Heaven has, I hope, accepted her contrition, and will enable me to be more early in mine. I am, dear Miſs, *Yours, &c.*

From the celebrated Mrs. ROWE *to the Right Hon. the Counteſs of* HERTFORD.

Written the Day before her Death.

MADAM,

THIS is the laſt letter you will ever receive from me, the laſt aſſurance I ſhall give you on earth of a ſincere and ſteadfaſt friendſhip; but when we meet again, I hope it will be in the heights of immortal love and extaſy. Mine perhaps may be the glad ſpirit to congratulate your ſafe arrival to the happy ſhores. Heaven can witneſs how ſincere my concern for your happineſs is. Thither I have ſent my ardent wiſhes, that you may be ſecured from the flattering deluſions of the world; and, after your pious example has been long a bleſſing to mankind, may calmly reſign your breath, and enter the confines of unmoleſted joy.—I am now taking my farewel of you here; but it is a ſhort adieu, with full perſuaſion that we ſhall ſoon meet again.—But oh! in what elevation of happineſs!—in what enlargement of mind, and what perfection of every faculty!—What tranſporting reflections ſhall we make on the advantages of which we ſhall be eternally poſſeſſed!—To Him that loved us in his blood ſhall we aſcribe immortal glory, dominion, and praiſe for ever. This is all my ſalvation, all my hope. That name in whom the Gentiles truſt, in whom all the families of the earth are bleſſed, is now my glorious, my unfailing

unfailing confidence. In his worth alone I expect to ſtand juſtified before Infinite Purity and Juſtice. How poor are my hopes, if I depended on thoſe works, which my vanity or the partiality of men have called good; and which, if examined by Divine Purity, would prove, perhaps, but ſpecious ſins! The beſt actions of my life would be found defective, if brought to the teſt of that unblemiſhed Holineſs, in whoſe ſight the Heavens are not clean. Where were my hopes, but for a Redeemer's merit and atonement?—How deſperate, how undone my condition!—With the utmoſt advantages I could boaſt, I ſhould ſtep back and tremble at the thoughts of appearing before the unblemiſhed Majeſty!—Oh JESUS! what harmony dwells in thy name! Celeſtial joy and immortal life are in the ſound!—Let Angels ſet thee to their golden harps, let the ranſomed nations for ever magnify thee. What a dream is mortal life! What ſhadows are all the objects of mortal ſenſe! All the glories of mortality (my much-beloved friend) will be nothing in your view at the awful hour of death, when you muſt be ſeparated from this lower creation, and enter on the borders of the immortal world.

Something perſuades me this will be the laſt farewel in this world; Heaven forbid it ſhould be an everlaſting parting! May that Divine protection, whoſe care I implore, keep you ſteadfaſt in the faith of Chriſtianity, and guide your ſteps in the ſtricteſt paths of virtue. Adieu, my moſt dear friend, until we meet in the Paradiſe of God!

E. ROWE.

To Miſs W***, *adviſing her to take Care of her Houſe.*

AS you are tenant at will in a very handſome genteel houſe, and are now capable of furniſhing it in the politeſt manner, ruling it by the ſtricteſt maxims of œconomy and decorum, permit a friend to give a few curſory hints in an affair of ſo much importance,

portance. Your building is compoſed of ſome of the fineſt materials I ever ſaw, and is ſo much the more liable to diſcover the flaw and ſpot that may accidentally touch it.——'Tis erected of a proper height, a juſt ſize, reared on a regular plan, and finiſhed with the moſt accurate proportion. On the top ſtands an eminent turret, furniſhed with a room of a globular form, which I obſerve has two cryſtal windows in the front. Theſe are ſo conſtructed as to be exceeding uſeful, as they command an extenſive proſpect, and, if always kept clean and bright, will prove a very great ornament to the houſe. I adviſe you not to look through them at every object that paſſes by; be ſure to ſhut them ſoon at night, and you may open them as early as you pleaſe in the morning. On each ſide I diſcover a ſmall portal to receive company; take care they don't always ſtand open, for then you will be crouded with viſitors, and perhaps with many ſuch as you will not like; let them never be ſhut againſt the inſtructive parent, the adviſing friend, or the ſupplicating orphan. I took notice of one gate in the front, at which all your company goes out; let that generally be barred cloſe; be cautious what viſitors you let out publicly, leſt if any of ill character be ſeen coming from it, you draw a ſcandal upon your houſe. It will be neceſſary therefore to lay a ſtrict injunction of vigilance on your two porters, who ſtand centinels in liveries of the deepeſt ſcarlet, juſt without the ivory palliſadoes. I have ſeen ſome people paint the two pannels juſt below the windows, but I would adviſe you to the contrary, for your own natural colours far excel all the decorations of art. This part of the edifice is ſupported by a pillar of *Corinthian* marble, whoſe baſe is ornamented with two alabaſter ſemi-globes, over which is generally drawn a fine lawn curtain of admirable needle-work. Beneath is the great hall, in which you have a ſmall cloſet of exquiſite workmanſhip,

this

this, I ſuppoſe, is the place of your ſecret retirement, open to none but yourſelf, or ſome faithful intimate friend. I adviſe you to keep this always clean, furniſh it well, make it a little library of the beſt practical authors, and viſit it frequently, eſpecially when you return home from church, or leave a circle of acquaintance which you have met at the tea table. Let the outſide of the hall not appear like an hearſe hung round with eſcutcheons, nor like a coach of ſtate bedaubed with gilt and colourings; but let it be plain, neat, and clean, to convince the world that it is kept more for uſe than ornament. You are ſenſible, Miſs, time effaces the beauty, and demoliſhes the ſtrength of the nobleſt ſtructure, and therefore will not be ſurprized to find your little tenement ſubject to the ſame change. Doubtleſs, it has often wanted repairs, though you have lived in it no longer, which are plain intimations the houſe will one day fall.——You may be ſoon turned out;——the landlord may give you warning, or may not;——this is uncertain;——be always ready to go when called upon, and then you will not be afraid to leave it at the ſhorteſt notice. One thing I would obſerve too, is, that when you quit the houſe, no other tenant will inhabit it, but 'twill lie waſte and in ruins; yet the proprietor will ſome time or other rebuild it for your reception in a more durable manner, with the ſame materials, but ſo refined and modified that it will be liable to no accident nor decays; and as it is abſolutely neceſſary that your habitation be new rear'd in ſome other place, I heartily wiſh it may be in a finer country, under a milder climate, and well ſhelter'd from all ſtorms; then will your ſituation be happy and honourable, and your leaſe never expire.

Yours, &c.

LAURA

LAURA *to* AURELIA.

COULD your importunity have prevailed with my brother to have left me in *London*, you had been free from the vexation that I ſhall certainly give you, by making you the confidante of all my country adventures; and I hope you will relieve my chagrin, by telling me what the dear, bewitching buſy world is doing, while I am idly ſauntering away my time in rural ſhades. How happy are you, my dear *Aurelia!* How I envy you the enjoyment of duſt, of crouds and noiſe, with all the polite hurry of the *Beau monde!*

My brother brought me hither to ſee a country-ſeat he has lately purchaſed. He would fain perſuade me it is finely ſituated, but I ſhould think it more finely ſituated in the *Mall*, or even in *Cheapſide*, than here. Indeed I hardly know where we are, only that it is at a dreadful diſtance from the Theatre-Royal, from the Opera, from the Maſquerade, and every thing in this world that is worth living for. I can ſcarce tell you whither to direct your letters; we are certainly at the ends of the earth, on the borders of the continent, the limits of the habitable globe; under the polar ſtar, among wild people and ſavages. I thought we ſhould never have come to the end of our pilgrimage; nor could I forbear aſking my brother, if we were to travel by dry land to the *Antipodes*. Not a mile but ſeemed ten, that carried me from *London*, the centre of all my joys. The country is my averſion; I hate trees and hedges, fleecy hills, and ſilent vallies. The ſatyriſts may laugh but to me,

" *Green fields, and ſhady groves, and cryſtal ſprings*
" *And Larks, and Nightingales, are odious things.*

I had rather hear *London* cries, with the rattle of coaches

coaches, than ſit liſtening to the melancholy murmur of purling brooks, or all the wild muſic of the woods; the ſmell of violets gives me the hyſtericks; freſh air murders me; my conſtitution is not robuſt enough to bear it; the cooling zephyrs will fan me into a catarrh, if I ſtay here much longer. If theſe are the ſeats of the muſes, let them unenvied enjoy their glittering whimſies, and converſe with the viſionary beings of their own forming. I have no fancy for dryades and fairies, nor the leaſt prejudice to human ſociety; a mere earthly beau, with an embroidered coat, ſuits my taſte better than an aerial lover with his ſhining treſſes and rainbow wings.

The ſober twilight, which has employed ſo many ſoft deſcriptions, is with me a very dull period; nor does the Moon (on which the poets doat) with all her ſtarry train, delight me half ſo much as an aſſembly-room illuminated with wax-candles: This is what I ſhould prefer to the glaring Sun in his meridian ſplendor. Daylight makes me ſick; it has ſomething in it ſo common and vulgar, that it ſeems fitter for peaſants to make hay in, or country laſſes to ſpin by, than for the uſe of people of diſtinction. You pity me, I know, dear *Aurelia*, in this deplorable ſtate; the whole creation is a blank to me, 'tis all dyleſs and deſolate. In whatever gay images the muſes have dreſſed theſe ruſtic abodes, I have not penetration enough to diſcover them. Not the flowery field nor ſpangled ſky, the roſy morn or balmy evening, can recreate my thoughts: I am neither a religious nor poetical enthuſiaſt; and without either of theſe qualifications, what ſhould I do in ſilent ſtreats and penſive ſhades? I find myſelf little at eaſe in this abſence of the noiſy diverſions of the town; 'tis hard for me to keep up my ſpirits in ſolitude and retirement; it makes me anxiouſly inquire what will become of me when my breath flies away. Death, that ghaſtly phantom, perpetually in-

trudes on my ſolitude, and ſome doleful knell from a neighbouring ſteeple often calls upon me to rumina on coffins and funerals, graves and gloomy ſepul chres. As theſe diſmal ſubjects put me in the va pours, and make me ſtart at my own ſhadow, th ſooner I come to town the better; and I wiſh, my dea *Aurelia*, you would oblige me ſo far as to lay ſcheme for my eſcape. Adieu.

The following Letter was wrote by Mr. ADDISON *probably at* Rome, *to* —— MONTAGUE, *Eſq.*

DEAR SIR,

I HOPE this will find you ſafe at *Geneva*; and th the adventure of the rivulet, which you have well celebrated in your laſt, has been the worſt yo have met with in your journey thither. I can't b envy your being among the *Alps*, where you may f froſt and ſnow in the dog-days. We are here qui burnt up, and are at leaſt ten degrees nearer the ſu than when you left us. I am very well ſatisfied 'tw in *Auguſt* that *Virgil* wrote his *O quis me gelidis ſ montibus Hæmi*, &c. Our days at preſent, like tho in the firſt chapter of *Geneſis*, conſiſt only of the eve ing and the morning; for the *Roman* noons are ſilent as the midnights of other countries. B among all theſe inconveniences, the greateſt I ſuffer from your departure, which is more afflicting to m than the canicule. I am forc'd, for want of bet company, to converſe moſtly with pictures, ſtatu and medals: For, you muſt know, I deal very muc in ancient coins; and can count a ſum in ſeſterc with as much eaſe as in pounds ſterling. I am a gre critic in ruſt, and can tell you the age of it at firſt ſig I am only in ſome danger of loſing my acquaintan with our *Engliſh* money; for at preſent I am mu more uſed to the *Roman*. If you glean up any of

coun

country news, be ſo kind as forward it this way. Pray give Mr. *Daſhwood*'s and my very humble ſervice to Sir *Thomas Alſton*, and accept of the ſame yourſelf from, dear Sir,

Your moſt affectionate humble ſervant,

Aug. 7. J. ADDISON.

My Lord *Bernard*, &c. give their humble ſervice.

*From Miſs *** to Lady ***.*

THE firſt letter from an abſent friend is ſurely the moſt agreeable thing to muſe over in nature. Yours from *Hatfield* revived in me thoſe pleaſing remembrances which not only enliven, but expand the heart; that very heart which, but the moment before, felt itſelf mightily ſhrunk and contracted at the thoughts of your departure. Lady *H. Beauclerk* parted of the pleaſure. The moment ſhe ſaw your hand, ſhe craved *half!*—and read it moſt complacently over my ſhoulder. 'Tis to no purpoſe to tell you, how much you were miſſed by every body that ſtayed in town; how often I caſt my eyes up at your dreſſing-room windows, or how many people I've run over in contemplating your dining-room ſhutters. All I have to beg of you is, to write to me very often; to be mindful of your health; and to order *John*, when I go to town again, to tie up the knocker.—I could tell you many ſtories of the ſenſible things, but of all the inſenſible ones upon this occaſion, your lamp provoked me the moſt. To ſee that creature, when I've gone by in an evening, burn ſo pertly, and with ſo much alacrity, has put me out of all patience. To what purpoſe ſhould he light us into your houſe now? Or who'd be obliged to him for his paltry rays?—I took a contemplative turn or two in your dreſſing-room once or twice; but was ſo like walking over your grave, that I could not

bear to ſtay.—Lady *H.* departed two days after you; and in ſhort I lived to ſee almoſt every body I loved go before me. So laſt *Saturday* I made my own exit, with equal decency and dignity; that is, with a thorough reſignation of the world I left, and an earneſt deſire after that I am now enjoying with Lady *Bowyer*, and Miſs *Peggy Stonehouſe*. I ſhall begin verging towards my laſt home, after having juſt touched upon the confines of Lady *H. B*'s world, there to ſubſide and be at peace; where I ſhall have nothing farther to hope for—but to meet with a letter from you. I have implored St. *Swithin* in your behalf; but he either not hears me, or, to pay you a greater compliment, weeps plentifully for your abſence. I fear you've had a terrible journey, for ſcarce a day has paſſed that he has not ſhed many tears.

Miſs PAGET *to Miſs* VOKES.

The Deſcription of the dear Ball. A full and true Account of the Birth, Parentage and Education, Life, Character and Behaviour of the Dancers.

THIS whole day do I dedicate (for my eyes are ſcarcely quite open) to the pleaſure it always gives me to write to my dear *Charlotte*. Your two kind letters deſerve all acknowledgement.—It's all over now! and I think a ball, when it's over, only ſerves to torment one;—and yet, whip it, there is ſatisfaction in reflecting on paſt happineſs;—for what has been, you know, *Charlotte*, may be again.—So, *Vokes*, you muſt know, that Mrs. *Iſlip*'s coach (but no Mrs. *Rumſey*, thank Heaven, in it) called upon Mrs. *Bartlett*, in order to go in company to *Egerton-Green*. Mrs. *Bartlett* was dreſſed in a white lutеſtring gown and petticoat, and looked charmingly;—and *Sukey Paget* had on her yellow and ſilver (never was but once at *Leiceſter-Houſe*) and

my ſilver tiſſue ſhoes, and diamond buckles. Mamma, indeed, lent me all her jewels (the birth-night) and has never ſince offered to take them again, a dear creature.—But ſhe hoped, ſhe ſaid, I would not be diſobliged if ſhe borrowed them of me one day or other for herſelf. So, I ſuppoſe, ſhe has not altogether reduced Mr. *Aſhburnham* to deſpair, though ſhe tells me again and again, and time after time, that ſhe'll never part with her liberty any more:—Liberty, my dear *Vokes*, only think of that; for what is liberty, you know, but an indulgence of one's choice? My good mother, I believe, is more afraid of my liberty than her own, but that you and I will take another opportunity to talk of. Violent was the croud of coaches at *Egerton*; it was all another *Ranelagh*. The bride was in a white luteſtring ſack, pinked and full trimmed, and had four very neat diamond buckles to her jumps, white ſilk mittens, and a ſattin ſhoe braided with ſilver cord; but ſhe neither became the dreſs, nor the dreſs her: ſhe was the image of a genteel doll, and had about the ſame degree of motion, ſeeming (to uſe Mamma's expreſſion) to have loſt her liberty. The bridegroom had on a frightful purple laced with gold, the expreſs figure of the pulpit-cloth which my Mamma gave Dr. *Bargrove*, and opened the ball with Lady *Suſan Lawſon*, who is actually a fine woman, and if ſhe had leſs affectation, would be more admired for her beauty. Her Ladyſhip declining a ſecond dance, Mr. *Lawſon* twirled the bride into a minuet, who moved as if ſhe had abſolutely no joints; and in imitation of Lady *Suſan*, calling no other partner, Mr. *Lawſon* ſingled out red *Lucy Benſon*, with a dark pair of new eyebrows, but nothing elſe remarkable. Her ſecond aukward partner was a foreigner, and was as foreign to the dance as to the nation, hopping about like a water-wagtail. I forgot his name, but it was ſomewhat like the Sieur *Hugglebatch* or *Gubblebatch*, or

ſome ſuch uncouth harſh buſineſs, as rough as a nutmeg-grater. Mr. *Gubblebatch* ſhewed he had ſome taſte by taking out Mrs. *Bartlett*. The dear creature began once more to look like herſelf, danced ſo eaſy, ſo true to the muſic, ſo politely graceful and ſerene, whilſt two parts in three of the company were ready to burſt with laughing at her inimitable contraſt, the gentleman with the hard name. Sweet *Nancy Bartlett* (reſolving not to make her huſband jealous of her choice) picked out a fearful figure, Mr. *Selkirk*, in Saxon-blue; the man, *Charlotte*, was really tipſy, tho' indeed every body ſaid he was never otherwiſe, and that was his excuſe. Out the inſenſible creature ſingled, who but *Jenny Rowland*'s nipped-ſhort waiſt like a honey-pot, or a halfpenny milk-maid. If the Gentleman had been really ſober, he might have ſeen other objects without ſpectacles, a little her ſuperior I can't but ſay. I could have told him a little tale of pedigree, that might have contributed to his diſcernment of who and what. Who do you think the object choſe next to give her lilly-hand to? Mr. *Appleby* of all people upon earth! Hoop, owl, hoop, hoop to thy brother, thought I; for nothing was ever better matched ſince dancing was created. But *Hob* fitted me for my contempt, by ſeizing upon me of all the birds in the air, and all the fiſhes in the ſea, to be his lawful prey. But I was ſecretly not diſpleaſed at it,—for I was ſenſible that I ſhould appear to no diſadvantage after his former maux, and was under ſome very diſagreeable apprehenſions that Miſs *Edley*'s tapeſtry garment would have ſwept the ground before me.—Indeed, *Charlotte*, I entirely forgive him his choice, for I had now an opportunity of commanding the hand of the invincible proud *Ardelio*. Mr. *Bartlett* had determined not to dance a minuet, and begged me not to think of him. Indeed I ſhall, ſays I, Mr. *Bartlett*;—but faith I never intended it, for I hate of all things, *Charlotte*, to dance with a married

married man. Go with 'um to a play, or an opera, or let 'um wait on one to *Vaux-hall*, or *Ranelagh*, or ſo, but never chuſe 'um for a partner. One has no hopes of a married man, my dear, unleſs 'tis of getting rid of him.—*Sally Leeſon* and Miſs *Finch* ey'd me moſt deliciouſly, for I love dearly to ſee folks burſting with envy.—They were in hopes of ſharing the handſome fop;—but he is the moſt incomparable dancer, and yet, *Charlotte*, he knows it ſo perfectly well,—but how can any body be ſo accompliſhed without perceiving it themſelves?—And yet I hate him too irreconcileably, becauſe he danced country-dances with *Sally Leeſon*. Her charms tho', *Charlotte*, what mortal could reſiſt, elegantly attired as ſhe was, in a large pattern-embroidered gown and petticoat, the emblem of a worked bed, and a frightful pair of ſhoes of the ſame, which, without prejudice or partiality, was unfaſhionable and bunting.

But the bell rings, dear *Charlotte*, and I muſt run down to dinner.——You and I write like *Clariſſa Harlowe* and Miſs *Howe*, only not totally in the ſame ſtrain;—but in this, I believe, we all four agree, that next to the converſation of a friend is her correſpondence.

Miſs VOKES *to Miſs* PAGET.

A fanciful Aunt.—The Troubles of a dependent Niece.

Hampſtead, (*Tueſday* Morning, Noon, and Night, from perpetual interruptions.)

My dear Miſs PAGET,

NO living creature, but dear you, could have ſo delighted I by myſelf I: really and truly your hiſtorical deſcription of the *Egerton-Green* hop, has been a moſt

a moſt reſtoring cordial to the ſpirits of a deplorable *Charlotte Yokes*.

This very hour am I wiſhing and wiſhing for ſuch a companion as your dear ſolitary Mrs. *Bartlett*, whilſt you, *Sukey*, are ſighing for *Ranelagh* and *Vaux-hall*. I am a perfect *enfant perdu* in the front of the battle of deſpair. Madam my aunt *Wallingford* has had a return of her megrims, and no victim truly but miſerable me can appeaſe the fury of her evil genius. So ſhe has begged me of my Mamma, as *Nancy Preſton*'s rich ſaucebox of an humble ſervant did her, without looking upon the girl's own conſent as a thing requiſite to be ſolicited. *Nancy*, ma'am, was married yeſterday morning at the *Savoy*. *Preſton* gave her but a dirty thouſand pounds (O for eſtates of three thouſand a year!) and ſo ſhe is to look upon herſelf from her wedding-day forth for evermore, obliged for her pin-money to the generoſity of her huſband, which ſhe's greatly to be envied for without all doubt.——But I forget myſelf wretchedly,—dear Miſs *Paget*, overlook my abſurdities, I am as ſtupid as Mrs. *Enfield*. All yeſterday morning my aunt fancied herſelf a pea-hen. You may think it incredible, but upon my life and ſoul it is veritable fact: Down ſhe ſet herſelf, *Sukey*, in an eaſy chair, ſighing and complaining with infinite diſcompoſure, beating the devil's tattoo with her foot upon the frame of a table inceſſantly for two hours, and aſking every creature about her if her horrid ſcreaming was not offenſive to the company.——Dr. *Bramſton* is afraid it will turn to downright melancholy; There is but one ſymptom, he ſays, that oppoſes ſuch a conjecture, and that is her exceſſive inclination to change the humour of her fancifulneſs from one complaint to another.——This morning at four o' clock ſhe called one of her ſiſters up, and bid her come very gently to the bed for fear of waking her.—Ma'am, ſays the nurſe, your Ladyſhip is already awake.—No, fool, ſays ſhe, I was

a ſound

a ſound ſleep but two moments ago, and deſigned to have continued ſo the winter.——I, am a poor, harmleſs, inoffenſive dormouſe, but your cruelty will ſoon make an end of me;——and ſhedding a moſt plentiful ſhower of tears, ſhe began to be a little more compoſed, till the milk-woman arrived, whom ſhe miſtook for poor puſs, and was terrified into three quarters of a fit. Upon my credit and honour, the poor gentlewoman is neither more nor leſs than a coufin *Betty*. She'll take neither phyſic nor advice, but has a vaſt opinion of preventive remedies, and has walked with a ſtick, God knows how long, for fear ſhe ſhould be lame. You that never knew what it is to be low-ſpirited, if you could get a few friends to talk to you, can have no idea of ſuch a whimſical delirium. But ſhe is really the object which I have repreſented her; and I do aſſure you, Madam *Sukey*, (if you chuſe for your conviction more inſtances than one) Dr. *Bramſton* ſays, that he knew a great ſtudent at the univerſity who fancied he was an egg, and was perpetually lolling in an eaſy chair like a Lady that lies-in, till after ſome months of fears and languiſhings, and ready-to-die with apprehenſions, he heard his outſide ſhell (by a fortunately droll and windy accident) give a bouncing crack, which hatched him into himſelf again.—I wiſh to the Lord I knew what happy cataſtrophe would have that effect upon my aunt *Wallingford*, for I verily believe, if I'm to live with her ſeven ſucceſſive days, I ſhall be as much out of my wits as ſhe is.

Pity my pain, ye gentle ſwains!

Ma'am, I ſuffer not only the diurnal teaze, teaze, teaze of my poor fanciful aunt, but the moſt imaginably diſmal of impriſonments.——The room we Dormice are incloſed in (for we are all of a feather) is entirely in cloſe mourning; that is to ſay, *Sukey*, only the

the middle ſtripe of the window ſhutter is left a-jar, admitting one ſolitary ſtream of ſun-ſhine. Whirrr-r-r go the odious coaches to the Long-room——— cruel to reflect upon, and not a creature (I dare believe) in one of them, but to be ſure cranes out her gloting head to tantalize my miſerable half-face at the window-ſlip. Do, dear Miſs *Paget*, contrive a contrivance for my relief, and your petitioner ſhall ever pray. I might have gone to my uncle *Trelawney*'s in *Worceſterſhire*, but that would have been out of the frying-pan into the fire;——for he, poor man, has everlaſtingly the gout, and *Bet Trelawney* writes me word, that he never uſes a kinder expreſſion than d——n you, but generally he ſays, d——n you all.——Twenty times have I had it in my head to contrive how to be exchanged for—ſiſter *Nora*; but ſhe's an artful huſſey, and I'm afraid of the conſequence of ſuch a project.—You muſt know, my dear *Sukey*, that my aunt is violently fond of me (whether Pea-hen or Dormouſe) and ſays frequently that her houſe, and her gardens, and her jewels, and God knows what beſides, is to be all her dear dear *Charlotte*'s; and ten to one but upon a little provocation ſhe would take it into her whimſical noddle to call every inch of it her dear dear *Nora*'s. O my preſaging, pit-a-pating, fooliſh heart!—What a calamity it is to have other people's humours to deal with as tenderly as one's own! Night, night, dear Miſs *Paget*; and if friendſhip ſhould caſually let ſlip the opportunity of writing me an immediate line of comfort, let compaſſion be kindly intereſted in behalf of your poor *Charlotte Vokes*.

Miſs

Miſs EVELYN *to Lady* EVELYN.

Troubles in High Life.

Dear and honoured Madam, Tunbridge, June 18.

CENSORIOUS remark continues to let you know, that the pride of Mrs. *Macknamara*'s happineſs has been diſcompoſed by dull *Engliſh* form and inſipidity. The whole affair is no more than this: Mrs. *Harley*, and Mrs. *Webſter*, and Miſs *Harriot Montague*, and Mrs. *Ingram*, and Mrs. *Macknamara*, met at Mrs. *Powlet*'s.—Unfortunately Mrs. *Powlet* (from a knowledge of the polite world) ordered tea firſt to Mrs. *Harley*, and then to Miſs *Harriot*, and then to Mrs. *Macknamara*, upon which Mrs. *Macknamara* choſe no tea. The company looked at one another; and Mrs. *Macknamara*, with ſome confuſion, upon her fan: And when Mrs. *Powlet* returned the viſit the next day, Mrs. *Macknamara* thought it expedient to ſend a diſh of coffee to Miſs *Ruggins*, in preference to Mrs. *Powlet*. Mrs. *Powlet* had too much good ſenſe either not to ſee *Sukey*'s deſign, or to reſent the affront before the company: But their acquaintance is totally diſſolved upon it, and Mrs. *Macknamara* extremely blamed for her behaviour, both at Mrs. *Powlet*'s tea-table and her own.——Great troubles ſucceed one another. This was only a previous ſtep to a more ſenſible mortification. Lady *Mary Anderſon*, Mrs. *Powlet*'s niece, gave a grand entertainment at the *Rocks*; Mrs. *Morton* and I had the honour of being invited to it, and Mrs. *Macknamara* (ſevere forgetfulneſs of Lady *Mary!*) was left out of the liſt. *Sukey* finding herſelf ſlighted, diſguiſed her ſenſe of the affront by feigning herſelf indiſpoſed, till ſhe had the

triumphal

triumphal ſatisfaction of reſenting it, by making a ſplendid ball for all the people of quality that are here, except Mrs. *Powlet* and Lady *Mary*.—Theſe are the momentous accidents in life, which make up the lot of that complaint, without which the more diſtinguiſhed part of mankind would be generally but too fortunate.—Some griefs, Mrs. *Morton* ſays, are imaginary, and ſome are real. Other people ſeem to be of her opinion, and the propoſition looks eaſy to be believed. But I would fain be informed how to diſtinguiſh rightly the one ſort from the other: For as all happineſs is confeſſedly the reſult of opinion, if trifles can make you think yourſelf miſerable, you are more effectually and really wretched than the poor creatures who depend upon your daily charity for ſubſiſtence. My couſin *Morton* deſires all due compliments with, dear Madam,

Your dutiful daughter's.

Miſs EVELYN *to Lady* EVELYN.

(Mrs. Paget's *Reconciliation with her Daughter.)*

MRS. *Paget*, Mamma, is a very angel. She accepted our mediation, which was humanely and eloquently enforced by good Dr. *Arlington* and Mrs. *Olſon*. She conſented to ſee poor *Sukey*, and ordered her coach yeſterday morning to *Tunbridge-wells*, to take her from a ſet of witneſſes to her miſfortunes, whoſe pity is as cruel as their contempt. Mrs. *Morton* and I went in our coach to meet her a few miles from the park. *Sukey* did not even ſuffer her maid to come with her; in which, I think, ſhe acted with diſcretion; for who knows but that the might be a creature in the intereſt of Mr. *Macknamara*? And we have ſome reaſons for ſuſpecting that ſhe was. The croud, *Sukey* ſays, that aſſembled to ſee her g-

into the coach, was innumerable, and she thought she should never have supported herself under the weight of so much public observation and remark; but she considered that she was going to the embraces of an affectionate parent, and that was a relief to her. ——Mrs. *Crisp* had the humanity to accompany her as far as *Rochester*. *Sukey* had asked that favour of Mrs. *Lemson* where she lodged;—but Mrs. *Lemson*, in a very formal manner, begged to be excused, she said, from interfering between man and wife. Only think, Mamma, of being reduced to the extremity of making such a request to such a person, and being denied in such a provoking manner.—Poor *Sukey* was overjoyed to see us coming out to meet her,——and getting out of her Mamma's coach, begged we would give her leave to accompany us; for that she was terrified with her own reflections to a very great degree;——and whilst we were going to *Paget-Bury*, recited to us her anxieties ——At our return Mrs. *Paget* was in her dressing-room, and the window-curtains being let down, corresponded with the melancholy scene. The dear good woman had ordered all her people, upon pain of her displeasure, not to stir out of the servants hall, that their inquisitive presence might not add to her poor daughter's confusion. *Sukey* had scarcely spirits enough to walk up the great staircase, and Mrs. *Morton* and I were almost equally terrified. I was never before so much shock'd since I was born. Mrs. *Morton* opened the dressing-room door, and *Sukey* ran in screaming and crying in a most melancholy manner, and falling down on her knees embraced h amiable mother, whose tears and sighs from the very heart prevented her capacity of speaking: *Sukey* still entreating her for God's sake to look upon her with compassion, and to say that she forgave her, for she was the most miserable creature upon earth. My dear child, says Mrs. *Paget*, as soon as she had power to express her-

ſelf, it is impoſſible not to look upon thee with com-
paſſion. Indeed I do forgive thee, *Sukey!* ſa
claſping her hands round her neck, as ſhe kneeled be-
fore her, their kiſſes mingled with tears, were ac-
companied with a thouſand mutual tenderneſſes an
inexpreſſible teſtimonies of affection and ſorrow. In-
deed, my dear Mamma, there was ſomething in thi
extraordinary interview more ſingularly affecting tha
the fineſt tragedy in the world.——From what w
have ſince obſerved of their behaviour, Mrs. *Pag*
is more devoted to her, if it be poſſible, than eve
Nay, ſhe ſaid to Mrs. *Morton* (ſpeaking of *Sukey*
that ſhe was loſt and is found.——We hope, after
long abſence, and a very ſevere one, to come to ki
my dear Papa and Mamma's hands at fartheſt o
Saturday, in which four in the afternoon will be t
lateſt hour.

Many tokens of love are ſent Papa and you: No
more ſincere, I have the happineſs of being pe
ſuaded, than thoſe of, dear Madam, your dutif
daughter.

From Mr. WYCHERLEY *to Mr.* POPE.

I SHOULD believe myſelf happy in your good op
nion, but that you treat me ſo much in a ſtile
compliment. It hath been obſerved of women, th
they are more ſubject in their youth to be touched wi
vanity than men, on account of their being general
treated this way; but the weakeſt women are t
more weak than that claſs of men, who are thoug
to pique themſelves upon their wit. The world
never wanting, when a coxcomb is accompliſhi
himſelf, to help to give him the finiſhing ſtro
Every man is apt to think his neighbour overſtock
with vanity, yet I cannot but fancy there are cert
times, when moſt people ar in a diſpoſition of be

informed; and 'tis incredible what a vaſt good a little truth might do, ſpoken in ſuch ſeaſons. A ſmall alms will do a great kindneſs to people in extreme neceſſity. I could name an acquaintance of yours, who would at this time think himſelf more obliged to you for the information of his faults, than the confirmation of his follies. If you would make thoſe the ſubject of a letter, it might be as long as I could wiſh your letters always were. I do not wonder you have hitherto found ſome difficulty (as you are pleaſed to ſay) in writing to me, ſince you have always choſen the taſk of commending me: Take but the other way, and, I dare engage, you will find none at all. As for my verſes which you praiſe ſo much, I may truly ſay they have never been the cauſe of any vanity in me, except what they gave me when they firſt occaſioned my acquaintance with you. But I have ſeveral times ſince been in danger of this vice; as often, I mean, as I received any letters from you. 'Tis certain, the greateſt magnifying glaſſes in the world are a man's own eyes, when they look upon his own perſon; yet even in thoſe I cannot fancy myſelf ſo extremely like *Alexander the Great*, as you would perſuade me. If I muſt be like him, 'tis you will make me ſo by complimenting me into a better opinion of myſelf than I deſerve: They made him think he was the ſon of *Jupiter*, and you aſſure me I am a man of parts. But is this all you can ſay to my honour? You ſaid ten times as much more, when you call'd me your friend. After having made me believe I poſſeſſed a ſhare in your affections, to treat me with compliments and ſweet ſayings, is like the proceedings with poor *Sancho Pancha*: They perſuaded him that he enjoyed a great dominion, and then gave him nothing to ſubſiſt upon but wafers and marmalade. In our days the greateſt obligation you can lay upon a wit, is to make a fool of him. For as when mad-men are found incurable, wiſe men give them

their way, and pleaſe them as well as they can; ſo when thoſe incorrigible things, poets, are once irrecoverably be-muſed, the beſt way both to quiet them and ſecure yourſelf from the effects of their phrenzy, is to feed their vanity; which indeed, for the moſt part, is all that is fed in a poet. You may believe me, I could be heartily glad that all you ſay were as true applied to me as it would be to yourſelf, for ſeveral weighty reaſons; but for none ſo much as that I might be to you what you deſerve; whereas I can now be no more than is conſiſtent with the ſmall, though utmoſt capacity of, *&c.*

From Mr. WALSH *to Mr.* POPE.

AT my return from the North I received the favour of your letter, which had lain there till then. Having been abſent about ſix weeks, I read over your Paſtorals again with a great deal of pleaſure, and, to judge the better, read *Virgil*'s Eclogues, and *Spenſer*'s Calendar, at the ſame time; and I aſſure I continue the ſame opinion I had always of them. By the little hints you take upon all occaſions to improve them, 'tis probable you will make them yet better againſt winter; though there is a mean to be kept even in that too, and a man may correct his verſes till he takes away the true ſpirit of them; eſpecially if he ſubmits to the correction of ſome who paſs for great critics by mechanical rules, and never enter into the true deſign and genius of an author. I have ſeen ſome of theſe that would hardly allow any one good ode in *Horace*, who cry *Virgil* wants fancy, and that *Homer* is very incorrect. While they talk at this rate, one would think them above the common race of mortals: But generally they are great admirers of *Ovid* and *Lucan*; and when they write themſelves we find out all the myſtery. They ſcan their verſes upon

upon their fingers; run after conceits and glaring thoughts; their poems are all made up of couplets, of which the first may be last, or the last first, without any prejudice to their works; in which there is no design or method, or any thing natural or just. For you are certainly in the right, that in all writings whatsoever (not poetry only) nature is to be followed, and we should be jealous of ourselves for being fond of similies, conceits, and what they call, *saying fine things*. When we were in the North, my Lord *Wharton* shew'd me a letter he had received from a certain General in *Spain*. I told him I would by all means have that General recall'd, and set to writing here at home, for it was impossible that a man with so much wit as he shew'd, could be fit to command an army, or do any other business *. As for what you say of expression, 'tis indeed the same thing to wit, as dress is to beauty: I have seen many women overdress'd, and several look better in a careless night-gown, with their hair about their ears, than Mademoiselle *Spanheim* dress'd for a ball. I do not design to be in *London* till towards the parliament; then I shall certainly be there, and hope by that time you will have finished your Pastorals as you would have them appear in the world, and particularly the third, of *Autumn*, which I have not seen. Your last Eclogue being upon the same subject as that of mine on Mrs. *Tempest*'s death, I should take it very kind in you to give it a little turn, as if it were to the memory of the same Lady, if it were not written for some particular woman whom you would make immortal. You may take occasion to shew the difference between poets

* Mr. *Walsh*'s remark will be thought very innocent, when the reader is informed that it was made on the Earl of *Peterborough* just before the glorious campaigns of *Barcelona* and *Valentia*.

miſtreſſes and other men's. I only hint this, which you may either do, or let it alone, juſt as you think fit. I ſhall be very much pleaſed to ſee you again in town, and to hear from you in the mean time. I am, with very much eſteem, yours, *&c.*

Mr. POPE *to Mr.* CROMWELL.

I BELIEVE it was with me when I left the town, as it is with a great many men when they leave the world, whoſe loſs itſelf they do not ſo much regret as that of their friends whom they leave behind in it. For I do not know one thing for which I can envy *London*, but for your continuing there. Yet I gueſs you will expect me to recant this expreſſion, when I tell you, *Sappho* (by which heatheniſh name you have chriſtened a very orthodox Lady) did not accompany me into the country. Well, you have your lady in the town ſtill, and I have my heart in the country ſtill, which being wholly unemploy'd as yet, has the more room in it for my friends, and does not want a corner at your ſervice. You have extremely obliged me by your frankneſs and kindneſs; and if I have abuſed it by too much freedom on my part, I hope you will attribute it to the natural openneſs of my temper, which knows how to ſhew reſpect where it feels affection. I would love my friend as my miſtreſs, without ceremony; and hope a little rough uſage ſometimes may not be more diſpleaſing to the one, than it is to the other.

If you have any curioſity to know in what manner I live, or rather loſe a life, *Martial* will inform you in one line:

Prandeo, poto, cano, ludo, lego, cæno, quieſco.

Eve

Every day with me is literally another yeſterday, for it is actually the ſame: It has the ſame buſineſs, which is poetry; and the ſame pleaſure, which is idleneſs. A man might indeed paſs his time much better, but I queſtion if any man could paſs it much eaſier. If you will viſit our ſhades this ſpring, which I very much deſire, you may perhaps inſtruct me to manage my game more wiſely: But at preſent I am ſatisfied to trifle away my time any way, rather than let it ſtick by me; as ſhop-keepers are glad to be rid of thoſe goods at any rate, which would otherwiſe always be lying upon their hands. Sir, if you will favour me ſometimes with your letters, it will be a great ſatisfaction to me on ſeveral accounts; and on this in particular, that it will ſhew me (to my comfort) that even a wiſe man is ſometimes very idle; for ſo you muſt needs be when you can find leiſure to write to,

Yours, &c.

Mr. POPE *to Mr.* CROMWELL.

I HAVE nothing to ſay to you in this letter, but I was reſolved to write to tell you ſo. Why ſhould I not content myſelf with ſo many great examples of deep divines, profound caſuiſts, grave philoſophers; who have written, not letters only, but whole tomes and voluminous treatiſes about nothing? Why ſhould a fellow like me, who all his life does nothing, be aſhamed to write nothing? and that to one who has nothing to do but to read it? But perhaps you'll ſay, the whole world has ſomething to do, ſomething to talk of, ſomething to wiſh for, ſomething to be employed about; but pray, Sir, caſt up the account, put all theſe ſomethings together, and what is the ſum-total but juſt nothing? I have no more to ſay but to deſire

deſire you to give my ſervice (that is nothing) to your friends, and to believe that I am nothing more than your, &c.

From Mr. POPE *to a Lady.*

I AM not at all concerned to think that this letter may be leſs entertaining than ſome I have ſent: I know you are a friend that will think a kind letter as good as a diverting one. He that gives you his mirth, makes a much leſs preſent than he that gives you his heart; and true friends would rather ſee ſuch thoughts as they communicate only to one another, than what they ſquander about to all the world. They who can ſet a right value upon any thing, will prize one tender, well-meant word above all that ever made them laugh in their lives. If I did not think ſo of you, I ſhould never have taken much pains to endeavour to pleaſe you by writing, or any thing elſe. Wit I am ſure I want; at leaſt in the degree that I ſee others have it, who would at all ſeaſons alike be entertaining: But I would willingly have ſome qualities that may be (at ſome ſeaſons) of more comfort to myſelf, and of more ſervice to my friends: I would cut off my own head, if it had nothing better than wit in it; and tear out my own heart, if it had no better diſpoſitions than to love only myſelf, and laugh at all my neighbours. I know you'll think it an agreeable thing to hear that I have done a great deal of *Homer*; if it be tolerable, the world may thank you for it: For if I could have ſeen you every day, and imagined my company could have every day pleaſed you, I ſhould ſcarce have thought it worth my while to pleaſe the world. How many verſes could I gladly have left unfiniſhed, for people to ſay what they would of, had I been permitted to paſs all thoſe hours more pleaſingly! What,

Whatever ſome may think, fame is a thing I am much leſs covetous of, than your friendſhip; for that, I hope, will laſt all my life; the other I cannot anſwer for. What if they ſhould both grow greater after my death? Alas! they would both be of no advantage to me! Therefore think upon it, and love me as well as ever you can while I live.

Now I talk of fame, I ſend you my *Temple of Fame*, which is juſt come out: But my ſentiments about it you will ſee better by this epigram:

What's fame with men, by cuſtom of the nation,
It call'd in women only reputation:
About them both why keep we ſuch a pother?
Part you with one, and I'll renounce the other.

Sir WILLIAM TRUMBULL *to Mr.* POPE.

SIR,

I RETURN you the book you were pleaſed to ſend me, and with it your obliging letter, which deſerves my particular acknowledgements; for, next to the pleaſure of enjoying the company of ſo good a friend, the welcomeſt thing to me is to hear from him. I expected to find, what I have met with, an admirable genius in thoſe poems, not only becauſe they were *Milton*'s, or were approved by Sir *Henry Wotton*, but becauſe you had commended them; and give me leave to tell you, that I know no body ſo like to equal him, even at the age he wrote moſt of them, as yourſelf. Only do not afford more cauſe of complaint againſt you, that you ſuffer nothing of yours to come abroad; which in this age, wherein wit and true ſenſe is more ſcarce than money, is a piece of ſuch cruelty as your beſt friends can hardly par-

pardon. I hope you will repent and amend: I could offer many reaſons to this purpoſe, and ſuch as you cannot anſwer with any ſincerity; but that I dare not enlarge, for fear of engaging in a ſtile of compliment, which has been ſo abuſed by fools and knaves, that it is become almoſt ſcandalous. I conclude therefore with an aſſurance, which ſhall never vary, of my being ever, *&c.*

Sir WILLIAM TRUMBULL *to Mr.* POPE.

I THINK a haſty ſcribble ſhews more what flows from the heart, than a letter after *Balzac*'s manner in ſtudied phraſes; therefore I will tell you, as faſt as I can, that I have received your favour of the 26th paſt, with your kind preſent of *The Rape of the Lock*. You have given me the trueſt ſatisfaction imaginable, not only in making good the juſt opinion I have ever had of your reach of thought, and my idea of your comprehenſive genius; but likewiſe in that pleaſure I take as an *Engliſhman*, to ſee the *French*, even *Boileau* himſelf, in his *Lutrin*, outdone in your poem: For you deſcend, *levoire pleſtre*, to all the nicer touches, that your own obſervation and wit furniſh, on ſuch a ſubject as requires the fineſt ſtrokes and the livelieſt imagination. But I muſt ſay no more (though I could a great deal) of what pleaſes me ſo much: And henceforth, I hope you will never condemn me of partiality, ſince I only ſwim with the ſtream, and approve of what all men of good taſte (notwithſtanding the jarring of the parties) muſt, and do, univerſally applaud. I now come to what is of vaſt moment, I mean the preſervation of your health, and I beg of you to get out of all tavern-company, and fly away *tanquam ex incendio*. What a miſery is it for you to be deſtroyed by the fooliſh kindneſs ('tis all one whether

ral or pretended) of thoſe who are able to bear the poiſon of bad wine, and to engage you in ſo unequal a combat? As to *Homer*, by all I can learn, your buſineſs is done: Therefore come away, and take a little time to breathe in the country, I beg now for my own ſake, but much more for yours; methinks Mr. —— has ſaid to you more than once,

Heu fuge, nate Dea, teque his, ait, eripe flammis!

I am your's, *&c.*

Mr. POPE *to Lord* LANSDOWN.

Binfield, Jan. 10, 1712.

I THANK you for having given my poem of *Windſor-Foreſt* its greateſt ornament, that of bearing your name in the front of it. 'Tis one thing, when a perſon of true merit permits us to have the honour of drawing him as like as we can; and another, when we make a fine thing at random, and perſuade the next vain creature we can find that 'tis his own likeneſs; which is the caſe every day of my fellow-ſcribblers. Yet, my Lord, this honour has given me no more pride than your honours have given you; but it affords me a great deal of pleaſure, which is much better than a great deal of pride; and it indeed would give me ſome pain, if I was not ſure of one advantage: That whereas others are offended if they have not more than juſtice done them, you would be diſpleaſed if you had ſo much; therefore I may ſafely do you as much injury in my words, as you do yourſelf in your own thoughts. I am ſo vain as to think I have ſhewn you a favour in ſparing your modeſty, and you cannot but make me ſome return for my prejudicing the truth to gratify you: This I beg may be the free correction of theſe verſes,

which

which will have few beauties, but what may be made by your blots. I am in the circumstance of an ordinary painter drawing Sir *Godfrey Kneller*, who, by a few touches of his own, could make the piece very valuable. I might then hope, that many years hence the world might read, in conjunction with your name, that of your Lordship's, &c.

Mr. POPE *to Mr.* STEELE.

YOU formerly observed to me, that nothing made a more ridiculous figure in a man's life, than the disparity we often find in him sick and well. Thus one of an unfortunate constitution is perpetually exhibiting a miserable example of the weakness of his mind, and of his body, in their turns. I have had frequent opportunities of late to consider myself in these different views, and, I hope, have received some advantage by it, if what *Waller* says be true, that

The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
Lets in new light thro' chinks that time has made.

Then surely sickness, contributing no less than old age to the shaking down this scaffolding of the body, may discover the inward structure more plainly. Sickness is a sort of early old age; it teaches us a diffidence in our earthly state, and inspires us with the thoughts of a future, better than a thousand volumes of philosophers and divines. It gives so warning a concussion to those props of our vanity, our strength and youth, that we think of fortifying ourselves within, when there is so little dependance upon our out-works. Youth at the very best is but a betrayer of human life in a gentler and smoother manner than age: 'Tis like a stream that nourishes

riſhes a plant upon a bank, and cauſes it to flouriſh and bloſſom to the ſight, but at the ſame time is undermining it at the root in ſecret. My youth has dealt more fairly and openly with me; it has afforded ſeveral proſpects of my danger, and given me an advantage not very common to young men, that the attractions of the world have not dazzled me very much: And I begin where moſt people end, with a full conviction of the emptineſs of all ſorts of ambition, and the unſatisfactory nature of all human pleaſures. When a ſmart fit of ſickneſs tells me, this ſcurvy tenement of my body will fall in a little time, I am e'en as unconcerned as was that honeſt *Hibernian*, who being in bed in the great ſtorm ſome years ago, and told the houſe would tumble over his head, made anſwer, *What care I for the houſe? I am only a lodger.* I fancy 'tis the beſt time to die when one is in the beſt humour; and ſo exceſſively weak as I now am, I may ſay with conſcience, that I am not at all uneaſy at the thought, that many men, whom I never had any eſteem for, are likely to enjoy this world after me. When I reflect what an inconſiderable little atom every ſingle man is, with reſpect to the whole creation, methinks, 'tis a ſhame to be concerned at the removal of ſuch a trivial animal as I am. The morning after my exit, the ſun will riſe as bright as ever, the flowers ſmell as ſweet, the plants ſpring as green, the world will proceed in its old courſe, people will laugh as heartily, and marry as faſt, as they were uſed to do. *The memory of man* (as it is elegantly expreſſed in the book of *Wiſdom*) *paſſeth away, as the remembrance of a gueſt that tarrieth but one day.* There are reaſons enough, in the fourth chapter of the ſame book, to make any young man contented with the proſpect of death. "For honourable age is not that "which ſtandeth in length of time, or is meaſured "by number of years. But wiſdom is the grey hair

" to men, and an unſpotted life is old age. He was " taken away ſpeedily, leſt wickedneſs ſhould alter " his underſtanding, or deceit beguile his ſoul, *&c.*"

I am, &c.

Rev. Dean BERKELEY *to Mr.* POPE.

Naples, Oct. 22, 1717.

I HAVE long had it in my thoughts to trouble you with a letter, but was diſcouraged for want of ſomething that I could think worth ſending fifteen hundred miles. *Italy* is ſuch an exhauſted ſubject, that, I dare ſay, you'd eaſily forgive my ſaying nothing of it; and the imagination of a poet is a thing ſo nice and delicate, that it is no eaſy matter to find out images capable of giving pleaſure to one of the few, who (in any age) have come up to that character. I am nevertheleſs lately returned from an iſland, where I paſſed three or four months, which, were it ſet out in its true colours, might, methinks, amuſe you agreeably enough for a minute or two. The iſland *Inarime* is an epitome of the whole earth, containing, within the compaſs of eighteen miles, a wonderful variety of hills, vales, ragged rocks, fruitful plains, and barren mountains, all thrown together in a moſt romantic confuſion. The air is, in the hotteſt ſeaſon, conſtantly refreſhed by cool breezes from the ſea. The vales produce excellent wheat and *Indian* corn, but are moſtly covered with vineyards, intermixed with fruit-trees. Beſides the common kinds, as cherries, apricots, peaches, *&c.* they produce oranges, limes, almonds, pomegranates, figs, water-melons, and many other fruits unknown to our climate, which lie every where open to the paſſenger. The hills are the greater part covered to the top with vines, ſome with cheſnut groves, and others with thickets of myrtle and lentiſcus. The fields in

the

the northern ſide are divided by hedge-rows of myrtle. Several fountains and rivulets add to the beauty of this landſcape, which is likewiſe ſet off by the variety of ſome barren ſpots and naked rocks. But that which crowns the ſcene is a large mountain, riſing out of the middle of the iſland (once a terrible vulcano, by the ancients called *Mons Epopeus*). Its lower parts are adorned with vines and other fruits; the middle affords paſture to flocks of goats and ſheep; and the top is a ſandy pointed rock, from which you have the fineſt proſpect in the world, ſurveying at one view, beſides ſeveral pleaſant iſlands lying at your feet, a tract of *Italy* about 300 miles in length, from the promontory of *Antium* to the cape of *Palinurus*; the greater part of which hath been ſung by *Homer* and *Virgil*, as making a conſiderable part of the travels and adventures of their two heroes. The iſlands *Caprea*, *Prochyta*, and *Parthenope*, together with *Cajeta*, *Cuma*, *Monte Miſeno*, the inhabitants of *Circe*, the *Syrens*, and the *Leſtrigones*, the bay of *Naples*, the promontory of *Minerva*, and the whole *Campania Felice*, make but a part of this noble landſcape; which would demand an imagination as warm, and numbers as flowing as your own, to deſcribe it. The inhabitants of this delicious iſle, as they are without riches and honours, ſo are they without the vices and follies that attend them; and were they but as much ſtrangers to revenge, as they are to avarice and ambition, they might in fact anſwer the poetical notions of the golden age. But they have got, as an alloy to their happineſs, an ill habit of murdering one another on ſlight offences. We had an inſtance of this the ſecond night after our arrival, a youth of eighteen being ſhot dead by our door: And yet, by the ſole ſecret of minding our own buſineſs, we found a means of living ſecurely among theſe dangerous people. Would you know how we paſs the time at *Naples*? Our chief entertainment

is the devotion of our neighbours. Beſides the gaiety of their churches (where folks go to ſee what they call *una bella Devotione*, i. e. a ſort of religious opera) they make fire-works almoſt every week out of devotion. The ſtreets are often hung with arras out of devotion; and (what is ſtill more ſtrange) the Ladies invite gentlemen to their houſes, and treat them with muſic and ſweetmeats, out of devotion; in a word, were it not for this devotion of its inhabitants, *Naples* would have little elſe to recommend it, beſides the air and ſituation. Learning is in no very thriving ſtate here, as indeed no where elſe in *Italy*; however, among many pretenders, ſome men of taſte are to be met with. A friend of mine told me, not long ſince, that being to viſit *Salvina* at *Florence*, he found him reading your *Homer*: He liked the notes extremely, and could find no other fault with the verſion, but that he thought it approached too near a paraphraſe; which ſhews him not to be ſufficiently acquainted with our language. I wiſh you health to go on with that noble work, and when you have that, I need not wiſh you ſucceſs. You will do me the juſtice to believe, that whatever relates to your welfare is ſincerely wiſhed by your, *&c.*

The Earl of OXFORD *to Mr.* POPE.

SIR, *Brampton-Caſtle, Nov.* 6, 172[illegible]

I RECEIVED your packet, which could not but give me great pleaſure, to ſee you preſerve an old friend in your memory; for it muſt needs be very agreeable to be remembered by thoſe we highly value. But then how much ſhame did it cauſe me, when I read your very fine verſes incloſed! My mind reproached me how far ſhort I came of what your great friendſhip and delicate pen would partially deſcribe me.

Y[illegible]

You aſk my conſent to publiſh it: To what ſtraights doth this reduce me? I look back indeed to thoſe evenings I have uſefully and pleaſantly ſpent with Mr. *Pope*, Mr. *Parnelle*, Dean *Swift*, the Doctor, *&c.* I ſhould be glad the world knew you admitted me to your friendſhip; and ſince your affection is too hard for your judgment, I am contented to let the world know how well Mr. *Pope* can write upon a barren ſubject. I return you an exact copy of the verſes, that I may keep the original as a teſtimony of the only error you have been guilty of. I hope very ſpeedily to embrace you in *London*, and to aſſure you of the particular eſteem and friendſhip wherewith I am your, *&c.*

From Mr. BLOUNT *to Mr.* POPE.

Nov. 11, 1715.

IT is an agreement of long date between you and me, that you ſhould do with my letters juſt as you pleaſed, and anſwer them at your leiſure; and that is as ſoon as I ſhall think you ought. I have ſo true a taſte of the ſubſtantial part of your friendſhip, that I wave all ceremonials; and am ſure to make you as many viſits as I can, and leave you to return them whenever you pleaſe, aſſuring you they ſhall at all times be heartily welcome to me. The many alarms we have from your parts have no effect upon the genius that reigns in our country, which is happily turned to preſerve peace and quiet among us. What diſmal ſcene has there been opened in the North! What ruin have thoſe unfortunate raſh gentlemen drawn upon themſelves and their miſerable followers? and perchance upon many others too, who upon no account would be their followers. However, it may look ungenerous to reproach people in diſtreſs. I don't remember you and I ever uſed to trouble our-

ſelves about politics; but when any matter happened to fall into our diſcourſe, we uſed to condemn all undertakings that tended towards diſturbing the peace and quiet of our country, as contrary to the notions we had of morality and religion, which oblige us on no pretence whatſoever to violate the laws of charity. How many lives have there been loſt in hot blood, and how many more are there like to be taken off in cold! If the broils of the nation affect you, come down to me, and though we are farmers, you know *Eumæus* made his friends welcome. You ſhall here worſhip the echo at your eaſe; indeed we are forced to do ſo, becauſe we can't hear the firſt report, and therefore are obliged to liſten to the ſecond; which for ſecurity ſake I do not always believe neither.

'Tis a great many years ſince I fell in love with the character of *Pomponius Atticus*: I longed to imitate him a little, and have contrived hitherto to be, like him, engaged in no party, but to be a faithful friend to ſome in both. I find myſelf very well in this way hitherto, and live in a certain peace of mind for it, which, I am perſuaded, brings a man more content than all the perquiſites of wild ambition. I will pleaſure join with you in wiſhing, nay, I am not aſhamed to ſay, in praying for the welfare, temporal and eternal, of all mankind: How much more affectionately then ſhall I do ſo for you, ſince I am in a moſt particular manner, and with all ſincerity your, &c.

From the Same.

Nov. 27, 17[illegible]

THE queſtion you propoſed to me is what at preſent, I am the moſt unfit man in the world to anſwer, by my loſs of one of the beſt of fathers. He had lived in ſuch a courſe of temperance as was enough

to make the longeſt life agreeable to him, and in ſuch a courſe of piety as ſufficed to make the moſt ſudden death ſo alſo. Sudden indeed it was: However, I heartily beg of God to give me ſuch a one, provided I can lead ſuch a life. I leave him to the mercy of God, and to the piety of a religion that extends beyond the gráve; *Si qua eſt ea cura, &c.* He has left me to the tickliſh management of ſo narrow a fortune, that any one falſe ſtep would be fatal. My mother is in that diſpirited ſtate of reſignation, which is the effect of long life, and the loſs of what is dear to us. We are really each of us in want of a friend, of ſuch an humane turn as yourſelf, to make almoſt any thing deſirable to us. I feel your abſence more than ever, at the ſame time I can leſs expreſs my regards to you than ever; and I ſhall make this, which is the moſt ſincere letter I ever writ to you, the ſhorteſt and faintеſt perhaps of any you ever received. 'Tis enough if you reflect, that barely to remember any perſon when one's mind is taken up with a ſenſible ſorrow, is a great degree of friendſhip. I can ſay no more but that I love you, and all that are yours; and that I wiſh it may be very long before any of yours ſhall feel for you what I now feel for my father. Adieu.

Mr. POPE *to* EDWARD BLOUNT, *Eſq.*

June 2, 1724.

YOU ſhew yourſelf a juſt man and a friend in thoſe gueſſes and ſuppoſitions you make at the poſſible reaſons of my ſilence; every one of which is a true one. As to forgetfulneſs of you, or yours, I aſſure you, the promiſcuous converſations of the town ſerve only to put me in mind of better and more quiet to be had in a corner of the world (undiſturbed, innocent, ſerene, and ſenſible) with ſuch as you.

Let

Let no acceſs of any diſtruſt make you think of me differently in a cloudy day from what you do in the moſt funſhiny weather. Let the young ladies be aſſured I make nothing new in my gardens, without wiſhing to ſee the print of their fairy ſteps in every part of them. I have put the laſt hand to my works of this kind, in happily finiſhing the ſubterraneous way and grotto: I there found a ſpring of the cleareſt water, which falls in a perpetual rill, that echoes through the cavern day and night. From the river *Thames* you ſee thro' my arch up a walk of the wilderneſs, to a kind of open temple, wholly compoſed of ſhells in the ruſtic manner; and from that diſtance under the temple you look down thro' a ſloping arcade of trees, and ſee the ſails on the river paſſing ſuddenly and vaniſhing, as through a perſpective glaſs. When you ſhut the doors of this grotto, it becomes on the inſtant, from a luminous room, a *Camera Obſcura*; on the walls of which all objects of the river, hills, woods, and boats, are forming a moving picture in their viſible radiations: And when you have a mind to light it up, it affords you a very different ſcene. It is finiſhed with ſhells interſperſed with pieces of looking-glaſs in angular forms; and in the cieling is a ſtar of the ſame material, at which, when a lamp (of an orbicular figure of thin alabaſter) is hung in the middle, a thouſand pointed rays glitter, and are reflected over the place. There are connected to this grotto, by a narrow paſſage, two porches, one towards the river, of ſmooth ſtones, full of light, and open; the other towards the garden, ſhadowed with trees, rough with ſhells, flints, and iron ore. The bottom is paved with ſimple pebble, as is alſo the adjoining walk up the wilderneſs to the temple, in the natural taſte, agreeing not ill with the little dripping murmur, and the aquatic idea of the whole place. It wants nothing to complete it but a good ſtatue with an inſcription

like

like that beautiful antique one which you know I am ſo fond of:

Hujus nympha loci, ſacri cuſtodia fontis,
Dormio dum blandæ ſentio murmur aquæ.
Parce meum, quiſquis tangis cava marmora, ſomnum
Rumpere; ſive bibas, ſive lavere tace.

Nymph of the grot, this ſacred ſpring I keep,
And to the murmur of theſe waters ſleep:
Oh! ſpare my ſlumbers, gently tread the cave!
And drink in ſilence, or in ſilence lave!

You'll think I have been very poetical in this deſcription, but it is pretty near the truth. I wiſh you were here to bear teſtimony how little it owes to art, either the place itſelf, or the image I give of it.

I am, &c.

Mr. POPE *to the Biſhop of* ROCHESTER.

May, 1723.

ONCE more I write to you, as I promiſed, and this once, I fear, will be the laſt! The curtain will ſoon be drawn between my friend and me, and nothing left but to wiſh you a long good night. May you enjoy a ſtate of repoſe in this life, not unlike that ſleep of the ſoul which ſome have believed is to ſucceed it, where we lie utterly forgetful of that world from which we are gone, and ripening for that to which we are to go. If you retain any memory of the paſt, let it only image to your what has pleaſed you beſt; ſometimes preſent a dream of an abſent friend, or bring you back an agreeable converſation.

But

But upon the whole, I hope you will think leſs of the time paſt than of the future; as the former has been leſs kind to you than the latter infallibly will be. Do not envy the world your ſtudies; they will tend to the benefit of men againſt whom you can have no complaint, I mean of all poſterity; and perhaps, at your time of life, nothing elſe is worth your care. What is every year of a wiſe man's life but a cenſure or critic on the paſt? Thoſe, whoſe date is the ſhorteſt, live long enough to laugh at one half of it: The boy deſpiſes the infant, the man the boy, the philoſopher both, and the chriſtian all. You may now begin to think your manhood was too much a puerility, and you'll never ſuffer your age to be but a ſecond infancy. The toys and baubles of your childhood are hardly now more below you, than thoſe toys of our riper and of our declining years, the drums and rattles of ambition, and the dirt and bubbles of avarice. At this time, when you are cut off from a little ſociety, and made a citizen of the world at large, you ſhould bend your talents not to ſerve a party, or a few, but all mankind. Your genius ſhould mount above that miſt in which it participation and neighbourhood with earth long involved it; to ſhine abroad and to heaven, ought to be the buſineſs and the glory of your preſent ſituation. Remember it was at ſuch a time, that the greateſt lights of antiquity dazzled and blazed the moſt, in their retreat, in their exile, or in their death. But why do I talk of dazzling or blazing? It was then that they did good, that they gave light, and that they became guides to mankind. Thoſe aims alone are worthy of ſpirits truly great, and ſuch I therefore hope will be yours. Reſentment indeed may remain, perhaps cannot be quite extinguiſhed in the nobleſt minds; but revenge never will harbour there; Higher principles than thoſe of the firſt and better principles than thoſe of the latter, will

fallibly influence men, whoſe thoughts and whoſe arts are enlarged, and cauſe them to prefer the whole to any part of mankind, eſpecially to ſo ſmall a part as one's ſingle ſelf. Believe me, my Lord, I look upon you as a ſpirit entered into another life, as being juſt upon the edge of immortality; where the paſſions and affections muſt be much more exalted, and where you ought to deſpiſe all little views and mean retroſpects. Nothing is worth your looking back; and therefore look forward, and make (as you can) the world look after you: But take care that it be not with pity, but with eſteem and admiration.

I am with the greateſt ſincerity and paſſion for your fame, as well as happineſs, your, *&c.*

From the Biſhop of ROCHESTER *to Mr* POPE, *on the death of his Daughter.*

Montpelier, Nov. 20. 1729.

I AM not yet maſter enough of myſelf, after the late wound I have received, to open my very heart to you, and am not content with leſs than that, whenever I converſe with you. My thoughts are at preſent only, but pleaſingly employed on what I have loſt, and can never recover. I know well I ought, for that reaſon, to call them off to other ſubjects, but hitherto I have not been able to do it. By giving them the rein a little, and ſuffering them to ſpend their force, I hope in ſome time to check and ſubdue them. *Multis fortunæ vulneribus perculſus, huic uni me imparem ſenſi, et pene ſuccubui.* This is weakneſs, not wiſdom, I own; and on that account ought to be truſted to the boſom of a friend, where I may ſafely lodge all my infirmities. As ſoon as my mind is in ſome meaſure corrected and calmed, I will

will endeavour to follow your advice, and turn it to
ſomething of uſe and moment; if I have ſtill life
enough left to do any thing that is worth reading
and preſerving. In the mean time, I ſhall be pleaſed
to hear that you proceed in what you intend, without
any ſuch melancholy interruption as I have met with.
Your mind is as yet unbroken by age and ill acci-
dents, your knowledge and judgment are at the
height: Uſe them in writing ſomewhat that may
teach the preſent and future times, and if not
gain equally the applauſe of both, may yet raiſe the
envy of the one, and ſecure the admiration of the
other. Employ not your precious moments and
great talents on little men and little things; but
chuſe a ſubject every way worthy of you, and handle
it, as you can, in a manner which no body elſe can
equal or imitate. As for me, my abilities, if I ever
had any, are not what they were, and yet I will en-
deavour to recollect and employ them.

———*Gelidus tardante ſenecta*
Sanguis hebet, frigentque effœto in corpore vires.

However, I ſhould be ingrateful to this place, if
did not own that I have gained upon the gout in t
ſouth of *France* much more than I did at *Paris*
though even there I ſenſibly improved. I believ
my cure had been perfected, but the earneſt deſire
meeting one I dearly loved, called me abruptly
Montpelier, where, after continuing two month
under the cruel torture of a ſad and fruitleſs expe
tation, I was forced at laſt to take a long journey
Toulouſe: And even there I had miſs'd the perſon
ſought, had ſhe not, with great ſpirit and courage, re
tured all night up the *Garonne* to ſee me, which
above all things deſired to do before ſhe died. By t
means ſhe was brought where I was, between ſeven
eight in the morning, and lived twenty hours af
war

wards, which time was not loſt on either ſide, but paſſed in ſuch a manner as gave great ſatisfaction to both, and ſuch as, on her part, every way became her circumſtances and character: For ſhe had her ſenſes to the very laſt gaſp, and exerted them to give me in thoſe few hours, greater marks of duty and love than ſhe had done in all her life-time, though ſhe had never been wanting in either. The laſt words ſhe ſaid to me were the kindeſt of all; a reflection on the goodneſs of God, which had allowed us in this manner to meet once more, before we parted for ever. Not many minutes after that, ſhe laid herſelf on her pillow in a ſleeping poſture,

Placidaque ibi demum morte quievit.

Judge you, Sir, what I felt, and ſtill feel on this occaſion, and ſpare me the trouble of deſcribing it. At my age, under my infirmities, among utter ſtrangers, how ſhall I find out proper reliefs and ſupports? I can have none, but thoſe with which reaſon and religion furniſh me, and thoſe I lay hold on, and graſp as faſt as I can. I hope that He, who laid the burthen upon me (for wiſe and good purpoſes no doubt) will enable me to bear it, in like manner as I have borne others, with ſome degree of fortitude and firmneſs. You ſee how ready I am to relapſe into an argument which I had quitted once before in this letter; I ſhall probably again commit the ſame fault, if I continue to write; and therefore I ſtop ſhort here, and with all ſincerity, affection, and eſteem, bid you adieu! till we meet either in this world, if God pleaſes, or elſe in another.

I am, &c.

From Mr. GAY *to Mr.* F***.

Stanton-Harcourt, Aug. 9, 1718.

THE only news that you can expect to have from me here, is news from heaven, for I am quite out of the world; and there is ſcarce any thing that can reach me except the noiſe of thunder, which undoubtedly you have heard too. We have read in old authors of high towers levelled by it to the ground, while the humble vallies have eſcaped: The only thing that is proof againſt it is the laurel, which, however, I take to be no great ſecurity to the brains of modern authors. But to let you ſee that the contrary to this often happens, I muſt acquaint you, that the higheſt and moſt extravagant heap of towers in the univerſe, which is in this neighbourhood, ſtand ſtill undefaced, while a cock of barley in our next field has been conſumed to aſhes. Would to God that this heap of barley had been all that had periſhed! for unhappily beneath this little ſhelter ſat two much more conſtant lovers than ever were found in romance under the ſhade of a beech-tree. *John Hewet* was a well-ſet man of about five-and-twenty; *Sarah Drew* might be rather called comely than beautiful, and was about the ſame age. They had paſſed through the various labours of the year together with the greateſt ſatisfaction. If ſhe milk'd, 'twas his morning and evening care to bring the cows to her hand. It was but laſt fair that he bought her a preſent of green ſilk for her ſtraw-hat, and the poſy on her ſilver ring was of his chuſing. Their love was the talk of the whole neighbourhood; for ſcandal never affirmed, that he had any other views than the lawful poſſeſſion of her in marriage. It was the very morning that he had obtained the conſent of her parents, and it was but till the next week that the

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were to wait to be happy. Perhaps in the intervals of their work they were now talking of the wedding-cloaths, and *John* was ſuiting ſeveral ſorts of poppies and field-flowers to her complexion, to chuſe her a knot for her wedding-day. While they were thus buſied (it was on the laſt of *July* between two and three in the afternoon) the clouds grew black, and ſuch a ſtorm of lightning and thunder enſued, that all the labourers made the beſt of their way to what ſhelter the trees and hedges afforded.

Sarah was frighted, and fell down in a ſwoon on a heap of barley. *John*, who never ſeparated from her, ſat down by her ſide, having raked together two or three heaps, the better to ſecure her from the ſtorm. Immediately there was heard ſo loud a crack, as if Heaven had ſplit aſunder; every one was now ſolicitous for the ſafety of his neighbour, and called to one another throughout the field: No anſwer being returned to thoſe who called to our lovers, they ſtept to the place where they lay; they perceived the barley all in a ſmoak, and they ſpied this faithful pair, *John* with one arm about *Sarah*'s neck, and the other held over, as to ſcreen her from the lightning. They were ſtruck dead, and ſtiffened in this tender poſture. *Sarah*'s left eye-brow was ſinged, and there appeared a black ſpot on her breaſt: Her lover was all over black, but not the leaſt ſigns of life were found in either. Attended by their melancholy companions they were conveyed to the town, and the next day were interr'd in *Stanton-Harcourt* church-yard. My Lord *Harcourt*, at Mr. *Pope*'s and my requeſt, has cauſed a ſtone to be placed over them, upon condition that we furniſhed the epitaph, which is as follows:

When eaſtern lovers feed the funeral fire,
On the ſame pile the faithful pair expire:
Here pitying Heaven that virtue mutual found,
And blaſted both, that it might neither wound.

Hearts so sincere th' Almighty saw well pleas'd,
Sent his own lightning, and the victims seiz'd.

But my Lord is apprehensive the country people will not understand this, and Mr *Pope* says he'll make one with something of scripture in it, and with as little of poetry, as *Hopkins* and *Sternhold* *. Your, &c.

* The epitaph was;
Near this place lie the bodies of
John Hewet and *Sarah Drew*,
an industrious young man
and virtuous maiden of this parish,
who being at harvest-work
(with several others)
were in one instant killed by lightning
the last of *July* 1718.

Dr, SWIFT *to the Earl of* PETERBOROUGH,

My LORD,

I NEVER knew or heard of any person so volatile and so fixed as your Lordship. You, while your imagination is carrying you through every corner of the world, where you have or have not been, can at the same time remember to do offices of favour and kindness to the meanest of your friends; and in all the scenes you have passed, have not been able to retain that one quality peculiar to a great man, of forgetting every thing but injuries. Of this I am a living witness against you; for being the most insignificant of all your humble servants, you were so cruel as never to give me time to ask a favour, but prevented me in doing whatever you thought I desired, or could be for my credit or advantage.

I have often admired at the capriciousness of fortune in regard to your Lordship. She hath forc-

cou-

courts to act againſt their oldeſt and moſt conſtant maxims; to make you a General, becauſe you had courage and conduct; an Ambaſſador, becauſe you had wiſdom and knowledge in the intereſts of *Europe*; and an Admiral, on account of your ſkill in maritime affairs: Whereas according to the uſual method of court proceedings, I ſhould have been at the head of the army, and you of the church, or rather a curate under the Dean of St. *Patrick*'s. The Archbiſhop of *Dublin* laments that he did not ſee your Lordſhip till he was juſt upon the point of leaving the *Bath*. I pray God you may have found ſucceſs in that journey, elſe I ſhall continue to think that there is a fatality in all your Lordſhip's undertakings, which only terminate in your own honour, and the good of the public, without the leaſt advantage to your health or fortune. I remember, Lord *Oxford*'s miniſtry uſed to tell me, that not knowing where to write to you, they were forced to write *at* you. It is ſo with me, for you are in one thing an evangelical man, that you know not where to lay your head, and, I think, you have no houſe. Pray, my Lord, write to me, that I may have the pleaſure in this country of going about, and ſhewing my depending parſons a letter from the Earl of *Peterborough*. I am, *&c.*

From the Earl of PETERBOROUGH *to Mr.* POPE.

WHENEVER you apply as a good Papiſt to your female mediatrix, you are ſure of ſucceſs; but there is not a full aſſurance of your entire ſubmiſſion to mother-church, and that abates a little of your authority. However, if you will accept of country letters, ſhe will correſpond from the hay-cock, and I will write to you upon the ſide of my wheel-barrow: Surely ſuch letters might eſcape examination.

Your idea of the golden age is, that every ſhepherd might pipe where he pleaſed. As I have lived longer, I am more moderate in my wiſhes, and would be content with the liberty of not piping where I am not pleaſed.

Oh! how I wiſh to myſelf and my friends, a freedom which fate ſeldom allows, and which we often refuſe ourſelves! Why is our ſhepherdeſs in voluntary ſlavery? Why muſt our Dean ſubmit to the colour of his coat, and live abſent from us? And why are you confined to what you cannot relieve?

I ſeldom venture to give accounts of my journeys beforehand, becauſe I take reſolutions of going to *London*, and keep them no better than quarrelling lovers do theirs. But the de'il will drive me thither about the middle of next month, and I will call upon you, to be ſprinkled with holy water, before I enter the place of corruption. *Yours*, &c.

Lord BOLINGBROKE *to Dr.* SWIFT.

I AM not ſo lazy as *Pope*, and therefore you muſt not expect from me the ſame indulgence to lazineſs; in defending his own cauſe he pleads yours and becomes your advocate while he appeals to you as his judge. You will do the ſame on your part and I, and the reſt of your common friends, ſhall have great juſtice to expect from two ſuch righteous tribunals. You reſemble perfectly the two ale-house keepers in *Holland*, who were at the ſame time Burgomaſters of the town, and taxed one another's bill alternately. I declare before-hand I will not ſtand to the award; my title to your friendſhip is good, and wants neither deeds nor writings to confirm it; but annual acknowledgements at leaſt are neceſſary to preſerve it: And I begin to ſuſpect, by your defraud me of them, that you hope in time to diſpute it, and

urge preſcription againſt me. I would not ſay one word to you about myſelf (ſince it is a ſubject on which you appear to have no curioſity) was it not to try how far the contraſt between *Pope*'s fortune and manner of life and mine, may be carried. I have been then infinitely more uniform and leſs diſſipated, than when you knew me and cared for me. That love which I uſed to ſcatter with ſome profuſion among the female kind, has been theſe many years devoted to one object. A great many misfortunes (for ſo they are called, though ſometimes very improperly) and a retirement from the world have made that juſt and nice diſcrimination between my acquaintance and my friends, which we have ſeldom ſagacity enough to make for ourſelves; thoſe inſects of various hues which uſed to hum and buz about me while I ſtood in the ſunſhine, have diſappeared ſince I lived in the ſhade. No man comes to a hermitage but for the ſake of the hermit; a few philoſophical friends come often to mine, and they are ſuch as you would be glad to live with, if a dull climate, and duller company, have not altered you extremely from what you was nine years ago. The hoarſe voice of party was never heard in this quiet place; Gazettes and pamphlets are baniſhed from it; and if the lucubrations of *Iſaac Bickerſtaff* be admitted, this diſtinction is owing to ſome ſtrokes by which it is judged that this illuſtrious philoſopher had (like the *Indian Fohu*, the *Grecian Pythagoras*, the *Perſian Zoroaſter*, and others his precurſors among the *Zabians*, *Magians*, and the *Egyptian* ſeers) both his outward and his inward doctrine, and that he was of no ſide at the bottom. When I am there, I forget I ever was of any party myſelf; nay, I am often ſo happily abſorbed by the abſtracted reaſon of things, that I am ready to imagine there never was any ſuch monſter as party. Alas, I am ſoon awakened from that pleaſing dream by the *Greek* and *Roman* hiſtorians

rians, by *Guicciardine*, by *Machiavel*, and *Thuanus*: For I have vowed to read no history of our own country, till that body of it which you promise to finish, appears. I am under no apprehension that a glut of study and retirement should cast me back into the hurry of the world; on the contrary, the single regret which I ever feel is, that I fell so late into this course of life; my philosophy grows confirmed by habit, and if you and I meet again, I will extort this approbation from you: *Jam non consilio bonus, sed more eo perductus, ut non tantùm recte facere possim, sed nisi recte facere non possim.* The little incivilities I have met with from opposite sets of people, have been so far from rendering me violent or sour to any, that I think myself obliged to them all. Some have cured me of my fears, by shewing me how impotent the malice of the world is; others have cured me of my hopes, by shewing how precarious popular friendships are; all have cured me of surprize. In driving me out of party, they have driven me out of cursed company; and in stripping me of titles, and rank, and estate, and such trinkets, which every man that will may spare, they have given me that which no man can be happy without. Reflection and habit have rendered the world so indifferent to me, that I am neither afflicted nor rejoiced, angry nor pleased, at what happens in it, any farther than personal friendships interest me in the affairs of it; and this principle extends my cares but a little way. Perfect tranquillity is the general tenour of my life; good digestion, serene weather, and some other mechanic springs, wind me above it now and then, but I never fall below it: I am sometimes gay, but never sad. I have gained new friends, and have lost some old ones. My acquisitions of this kind give me a good deal of pleasure, because they have not been made lightly: I know no vows so solemn as those of friendship, and there-

therefore a pretty long noviciate of acquaintance ſhould, methinks, precede them. My loſſes of this kind give me but little trouble; I contribute nothing to them; and a friend who breaks with me unjuſtly, is not worth preſerving. As ſoon as I leave this town (which will be in a few days) I ſhall fall back into that courſe of life, which keeps knaves and fools at a great diſtance from me: I have an averſion to them both, but in the ordinary courſe of life I think I can bear the ſenſible knave better than the fool. One muſt indeed with the former be in ſome or other of the attitudes of thoſe wooden men whom I have ſeen before a ſword-cutler's ſhop in *Germany*; but even in theſe conſtrained poſtures the witty raſcal will divert me; and he that diverts me does me a great deal of good, and lays me under an obligation to him, which I am not obliged to pay in another coin. The fool obliges me to be almoſt as much upon my guard as the knave. And he makes me no amends; he numbs me like the torpor, or he teazes me like a fly. This is the picture of an old friend, and more like him than that will be which you once aſked, and which he will ſend you if you continue ſtill to deſire it.—Adieu, dear *Swift*! With all thy faults I love thee intirely. Make an effort, and love me on with all mine.

Dr. SWIFT *to Lord* BOLINGBROKE.

Dublin, April 5, 1729.

I DO not think it could be poſſible for me to hear better news than that of your getting over your ſcurvy ſuit, which always hung as a dead weight on my heart: I hated it in all its circumſtances, as it affected your fortune and quiet, and in a ſituation of life that muſt make it every way vexatious. And as I am infinitely obliged to you for the juſtice you

do

do me in ſuppoſing your affairs do at leaſt concern me as much as my own, ſo I would never have pardoned your omitting it. But before I go on, I cannot forbear mentioning what I read laſt ſummer in a news-paper, that you were writing the hiſtory of your own times. I ſuppoſe ſuch a report might ariſe from what was not a ſecret among your friends, of your intention to write another kind of hiſtory, which you often promiſed Mr. *Pope* and me to do. I know he deſires it very much, and I am ſure I deſire nothing more, for the honour and love I bear you, and the perfect knowledge I have of your public virtue. My Lord, I have no other notion of œconomy than that it is the parent of liberty and eaſe; and I am not the only friend you have who hath chid you in his heart for the neglect of it, though not with his mouth, as I have done. For there is a ſilly error in the world, even among friends otherwiſe very good, not to intermeddle with mens affairs in ſuch nice matters. And, my Lord, I have made a maxim, that ſhould be writ in letters of diamonds, That a wiſe man ought to have money in his head, but not in his heart. Pray, my Lord, enquire whether your prototype, my Lord *Digby*, after the Reſtoration, when he was at *Briſtol*, did not take ſome care of his fortune, notwithſtanding that quotation I once ſent you out of his ſpeech to the Houſe of Commons? In my conſcience, I believe Fortune, like other drabs, values a man gradually leſs for every year he lives. I have demonſtration for it; becauſe if I play at piquet for ſixpence with a man or a woman two years younger than myſelf, I always loſe; and there is a young girl of twenty, who never fails of winning my money at back-gammon, though ſhe is a bungler, and the game be eccleſiaſtic. As to the public, I confeſs nothing could cure my itch of meddling with it but theſe frequent returns of deafneſs, which have hindered me from paſſing laſt winter in *London*; yet I cannot

not but conſider the perfidiouſneſs of ſome people, who, I thought when I was laſt there, upon a change that happened, were the moſt impudent in forgetting their profeſſions that I have ever known. Pray, will you pleaſe to take your pen, and blot me out that political maxim from whatever book it is in, that *Res nolunt diu malè adminiſtrari*: The commonneſs makes me not know who is the author, but ſure he muſt be ſome modern.

I am ſorry for Lady *Bolingbroke*'s ill health; but I proteſt I never knew a very deſerving perſon of that ſex, who had not too much reaſon to complain of ill health. I never wake without finding life a more inſignificant thing than it was the day before: Which is one great advantage I get by living in this country, where there is nothing I ſhall be ſorry to loſe. But my greateſt miſery is recollecting the ſcene of twenty years paſt, and then all of a ſudden dropping into the preſent. I remember, when I was a little boy, I felt a great fiſh at the end of my line, which I drew up almoſt on the ground, but it dropt in, and the diſappointment vexes me to this very day, and, I believe, it was the type of all my future diſappointments. I ſhould be aſhamed to ſay this to you, if you had not a ſpirit fitter to bear your own misfortunes, than I have to think of them. Is there patience left to reflect by what qualities wealth and greatneſs are got, and by what qualities they are loſt? I have read my friend *Congreve*'s verſes to Lord *Cobham*, which end with a vile and falſe moral, and I remember is not in *Horace* to *Tibullus*, which he imitates, "That all times are equally virtuous and vicious;" wherein he differs from all poets, philoſophers, and chriſtians that ever writ. It is more probable, that there may be an equal quantity of virtues always in the world, but ſometimes there may be a peck of it in *Aſia*, and hardly a thimble full in *Europe*. But if there be no virtue, there is abundance

dance of ſincerity; for I will venture all I am worth that there is not one human creature in power, who will not be modeſt enough to confeſs that he proceeds wholly upon a principle of corruption. I ſay this, becauſe I have a ſcheme, in ſpite of your notions, to govern *England* upon the principles of virtue, and when the nation is ripe for it, I deſire you will ſend for me. I have learned this by living like a hermit, by which I am got backwards about 1900 years in the æra of the world, and begin to wonder at the wickedneſs of men. I dine alone upon half a diſh of meat, mix water with wine, walk ten miles a day, and read *Baronius*.

From Mr. POPE *to Dr.* SWIFT.

I NOW hold the pen for my Lord *Bolingbroke* who is reading your letter between two hay-cocks; but his attention is ſomewhat diverted by caſting his eyes on the clouds, not in admiration of what you ſay, but for fear of a ſhower. He is pleaſed at your placing him in the triumvirate between yourſelf and me; though he ſays that he doubts he ſhall fare like *Lepidus*, while one of us runs away with all the power like *Auguſtus*, and another with all the pleaſure like *Antony*. It is upon a foreſight of this that he has fitted up his farm, and you will agree, that this ſcheme of retreat at leaſt is not founded upon weak appearances. Upon his return from the *Bath*, all peccant humours, he finds, are purged out of him, and his great temperance and œconomy are ſo ſignal that the firſt is fit for my conſtitution, and the latter will enable you to lay up ſo much money as to buy a biſhopric in *England*. As to the return of his health and vigour, were you here, you might enquire of his hay-makers; but as to his temperance, I can anſwer that (for one whole day) we have had nothing

for dinner but mutton-broth, beans and bacon, and a barn-door fowl. Now his Lordſhip has run after his cart, I have a moment left to myſelf to tell you, that I over-heard him yeſterday agree with a painter for 200*l.* to paint his country-hall with trophies of rakes, ſpades, prongs, *&c.* and other ornaments, merely to countenance his calling this place a farm. Now turn over a new leaf—He bids me aſſure you, he ſhould be ſorry not to have more ſchemes of kindneſs for his friends, than of ambition for himſelf: There, though his ſchemes may be weak, the motives at leaſt are ſtrong; and he ſays further, if you could bear as great a fall and decreaſe of your revenues, as he knows by experience he can, you would not live in *Ireland* an hour.

The *Dunciad* is going to be printed in all pomp, with the inſcription, which makes me proudeſt. It will be attended with *Proeme, Prolegomena, Teſtimonia Scriptorum, Index Authorum*, and notes *variorum*. As to the latter, I deſire you to read over the text, and make a few in any way you like beſt, whether dry raillery, upon the ſtyle and way of commenting of trivial critics; or humorous, upon the authors in the poem; or hiſtorical, of perſons, places, times; or explanatory; or collecting the parallel paſſages of the antients. Adieu. I am pretty well, my mother not ill, Dr. *Arbuthnot* vex'd with his fever by intervals; I am afraid he declines, and we ſhall loſe a worthy man: I am troubled about him very much.

I am, &c.

From Lord BOLINGBROKE *to Dr.* SWIFT.

I DID not take the pen out of *Pope*'s hands; but ſince he will not fill the remainder of the page, I think I may without offence. I ſeek no epiſtolary fame,

but am a good deal pleaſed to think that it will be known hereafter, that you and I lived in the moſt friendly intimacy together.—*Pliny* writ his letters for the public, ſo did *Seneca*, ſo did *Balzac*, *Voiture*, &c. *Tully* did not, and therefore theſe give us more pleaſure than any which have come down to us from antiquity. When we read them, we pry into a ſecret which was intended to have been kept from us. That is a pleaſure. We ſee *Cato*, and *Brutus*, and *Pompey*, and others, ſuch as they really were, and not ſuch as the gaping multitude of their own age took them to be, or as hiſtorians and poets have repreſented them to ours. That is another pleaſure. I remember to have ſeen a proceſſion at *Aix-la-Chapelle*, wherein an image of *Charlemagne* is carried on the ſhoulders of a man, who is hid by the long robe of the imperial Saint. Follow him into the veſtry, you ſee the bearer ſlip from under the robe, and the gigantic figure dwindles into an image of the ordinary ſize, and is ſet by among other lumber.—I agree much with *Pope*, that our climate is rather better than that you are in, and perhaps your public ſpirit would be leſs grieved, or oftener comforted, here than there. Come to us therefore on a viſit at leaſt. It will not be the fault of ſeveral perſons here, if you do not come to live with us. But great good-will and little power produce ſuch ſlow and feeble effects as can be acceptable to Heaven alone, and heavenly men.——I know you will be angry with me, if I ſay nothing to you of a poor woman, who is ſtill on the other ſide of the water in a moſt languiſhing ſtate of health. If ſhe regains ſtrength enough to come over, (and ſhe is better within a few weeks) I ſhall nurſe her in this family with all the care and tenderneſs poſſible. If ſhe does not, I muſt pay her the laſt duty of friendſhip wherever ſhe is, though I break through the whole plan of life which I have formed in my mind. Adieu.

I am, &c.

Dr. SWIFT *to Mr.* GAY.

EVER ſince I received your letter, I have been upon a ballance about going to *England*, and landing at *Briſtol* to paſs a month at *Ameſbury*, as the Ducheſs hath given me leave. But many difficulties have interfered. Firſt, I thought I had done with my law-ſuit, and ſo did all my lawyers: But my adverſary, after being in appearance a proteſtant theſe twenty years, hath declared he was always a papiſt, and conſequently by the law here cannot buy nor (I think) ſell; ſo that I am at ſea again, for almoſt all I am worth. But I have ſtill a worſe evil; for the giddineſs I was ſubject to, inſtead of coming ſeldom and violent, now conſtantly attends me more or leſs; tho' in a more peaceable manner, yet ſuch as will not qualify me to live among the young and healthy: And the Ducheſs, in all her youth, ſpirit and grandeur, will make a very ill nurſe, and her woman not much better. Valetudinarians muſt live where they can, command and ſcold; I muſt have horſes to ride, I muſt go to bed and riſe when I pleaſe, and live where all mortals are ſubſervient to me. I muſt talk nonſenſe when I pleaſe, and all who are preſent muſt commend it. I muſt ride thrice a week, and walk three or four miles beſides, every day. I always told you Mr. —— was good for nothing but to be a rank courtier. I care not whether he ever writes to me or no. He and you may tell this to the Ducheſs, and I hate to ſee you ſo charitable, and ſuch a cully: And yet I love you for it, becauſe I am one myſelf. You are the ſilleſt lover in Chriſtendom. If you like Mrs. —, why do you not command her to take you? If ſhe does not, ſhe is not worth purſuing; you do her too much honour; ſhe hath neither ſenſe nor taſte, if ſhe

dares to refuſe you, though ſhe had 10,000*l.* I do not remember to have told you of thanks that you have not given, nor do I underſtand your meaning, and I am ſure I had never the leaſt thoughts of myſelf. If I am your friend, it is for my own reputation, and from a principle of ſelf-love; and I do ſometimes reproach you for not honouring me by letting the world know we are friends.

I ſee very well how matters go with the Ducheſs in regard to me. I heard her ſay, Mr. *Gay*, fill your letter to the Dean, that there may be no room for me; the frolic is gone far enough; I have writ thrice, I will do no more; if the man has a mind to come, let him come; what a clutter is here? Poſitively I will not write a ſyllable more. She is an ungrateful Ducheſs, conſidering how many adorers I have procured her here, over and above the thouſands ſhe had before.—I cannot allow you rich enough till you are worth 7000*l.* which will bring you 300 *per annum*, and this will maintain you, with the perquiſite of ſpunging while you are young; and when you are old, will afford you a pint of port at night, two ſervants, and an old maid, a little garden, and pen and ink,—provided you live in the country.—Have you no ſcheme either in verſe or proſe? The Ducheſs ſhould keep you at hard meat, and by that means force you to write; and ſo I have done with you.

A Poſtſcript to the Ducheſs of QUEENSBERRY.

MADAM,

SINCE I begin to grow old, I have found all Ladies become inconſtant, without any reproach from their conſcience. If I wait on you, I declare that one of your women (whichever it is that has deſigns upon a chaplain) muſt be my nurſe, if I happen to be ſick or peeviſh at your houſe, and in that caſe you muſt ſuſpend your domineering-claim till I recover. You

omitting the uſual appendix to Mr. *Gay*'s letters hath done me infinite miſchief here; for while you continued them, you would wonder how civil the ladies here were to me, and how much they have altered ſince. I dare not confeſs that I have deſcended ſo low as to write to your Grace, after the abominable neglect you have been guilty of; for if they but ſuſpected it, I ſhould loſe them all. One of them, who had an inkling of the matter (your Grace will hardly believe it) refuſed to beg my pardon upon her knees, for once neglecting to make my rice-milk.--Pray conſider this, and do your duty, or dread the conſequence. I promiſe you ſhall have your ſix minutes every hour at *Ameſbury*, and ſeven in *London*, while I am in health; but if I happen to be ſick, I muſt govern to a ſecond. Yet, properly ſpeaking, there is no man alive with ſo much truth and reſpect,

Your Grace's moſt obedient ſervant.

From Mr. SWIFT *to Mr.* GAY.

I KNOW not what to ſay to the account of your ſtewardſhip, and it is monſtrous to me that the *South-Sea* ſhould pay half their debts at one clap. But I will ſend the money when you put me into the way, for I ſhall want it here, my affairs being in a bad condition by the miſeries of the kingdom; and my own private fortune being wholly embroiled, and worſe than ever; ſo that I ſhall ſoon petition the Ducheſs, as an object of charity, to lend me 3 or 4000*l.* to keep up my dignity. My 100*l.* will buy me ſix hogſheads of wine, which will ſupport me a year; *proviſæ frugis in annum copia.* *Horace* deſired no more: For I will conſtrue *frugis* to be wine. You are young enough to get ſome lucky hint, which muſt come by chance, and it ſhall be a thing of im-

portance, *quod et hunc in annum vivat et in plures*, and you ſhall not finiſh it in haſte, and it ſhall be diverting, and uſefully ſatirical, and the Ducheſs ſhall be your critic; and betwixt you and me, I do not find ſhe will grow weary of you till this time ſeven years. I had lately an offer to change for an *Engliſh* living, which is juſt too ſhort by 300*l.* a-year; and that muſt be made up out of the Ducheſs's pin-money before I can conſent. I want to be miniſter of *Ameſbury*, *Dawley*, *Twickenham*, *Riſkins*, and prebendary of *Weſtminſter*, elſe I will not ſtir a ſtep, but content myſelf with making the Ducheſs miſerable three months next ſummer. But I keep ill company; I mean the Ducheſs and you, who are both out of favour; and ſo I find am I, by a few verſes wherein *Pope* and you have your parts. You hear Dr. *D—y* has got a wife with 1600*l.* a-year; I, who am his governor, cannot take one under 2000; I wiſh you would enquire of ſuch a one in your neighbourhood. See what it is to write godly books! I profeſs I envy you above all men in *England*; you want nothing but 3000*l.* more, to keep you in plenty when your friends grow weary of you. To prevent which laſt, while at *Ameſbury*, you muſt learn to domineer and be peeviſh, to find fault with their victuals and drink, to chide and direct the ſervants, with ſome other leſſons, which I ſhall teach you, and always practiſed myſelf with ſucceſs. I believe I formerly deſired to know whether the Vicar of *Ameſbury* can play at back-gammon? Pray aſk him the queſtion, and give him my ſervice.

A Poſtſcript to the Ducheſs of QUEENSBERRY.

MADAM,

I WAS the moſt unwary creature in the world, when, againſt my old maxims, I writ firſt to you upon your return to *Tunbridge*. I beg that this condeſcenſion

deſcenſion of mine may go no farther, and that you will not pretend to make a precedent of it. I never knew any man cured of any inattention, although the pretended cauſes were removed. When I was with Mr. *Gay* laſt in *London*, talking with him on ſome poetical ſubjects, "Well, I am determined "not to accept the employment of Gentleman-"Uſher;" and of the ſame diſpoſition were all my poetical friends, and if you cannot cure him, I utterly deſpair.—As to yourſelf, I will ſay to you (though compariſons be odious) what I ſaid to the ——, that your quality ſhould be never any motive of eſteem to me. My compliment was then loſt, but it will not be ſo to you: For I know you more by any one of your letters, than I could by ſix months converſing. Your pen is always more natural, and ſincere, and unaffected, than your tongue. In writing you are too lazy to give yourſelf the trouble of acting a part, and have indeed acted ſo indiſcreetly that I have you at mercy: And although you ſhould arrive to ſuch a height of immorality as to deny your hand, yet, whenever I produce it, the world will unite in ſwearing this muſt come from you only. I will anſwer your queſtion. Mr. *Gay* is not diſcreet enough to live alone, but he is too diſcreet to live alone: And yet (unleſs you mend him) he will live alone even in your Grace's company. Your quarrelling with each other upon the ſubject of bread and butter, is the moſt uſual thing in the world. Parliaments, courts, cities, and kingdoms, quarrel for no other cauſe. From hence, and from hence only, ariſe all the quarrels between Whig and Tory; between thoſe who are in the miniſtry, and thoſe who are out; between all pretenders to employment in the church, the law, and the army. Even the common proverb teaches you this, when we ſay, "It is none of my bread and butter," meaning it is no buſineſs of mine. Therefore I deſpair

ſpair of any reconcilement between you till the affair of bread and butter be adjuſted, wherein I would gladly be a mediator. If *Mahomet* ſhould come to the mountain, how happy would an excellent Lady be, who lives a few miles from this town? As I was telling of Mr. *Gay*'s way of living at *Ameſbury*, ſhe offered fifty guineas to have you both at her houſe for one hour over a bottle of Burgundy, which we were then drinking. To your queſtion I anſwer, that your Grace ſhould pull me by the ſleeve till you tore it off; and when you ſaid you were weary of me, I would pretend to be deaf, and think (according to another proverb) that you tore my cloaths to keep me from going. I never will believe one word you ſay of my Lord Duke, unleſs I ſee three or four lines in his own hand at the bottom of yours. I have a concern in the whole family, and Mr. *Gay* muſt give me a particular account of every branch; for I am not aſhamed of you though you be Duke and Ducheſs, though I have been of others who are *&c.* and I do not doubt but even your own ſervants love you, even down to the poſtillions. And when I come to *Ameſbury*, before I ſee your Grace, I will have an hour's converſation with the Vicar, who will tell me how familiarly you talk to goody *Dobſon* and all the neighbours, as if you were their equal, and that you were godmother to her ſon *Jackey*. I am, and ſhall be ever, with the greateſt reſpect,

Your Grace's moſt obedient, &c.

To the Hon. Mr. BERNARD GRANVILLE.

SIR, Mar, *near* Doncaſter, *Oct.* 6, 168

YOUR having no proſpect of obtaining a commiſſion for me, can no way alter or cool my fire at this important juncture, to venture my life ſome manner or other for my King and country. I c

I cannot bear living under the reproach of lying obſcure and idle in a country retirement, when every man, who has the leaſt ſenſe of honour, ſhould be preparing for the field.

You may remember, Sir, with what reluctance I ſubmitted to your commands upon *Monmouth*'s rebellion, when no importunity could prevail with you to permit me to leave the academy: I was too young to be hazarded. But give me leave to ſay, it is glorious at any age to die for one's country, and the ſooner the nobler the ſacrifice.

I am now older by three years. My uncle *Bathe* was not ſo old when he was left among the ſlain at the battle of *Newbury*: Nor you yourſelf, Sir, when you made your eſcape from your tutors to join your brother at the defence of *Scilly*.

The ſame cauſe is now come round again: The King has been miſled; let thoſe who have miſled him be anſwerable for it: No body can deny but he is ſacred in his own perſon, and it is every honeſt man's duty to defend it.

You are pleaſed to ſay, it is yet doubtful if the *Hollanders* are raſh enough to make ſuch an attempt: But be that as it will, I beg leave to inſiſt upon it, that I may be preſented to his Majeſty as one whoſe utmoſt ambition it is to devote his life to his ſervice and my country's, after the example of all my anceſtors.

The gentry aſſembled at *York* to agree upon the choice of repreſentatives for the county, have prepared an addreſs, to aſſure his Majeſty they are ready to ſacrifice their lives and fortunes for him upon this and all other occaſions; but at the ſame time they humbly beſeech him to give them ſuch magiſtrates as may be agreeable to the laws of the land, for at preſent there is no authority to which they can legally ſubmit.

They have been beating for volunteers at *York*, and

and the towns adjacent, to supply the regiments at *Hull*, but no body will list.

By what I can hear, every body wishes well to the King, but they would be glad his ministers were hanged.

The winds continue so contrary, that no landing can be so soon as was apprehended; therefore I may hope, with your leave and assistance, to be in readiness before any action can begin. I beseech you, Sir, most humbly and most earnestly, to add this one act of indulgence more, to so many other testimonies which I have constantly received of your goodness, and be pleased to believe me always, with the utmost duty and submission, Sir,

Your most dutiful son,
GEORGE GRANVILLE.

To WILLIAM HENRY, *Earl of* Bathe, *&c. at the Camp in* Flanders, Sept. 4, 1711.

My dear LORD,

WHILST you are pursuing honour in the field, in the earliest time of your life, after the example of your ancestors, I am commanded by the Queen to let you know, she has declared you her Lord-Lieutenant of the county of *Cornwall*; the Earl of *Rochester* to act for you till you are of age.

You will do well to write your most humble thanks to her Majesty, for so graciously remembering you unsolicited, in your absence: You should likewise do the same to my Lord *Rochester*, for accepting the trouble.

This, my dear Lord, is a preparative to bring you upon the stage with some lustre at your first appearance in the world. You are placed at the head of a body of gentry, entirely disposed in affection to you

and your family: You are born poſſeſſed of all thoſe amiable qualities which cannot fail of fixing their hearts: You have no other example to follow, but to tread in the ſteps of your anceſtors: It is all that is hoped or deſired from you.

You are upon an uncommon foundation in that part of the world. Your anceſtors, for at leaſt 500 years, never made any alliance, male or female, out of the Weſtern counties: Thus there is hardly a gentleman, either in *Cornwall* or *Devon*, but has ſome of your blood, or you ſome of theirs. I remember the firſt time I accompanied your grandfather into the Weſt, upon holding his parliament of tinners, as Warden of the Stannaries, when there was the moſt numerous appearance of gentry of both counties that had ever been remembered together; I obſerved there was hardly any one but whom he called Couſin, and I could not but obſerve at the ſame time how well they were pleaſed with it. Let this be a leſſon for you, when it comes to your turn to appear amongſt them. Nothing is more obliging than to ſeem to retain the memory of kindred and alliances, tho' never ſo remote; and by conſequence, nothing more diſobliging than a forgetfulneſs of them, which is always imputed to an affected, diſdainful ſuperiority and pride.

There is another particular, in my opinion, of no ſmall conſequence to the ſupport of your intereſt, which I would recommend to your imitation; and that is, to make *Stowe* your principal reſidence. I have heard your grandfather ſay, if ever he lived to be poſſeſſed of *New-Hall*, he would pull it down, that your father might have no temptation to withdraw from the ancient ſeat of his family. From the Conqueſt to the Reſtoration, your anceſtors conſtantly reſided amongſt their countrymen, except when the public ſervice called upon them to ſacrifice their lives for it.

Stowe,

Stowe, in your grandfather's time, till the civil wars broke out, was a kind of academy for all young men of family in the country: He provided himſelf with the beſt maſters, of all kinds, for education; and the children of his neighbours and friends ſhared the advantage with his own. Thus he, in a manner, became the father of his country, and not only engaged the affection of the preſent generation, but laid a foundation of friendſhip for poſterity, which is not worn out at this day.

Upon this foundation, my Lord, you inherit friends without the trouble of making them, and have only to preſerve them: An eaſy taſk for you, to whom nature has been ſo liberal of every quality neceſſary to attract affection and gain the heart.

I muſt tell you, the generality of our countrymen have been always *Royaliſts*. You inherit too much loyal blood to like them the worſe. There is an old ſaying amongſt them, "That a *Godolphin* was never "known to want wit; a *Trelawney* courage; or a "*Granville* loyalty." Wit and courage are not to be miſtaken; and to give thoſe families their due, they ſtill keep up their character; but it is the misfortune of loyalty not to be ſo clearly underſtood or defined. In a country ſubject to revolutions, what paſſes for loyalty to-day, may be treaſon to-morrow: But I make great difference between real and nominal treaſon. In the quarrel of the houſes of *York* and *Lancaſter*, both ſides were proclaimed traitors, as the others prevailed: Even under *Cromwell*'s Uſurpation, all who adhered to the King were proclaimed traitors, and ſuffered as ſuch. But this makes no alteration in the thing itſelf: It may be enacted treaſon to call *black*, *black*; or, *white*, *white*; but black will be black, and white will be white, in ſpite of all the leg ſlators in the world.

There can be no doubt about allegiance, unleſs Princes become tyrants, and then they ceaſe to be kings

kings: They will no longer be reſpected as God's vicegerents, who violate the laws they were ſworn to protect. The preacher may tell us of paſſive obedience; that tyrants are to be patiently ſuffered as ſcourges in the hands of a righteous God, to chaſtiſe a ſinful nation; and to be ſubmitted to, like plagues, famines, and ſuch like judgments from above. Such doctrines, were it true, could only ſerve to miſlead ill-judging Princes into a falſe ſecurity; men are not to be reaſoned out of their ſenſes: Human nature and ſelf-preſervation will eternally arm againſt ſlavery and oppreſſion.

It is therefore not to be ſuppoſed, that even the weakeſt Prince would run that hazard, unleſs ſeduced by advice wickedly palliated by evil counſellors. *Nero* himſelf, under the influence of a good miniſtry, was the mildeſt, the moſt gracious, and beſt beloved of the Emperors; the moſt ſanguinary, the moſt profligate, and the moſt abhorred under a bad one. A Prince may be deceived, or miſtaken, in the choice of his favourites; but he has this advantage, he is ſure to hear of it from the voice of the public. If then he is deaf, he ſeems to take upon himſelf the blame and odium of thoſe actions, which were chargeable before but upon his adviſers.

Idle murmurs, groundleſs diſcontents, and pretended jealouſies and fears, the effect of private prejudice and reſentments, have been, and will ever be, under the wiſeſt adminiſtrations: We are peſtered with them even now, when we have a Queen, who is known to have nothing ſo much at heart as the contentment of her people. Theſe are tranſitory vapours, which ſcatter at the firſt appearance of light; the infection ſpreads no farther than a particular ſet of ſour, ſplenetic enthuſiaſts in politics, not worth minding or correcting. Univerſal diſcontent can never happen but from ſolid provocations.

Many well-meaning perſons, however, abounding

in zeal, have been often unwarily caught by popular pretences, and not undeceived, till 'twas too late. Have a care, my dear couſin, of ſplitting upon that rock; there have been falſe *patriots*, as well as falſe *prophets*.

To fear GOD, *and honour the* KING, were injunctions ſo cloſely tacked together, that they ſeem to make but one and the ſame command: A man may as well pretend to be a good *Chriſtian* without fearing GOD, as a good ſubject without honouring the KING.

DEO, PATRIÆ, AMICIS, was your great-grandfather Sir BEVIL's *motto*. In three words he has added to his example a rule, which in following, you can never err in any duty of life. The brighteſt courage, and the gentleſt diſpoſition, is part of the Lord *Clarendon*'s character of him: So much of him you have begun to ſhew us already; and the beſt wiſh I can make for you, is, to reſemble him as much in all —but his untimely fate.

I am, my Lord, for ever, &c.

Second Letter to the ſame. Sept. 22.

EVERY living creature, my dear Lord, is entitled to offices of humanity: The diſtreſs even of an enemy ſhould reconcile us to him. If he thirſts, give him drink; if he hungers, give him food; overcome evil with good. It is with this diſpoſition I would have you enter into the exerciſe of that authority with which her Majeſty has honoured you over your countrymen. Let no-body inſpire you with party prejudices and reſentments. Let it be your buſineſs to reconcile differences and heal diviſions, and to reſtore, if poſſible, harmony and good neighbourhood among

amongſt them. If then there ſhould be any left to wiſh you ill, make them aſhamed and confounded with your goodneſs and moderation. Not that I would ever adviſe you to ſacrifice one hair of the head of an old friend to your family, to gain fifty new ones; but if you can increaſe the number by courteſy and moderation, it may be worth the trial.

Believe me, my dear Lord, humanity and generoſity make the beſt foundation to build a character upon. A man may have birth, and riches, and power, wit, learning, courage; but without generoſity, it is impoſſible to be a great man. Whatever the rich and powerful may think of themſelves; whatever value they may ſet upon their abundance and grandeur, they will find themſelves but the more hated and deſpiſed for the ill uſe they make of it. You ſhould look upon yourſelves but as ſtewards and truſtees for the diſtreſſed: Your over-abundance is but a depoſit for the uſe and relief of the unhappy: You are anſwerable for all ſuperfluities miſ-ſpent. It is not to be ſuppoſed, that Providence would have made ſuch diſtinctions among men, ſuch unequal diſtributions, but that they might endear themſelves to one another, by mutual helps and obligations. Gratitude is the ſureſt cement of love, friendſhip, and ſociety.

There are, indeed, rules to be obſerved, and meaſures are to be kept in the diſtribution of favours. We know who have both the power and inclination to do good; but for want of judgment in the direction, they paſs only for good-natured fools, inſtead of generous benefactors.

My Lord —— will grudge a guinea to an honeſt gentleman in diſtreſs, but readily give twenty to a common ſtrumpet. Another ſhall refuſe to lend 50*l.* to his beſt friend without ſufficient ſecurity, and the next moment ſet his whole fortune upon a card, or a dye; a chance for which he can have no ſecurity.

My Lord —— is to be ſeen every day at a toy-ſhop, ſquandering away his money in trinkets and baubles; and at the ſame time leaves his brothers and ſiſters without common neceſſaries.

Generoſity does not conſiſt in a contempt of money, in throwing it away at random, without judgment or diſtinction; (tho' that indeed is better than locking it up, for multitudes have the benefit of it) but in a right diſpoſition to proper objects, in proportion to the merit, the circumſtances, the rank, and condition of thoſe who ſtand in need of our ſervice.

PRINCES are more expoſed than any others to the miſplacing their favours. Merit is ever modeſt, and keeps its diſtance: The forward and importunate ſtand always neareſt in ſight, and are not to be put out of countenance, nor thruſt out of the way. I remember to have heard a ſaying of the late King *James*, *That he never knew a modeſt man make his way in a court.* *David Floyd*, whom you know, being then in waiting at his Majeſty's elbow, replied bluntly, *Pray, Sir, whoſe fault's that?* The King ſtood corrected, and was ſilent.

If Princes could ſee with their own eyes, and hear with their own ears, what a happy ſituation it would be both for themſelves and their ſubjects! To reward merit, to redreſs the injured, to relieve the oppreſſed, to raiſe the modeſt, to humble the inſolent; what a godlike prerogative! were a right uſe made of it.

How happy are you, my dear Lord, who are born with ſuch generous inclinations, with judgment to direct them, and the means to indulge them. Of all men moſt miſerable, is he who has the inclination without the means. To meet with a deſerving object of compaſſion, without having the power to give relief, of all the circumſtances in life, is the moſt diſagreeable: To have the power is the greateſt pleaſure. Methinks I ſee you ready to cry out—"Good "Couſin, why this diſcourſe to me? What occaſion

"have

" have I for theſe lectures?" None at all, my dear Lord; I am only making my court to you, by letting you ſee I think as you do. But one word more, and I have done. In truſt, intimacy, and confidence, be as particular as you pleaſe: In humanity, charity, and benevolence, univerſal.

I am for ever, &c.

To Mr. BEVIL GRANVILLE *upon his entering into Holy Orders.*

WHEN I look upon the date of your laſt letter, I muſt own myſelf blameable for not having ſooner returned you my thanks for it.

I approve very well of your reſolution of dedicating yourſelf to the ſervice of God; you could not chuſe a better maſter, provided you have ſo ſufficiently ſearched your heart, as to be perſuaded you can ſerve him well: In ſo doing, you may ſecure to yourſelf many bleſſings in this world, as well as a ſure expectation in the next.

There is one thing which I perceive you have not yet thoroughly purged yourſelf from, which is flattery. You have beſtowed ſo much of that upon me in your letter, that I hope you have no more left, and that you meant it only to take your leave of ſuch flights of fancy, which however well meant, oftener put a man out of countenance than oblige him.

You are now become a ſearcher after truth; I ſhall hereafter take it more kindly to be juſtly reproved by you, than to be undeſervedly complimented.

I would not have you underſtand me as if I recommended to you a ſour ſeverity, that is yet more to be avoided. Advice, like phyſic, ſhould be ſo ſweetened and prepared as to be made palatable, or nature may be apt to revolt againſt it. Be always ſincere, but at the ſame time always polite: Be hum-

ble, without deſcending from your character; re-
prove and correct, without offending good-manners;
to be a cynic is as bad as to be a ſycophant. You
are not to lay aſide the gentleman with your ſword,
nor to put on the gown to hide your birth and good-
breeding, but to adorn it.

Such has been the malice of the world from the
beginning, that pride, avarice, and ambition, have
been charged upon the prieſthood in all ages, in all
countries, and in all religions; What they are moſt
obliged to combat againſt in their pulpits, they are
moſt accuſed of encouraging in their conduct. It
behoves you therefore to be more upon your guard
in this, than in any other profeſſion. Let your ex-
ample confirm your doctrine, and let no man ever
have it in his power to reproach you with practiſing
contrary to what you preach.

You had an uncle, Dr. *Dennis Granville*, Dean
of *Durham*, whoſe memory I ſhall ever revere. Make
him your example. Sanctity ſat ſo eaſy, ſo un-
affected, and ſo graceful upon him, that in him we
beheld the very beauty of holineſs. He was as cheer-
ful as familiar; and condeſcending in his converſa-
tion, as he was ſtrict, regular, and exemplary in
his piety; as well bred and accompliſhed as a cour-
tier, as reverend and venerable as an apoſtle: He
was indeed every thing apoſtolical, for he abandoned
all to follow his Lord and Maſter.

May you reſemble him! May he revive in you!
May his ſpirit deſcend upon you as *Elijah*'s upon
Eliſha! and may the great God of Heaven in guid-
ing, directing, and ſtrengthening your pious reſolu-
tions, pour down his beſt and choiceſt bleſſings upon
you! You ſhall ever find me, dear nephew,

Your affectionate uncle,

LANSDOWNE.

Mrs. NICHOLSON *to Maſter* ISAAC BURGES, *on his undutiful Behaviour to his Mother.*

Dear Nephew, Aſhby-Park, May 13, 1754.

DO not imagine that your undutifulneſs to your mother has eſcaped either my notice or my reſentment: Yes, I have heard, child, of your ingratitude; and fearing that your dependence upon me poſſibly may have encouraged you to diſobey ſo good a parent, I have determined to offer you, my dear, a little piece of advice upon the occaſion, which you may treat with what regard you think proper.—I take it for granted, *Iſaac*, that you are ſo well at leaſt inſtructed in chriſtian principles, as to underſtand that it is expreſly commanded you in the holy ſcriptures to *honour your father and your mother*. Your dear father, *Iſaac*, is no more; your poor mother a diſconſolate widow. Ought you not rather, my dear, to aſſiſt her (as far as you are capable of ſo doing) to bear her irretrievable loſs with patience, than by an unkind and graceleſs behaviour to add to her affliction? Conſider your obligations to her maternal tenderneſs and love for you in a helpleſs infancy; her aſſiduity to improve your underſtanding in increaſing years, and that inceſſant thought and ſolicitude for your happineſs, which is common to all good parents, but has been in her moſt remarkably conſpicuous. I am ſorry for what has happened, and hope that goodneſs of nature has not ſo far forſaken you, as to have left you without your ſhare of remorſe for your ungenerous deportment. It is better to confeſs a fault and forſake it, than to perſevere in the defence of it. Therefore, child, (if you have any ſort of reverence for the moſt reſpectable character in the world) go this inſtant to your offended good mother, and intreat her to forgive you; other

otherwiſe, *Iſaac*, you can never hope for a bleſſing upon your endeavours from the great Giver of all things, who is, in a peculiar ſenſe, the univerſal *parent* of the world. And leſt (as I ſaid) you might flatter yourſelf with expectations from me, this I do declare to you, that no conſideration upon earth can prevail upon me to befriend or countenance you in the minuteſt article, till I am ſatisfied of your ſubmiſſion; for he who can be undutiful to a mother, can never have any great regard for his inferior connections. Reflect upon theſe things in proportion to their importance, and you will alwa ys find me,

Your affectionate Aunt.

Maſter BURGES *to Mrs.* NICHOLSON.

Wincheſter-College, May 18, 1755.

Dear and honoured MADAM,

I RECEIVED your kind letter, and am very thankful for it. I have wrote to my mother, but am aſhamed to ſend the letter, it being unworthy her acceptance without your recommendation; which if you will be pleaſed to honour it with, you will greatly oblige, honoured Madam,

Your ever dutiful Nephew.

Maſter BURGES *to his Mother.*

Wincheſter-College, May 18, 1755.

Honoured MADAM,

I AM very unhappy in having diſobliged you, and am aſhamed to think that I have ſo little command of temper. Permit me to plead that in excuſe, for I think I ſhall never be ſo abandoned (and I pray God I never may) as to forget that it is the indiſpenſible duty of children to obey their parents, and that ingrati-

ingratitude in a favourite ſon is but one degree below impiety.

I am, Madam, with the utmoſt concern for what has paſt, *Your moſt dutiful and affectionate Son.*

Mr. ARLINGTON *to Miſs* SERLE.

IF it had been poſſible, Madam, when you were preſent, to have fixed my attention on any other object, the multitude of your amiable ſex aſſembled laſt night at *Ranelagh* was ſufficient to have put me to the trial. The beauty of your perſon, Madam, conſpires with the delicacy and modeſty of your deportment to attract univerſal admiration. And tho' I know myſelf to be equal in fortune to but few of the numbers which adore you, permit me, fair excellence, to affirm, that in my unalterable eſteem, and might I preſume to ſay *affection*, for the dear Miſs *Serle*, I could be ſuperior to them all. It would be the ſole employment of my thoughts, as it is the height of my ambition, to be, Madam,

Yours, &c.

Mrs. STEVENSON *to Mr.* ARLINGTON.

SIR,

YOUR regard for my niece *Arabella* may (for any thing I know) do honour to the child, and to our family; but I muſt beg of you (in the name of my ſiſter *Serle*, who is at preſent very much indiſpoſed) to deſiſt from your importunities. My niece, Sir, I am perſuaded, has no kind of intention to encourage any gentleman's addreſſes without our approbation and conſent: And I muſt beg leave to aſſure you, that my ſiſter and I have determined to ſtay till ſhe is quite of age before we give any ſort of

of attention to the addreſſes of her admirers. *Arabella*, Sir, is not yet entered into her ſixteenth year, notwithſtanding her womanly appearance; and although her charms, which may *attract* admiration, are in her own power, her fortune, which muſt *ſecure* it, is in her guardian's.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

To his Grace the Duke of ——

My LORD, *Little Windmill-Street, Feb.* 22

THE neceſſity which obliges me to ſolicit your Grace's patronage and protection, will plead a ſlight apology in favour of the liberty which I take and that intimacy which your Grace was pleaſed to promote between my father and uncle, and the Marquis your ſon, ſets me in ſome meaſure above the want of an excuſe. That ſeat in parliament, my Lord, to which their zeal for their country (by your Grace's countenance and favour) animated them to aſpire, has compleated the ruin of our family. I have a brother, my Lord, and five ſiſters, who now unite to ſolicit your Grace's intereſt to procure for our ſubſiſtence, if it be poſſible, ſuch relief from the Miniſtry, as it ſhall ſeem expedient to your Grace's wiſdom to confer upon us. I humbly beg pardon, my Lord, for the trouble of this importunate petition; but not having been able to gain admittance to your Grace's perſon ſince the death of my father, I am reduced to the neceſſity of preſenting your Grace this addreſs, with all humility, and am, my Lord,

Your Grace's moſt obedient, obliged, devoted, humble ſervant, HENRY ALDERSON.

His Grace's Anſwer.

Mr. ALDERSON,

I AM heartily ſorry to hear of the neceſſity to which your family is reduced, by the zeal of your

ther and uncle to ſerve their country in parliament. It is true, in their endeavours to gain a ſeat in the Houſe, they had my countenance and encouragement; but I never ſuppoſed they would have carried things to ſuch a length, as to ſpend their eſtates and impoveriſh their relations. However, when zeal for a good cauſe is attended with indiſcretion, I think it deſerves to be pitied; at leaſt, they muſt be allowed to be objects of compaſſion, who ſuffer for the folly and miſconduct of others. On this conſideration I ſhall uſe what intereſt I have with the Miniſtry, to make ſuch proviſion for you as they may ſee moſt convenient, and conſiſtent with their duty to his Majeſty and to the public, whoſe ſtewards they are, and whoſe treaſure they ought not wantonly to ſquander away. You know I am a courtier, and as ſuch, I ſuppoſe, you apply to me; but I hope I ſhall convince you that one part of that character does not belong to me, for I really feel your misfortunes, and aſſure you that I am, with ſincerity,

Your real friend, &c.

From an Officer's Wife to a Brother, whom ſhe had not ſeen for many Years.

My dear Brother,

I MOST thankfully accept of your kind invitation, and would gladly bring my little boy with me, but that I think myſelf capable of giving your family trouble enough without him; and his father tells me he has a hundred reaſons againſt it, ninety-nine of which he condeſcends to keep to himſelf, and the other I find is this, that he apprehends the affection you have for the child, will induce you to come and ſpend ſome time with us this ſummer in the country.

And now, my dear brother, as it is many years ſince you ſaw me, and as women do ſometimes alter

for

for the worſe when turned of thirty, to which alteration, it is probable, *half pay* may be no hindrance, I deſire you will avoid thoſe natural exclamations of *Dear heart, how you are altered! Why, ſiſter, you are not the ſame perſon! I proteſt I ſhould not have known you! Why, the wrinkles have devoured your forehead! &c. &c.* for as it is a rule with me never to tell other people impertinent unpleaſing truths, ſo I would gladly avoid hearing any thing of that ſort to my own diſadvantage. Pray inform our mutual friends of this, and tell them I am a near relation to the Spectator, and that I don't love to be ſtared at.

Dear brother, adieu!—Next Thurſday I hope to be happy, for then I hope to meet you at *Bath*. I ſhall ſet out in the machine to-morrow. The Captain refuſes to incloſe his compliments in this letter. He ſays, 'tis more reſpectful to ſend a perſon on purpoſe; and I am the *courier* he has made choice of whom he intends to diſpatch, as I obſerved to you in a machine. I am, my dear brother, and ever ſhall be, *Your affectionate ſiſter, &c.*

A Letter from a Lady to a Maid-Servant, who has left her: In which is contained an uſeful Leſſon for all Perſons in that State of Life.

Dear SALLY,

I HAD your letter very ſafe, and although I have failed to anſwer it before, yet my daily prayers and beſt wiſhes have conſtantly attended you. I truſt you have the good fortune to pleaſe where you are, as I hear nothing to the contrary: I go by the old ſaying, *No news is good news*. If you are ſo happy as to be in favour with the good family that you have the honour to ſerve, I make no queſtion but your continuing in it by a conſtant endeavour to do

ſerve it. I told you above, and I told you truth, that I daily remember you in my prayers; and at the ſame time I will not ſuppoſe that you forget to remember yourſelf. I fancy you lie with the other maid, and know not that you have a cloſet or retiring place to yourſelf; but whether you have or not, I intreat you let no pretence whatever prevail on you to omit an indiſpenſible duty: Let no falſe notion of modeſty ſuffer you to neglect an action that it is your utmoſt glory to perform. I hope your fellow-ſervant thinks as ſhe ought on this occaſion; but if ſhe be ſo unhappy as not to do it, endeavour to gain her over by your example, but beware of being perverted by hers. To wake in a morning, and without addreſſing the throne of grace to commit ourſelves to the hazards of the day, is ſuch a degree of impiety and fool-hardineſs, as ſhocks one but to think on; and ſurely it is equally the blackeſt ingratitude to cloſe our eyes at night, without returning our unfeigned thanks for the dangers we have eſcaped: thoſe eyes, for aught we know, may never be again uncloſed in this world.—I was going to offer ſome advice of another kind, but I recollect that, perform but your duty to your Creator, and all the reſt is included. Be ſure in whatever you are about to do, think always on what is due to the dignity of your nature. Conſider, that although you are placed by Providence in the degree of a ſervant, yet your immortal ſoul is of an equal rank with that of an Empreſs. This counſel at the firſt glance may appear to encourage pride; but if duly attended to, it will be far otherwiſe, and prove the moſt effectual means to extinguiſh it; for a proper conſideration on the ſeveral degrees of men in the order the wiſdom of God has placed them with relation to this life, will teach you to condeſcend to your ſuperiors without meanneſs, and learn you to diſtinguiſh yourſelf from thoſe below you without arrogance; it will hinder adverſity

from oppreſſing you; and if proſperity be your lo
(as I heartily wiſh it may), it will find you worthy o
it; in a word, it will make you equal to good for-
tune, and ſuperior to ill. Mr. *H*— joins me in th
beſt reſpects to your maſter and lady, and Mr. ***
I deſire you, whenever you are inclined to write t
me, that you would chuſe out half an hour whe
you can beſt be ſpared, and aſk leave; this will ſav
you the confuſion of equivocating, if you are de-
manded what has been your employment, and pre-
vent your turning an indifferent action into a guilt
one: for be ſure never to forget, your time is no
your own, but is entirely due to thoſe you ſerve, an
that you can never juſtly employ any of it on you
own occaſions without leave. Pray, good *Sally*, think
of that. I was concerned to find you had laid out ſ
much money in play-things for the children; however
I acknowledge myſelf obliged to your good-nature
I ſhall take the hint from you of ſending this free t
London, and ſave half the poſtage. Obſerve my me-
thod, and be not above being taught by any one, an
thing that is worthy the trouble of learning; n
matter who it is teaches, provided the inſtruction
are good. Adieu, dear *Sally*! Do me the juſtice t
believe this letter dictated from a heart full of th
warmeſt wiſhes for your welfare, from one who wi
always regard every piece of happineſs that befal
you as an additional one to herſelf, for I am, *&c.*

Merchan

Merchants and people in trade enter all their letters of conſequence in a book, that they may be the better able to prove their contracts; and when they write to a correſpondent abroad, they generally incloſe him a copy of their laſt letter, that he may know how to conduct himſelf, in caſe the original ſhould miſcarry.

Mr. WILL. WILSON *and Mr.* JOHN THOMPSON.

GENTLEMEN, Porto, *the* 23*d of* Feb. 1748.

SINCE our laſt of the 19th inſtant, we have your eſteemed favour of the 7th and 16th of *January*, incloſing us *James Lovell*'s bill on *Loſteau, Bond, and Dumerais*, for 450 rs. which meets with due acceptance, and we doubt not will be punctually paid; when your account ſhall be credited accordingly. We think proper to caution you againſt taking any more of *R. Grove*'s bills, we having one remitted to us which we were obliged to proteſt for non-acceptance: but this to ourſelves. We ſhall obſerve to ſhip your wines in the manner you direct, and are very eaſy as to your remittance. *Hallum* does not appear as yet. We ſalute you and the good family with great reſpect, and are, *&c.*

SIRS Porto, *the* 27*th ditto.*

SINCE the above copy of our laſt of the 23d inſtant, we have received your favour of the 30th *January per* poſt, covering a remittance of £649 ſterling, on *Richlieu* and *Co.* and ourſelves, which meets with due compliance. You need not make yourſelves uneaſy for remittances for us, ſeeing bills are ſo ſcarce: for two or three poſts, more or leſs, does not ſignify. The *Clifford*, Captain *Hallum*, is ſafe arrived, and we ſhall to-morrow acquaint Mr.

Bourdneau and the Captain with the contents of your letter. We intend to ſend you 42 pipes of wine *per* the *Gallant Enterprize*, Captain *Jones*, and 30 more by Captain *Hallum*, which is all that offers at preſent. We wiſh you much felicity, and remain, Sirs,

Your very humble ſervants, &c.

P. S. We are apprehenſive that your affairs at *Barcelona* will not ſucceed to your expectation, having juſt received advice that no ſhips from the North are to be admitted there without bringing certificates that they are free from any plague or peſtilence. This occaſioned by the ſickneſs now raging in the *Morea* and the *Levant*, from which God protect us all.

From a Merchant *to a* Tradeſman *under Misfortune*

SIR,

YOUR letter is before me. I compaſſionate your caſe, and notwithſtanding the money I have loſt by you, I ſhould willingly join with your other friends, and give you freſh credit, could I be aſſured you would alter your courſe of life, and become an œconomiſt for the future. But when a man has imprudently ſpent, or (which is nearly the ſame thing) ſuffered other people to ſpend his own fortune there is, I think, little hopes of his taking care of mine. You ſay that you have been induſtrious, and done a great deal of buſineſs with your own hands. It may be true, but the buſineſs you have done were better undone. You always went on without any *method*, was in a perpetual hurry, and in purſuit of forty things at a time, which muſt naturally create confuſion, and prevent your doing any thing to the purpoſe. There is a ſtory told of the gu

De Wit, which is not an improper leſſon for you. When that great man, who did an amazing deal of buſineſs with his own hands, was aſked how he could poſſibly accompliſh ſo much, and with ſuch coolneſs and regularity, he anſwered, that it was *by doing one thing at a time*. Had you purſued this maxim, and withal, let me add, had you got up at ſix in the morning, inſtead of laying in bed till nine or ten, your affairs had been in a different ſituation. You would then, before your cuſtomers came to your ſhop, have had time to have examined your accounts, to have regulated your expences, and might have prevented a profuſe family from driving you to this extreme diſtreſs. Not that I intend hereby to caſt any reflection on your wife; for I believe ſhe, poor woman, was miſled by appearances, and from the buſtle of buſineſs you was in, taught to believe, that a great deal of money was making for her uſe, part of which ſhe had a right to employ, ſo that her family might cut a figure in the neighbourhood. This, and many of your bad debts, occaſioned by your not demanding the money in time, ariſes from a neglect of your books, and verifies the old maxim, *he who keeps his accounts may keep his family, but he that keeps no account may be kept by the pariſh.* There is a reputation you ſee even in breaking. For you, though your eſtate has been ſo conſiderable, as to produce a large dividend for your creditors, are not half ſo much eſteemed as your neighbour, who paid only five ſhillings in the pound, and for this evident reaſon; his books were regular; through his whole affairs there were great marks of care and circumſpection, and it appeared that his miſcarriage was owing to an unavoidable train of misfortunes; whereas yours can only be aſcribed to your folly and indiſcretion.

But I beg pardon, Sir; I have done. What I have ſaid is true, but truths of this ſort are diſpleaſing,

ſing, and perhaps at this time may ſavour of inhumanity, though intended for your good.

Your father was an honeſt, worthy man, and my old and much eſteemed friend; and to let you ſee that my friendſhip died not with him, I will lend you five hundred pounds, which will probably do you more ſervice than truſting you with the ſixty pounds worth of goods you have mentioned; for with the money you may go to market, buy your goods to the beſt advantage, pay for them, and receive a diſcount, which perhaps may be the beſt means to eſtabliſh your credit; and you will then have an opportunity of going to my warehouſe, or any other that may beſt ſuit with your intereſt or inclination, the former of which ſhould, I think, be preferred in the caſe before us; and I do ſincerely deſire of you never to buy any goods of me, that you can get better or cheaper any where elſe. 'Tis not the way to be wealthy. My beſt wiſhes will always attend you and your ſpouſe, to whom pray make my compliments. *I am, &c.*

From an elder *to a* younger Brother, *repreſenting to him the fatal conſequences that muſt inevitably attend his perſiſting in his Extravagance.*

Dear HARRY,

YOU muſt imagine, if you give yourſelf time to reflect, that your misfortunes, as being an only brother, affect me almoſt as much as my own; which, you are ſenſible, are not a few: But then you know very well, that mine are owing to unforeſeen accidents, and not to wilful profuſion. This conſideration ſupports me under them; but as to what I have ſuffered on your account, that indeed has been occaſioned by my own indiſcretion. Whilſt my

my father and mother were living, they not only ſupplied you with every thing that was neceſſary and convenient, but even indulged you in your extravagance. What they left behind them is now devolved upon me; and both nature and prudence direct me to make the beſt uſe of it I am able. I acknowledge I am inclined to ſerve you to the utmoſt of my power; but, my dear brother, which way can I do it effectually? The many ſupplies you received from our indulgent parents were actually thrown away, becauſe, through your own miſapplication of them, they gave you no real aſſiſtance. And, pray, what meaſures can I take to relieve you? Had you made a proper uſe of your friends readineſs to ſerve you, you had been happy long ago; but, to ſpeak freely, your preſent diſtreſs is entirely owing to your own folly. The fortune you had, with prudent management, would have afforded you a comfortable ſubſiſtence all your life; whereas you have ſquandered it away in leſs than two years time. Were I able and willing to give you as much more, what reaſon is there to ſuppoſe you would be a better œconomiſt for the future? All I am worth in the world, at your rate of living, would ſupport you but a few years; and as I think it my duty to take care of my own family, I muſt not injure *them* by relieving *you*. Were I to ſend you the money you require, what other purpoſe would it ſerve, than to lengthen your credit, and involve you farther in debt? This has always been the caſe, whenever I have aſſiſted you; and therefore it is now time to withdraw my favours. Nevertheleſs, when I am ſufficiently convinced of your reformation, you may depend upon all reaſonable aſſiſtance from

Your affectionate brother,

R. WILSON.

From

From a Guardian *to his* Ward, *on his irregular Courſe of Life during his Apprenticeſhip.*

Dear WILLIAM,

YOU are ſenſible that a true friendſhip always ſubſiſted between your father and myſelf, and that he was pleaſed to conſtitute me the ſole executor of his laſt will and teſtament, wherein he committed you to my care during your minority. I have accordingly had a watchful eye over your deportment, and am ſorry to hear that you keep bad company and bad hours, are frequently overtaken with liquor, and tranſgreſs the rules of your maſter's houſe, ſo as to give great uneaſineſs to the whole family. I am likewiſe informed, that you treat your maſter's cooleſt expoſtulations in a manner that no ways becomes you, giving him pert anſwers, and putting on ſaucy airs. Nay, inſtead of amendment, you repeat the offence for which he reproves you, and turn his admonitions to ridicule amongſt your profligate aſſociates. Give me leave, therefore, to ſet before you, in a true light, the fatal conſequences that muſt attend you without a ſpeedy reformation.

In the firſt place, how can you in conſcience break through that ſolemn contract, which you have bound yourſelf faithfully to obſerve? Or what excuſe can I make to your maſter, to whom I ſtand engaged for your good behaviour? You are now but ſeventeen, an age too young to be your own maſter, and act without reſtraint. Stay, then, till you are one or two and twenty at leaſt, before you take the liberty of keeping what hours and what company you pleaſe; and even then it will be neceſſary to controul yourſelf, for fear of contracting vicious habits, which are not eaſily forſaken.

Conſider

Conſider, I beg of you, before it is too late, into what inconveniences and diſtreſs ſuch a courſe of life may lead you; and what trouble you will give your ſincereſt friends, by perſevering in your evil ways. And then again, have an eye to the golden rule, of doing as you would be done by. Aſk yourſelf, whether your preſent behaviour is ſuch as you would approve of in an apprentice of your own? Are you ſo capable of purſuing your maſter's buſineſs the next morning, as if you had gone to bed ſober, and in proper time? If not, your miſ-ſpent evenings are a double diſadvantage to your maſter. And will not theſe ſmall liberties (as you call them) lead you on, in time, to others of a more dangerous and deſtructive nature? Believe me, it is not in every one's power to ſtop when he pleaſes; and by ill-habits long perſiſted in, you may arrive to ſuch a pitch of obduracy, as to bid defiance to all laws, both human and divine.

For my part, I ſerved ſeven years, not only with pleaſure, but (I hope) with reputation; and though I was not my own maſter till I was two and twenty, I thought it was full ſoon enough. I don't know what your ſentiments may be on the like occaſion; but I wiſh you may conſult your intereſt and credit as much as I have done, and not take ſuch liberties as I cannot think either reputable or honeſt.

You are now at an age, wherein you ſhould ſtudy to cultivate your mind, not to indulge yourſelf in pleaſures. By reading proper books, and keeping good company, you will acquire a large ſtock of wiſdom and experience; you will uſefully employ your leiſure hours; avoid many temptations; enlarge your ideas of men and things; contract your expences; and, in a word, you will learn to look down with an eye of contempt on thoſe frothy companions, who now give you ſo much ſatisfaction and delight.

Nothing but my ſincere regard for your future welfare

welfare could have induced me thus to repreſent to you the dangerous tendency of your preſent conduct; and I hope my friendly admonitions will have the deſired effect, ſo that I may not have cauſe to repent of taking upon me the important truſt which your father repoſed in me. If I ſhould hear of the ſucceſs of theſe remonſtrances, you ſhall want for no encouragement from

Yours, &c.

From an Apprentice *to his* Maſter *in the Country.*

SIR,

SINCE you left home nothing material has happened in the family, nor any buſineſs offered, but what we have been able to accompliſh to the ſatisfaction of the cuſtomers. This I thought it my duty to inform you of (as I find your affairs will detain you longer in the country than you expected) and to aſſure you that buſineſs here, during your abſence, ſhall be carried on with as much care and fidelity, as if your eye was over us. Sir *Richard Rowland* has diſcharged his account, and bought eight pieces of the ſame holland, with which he is perfectly well pleaſed. Captain *Jordan* arrived yeſterday. I ſaw him laſt night, and he tells me he has executed your commiſſion much to his ſatisfaction, and hopes it will be to yours. The good family are all well. Every body longs for your return, and my good miſtreſs begins to be impatient; however, nobody expects you till the buſineſs you went about is compleated, and if in the mean time any thing of conſequence ſhould happen, you may depend on hearing immediately from, Sir,

Yours, &c.

From

From a Tradeſman *to his* Correſpondent, *requeſting the Payment of a Sum of Money.*

SIR,

A VERY unexpected demand that has been made on me for money, which I was in hopes of keeping longer in my trade, obliges me to apply for your aſſiſtance of the balance of the account between us, or as much of it as you can ſpare. When I have an opportunity to inform you of the nature of this demand, and the neceſſity of my diſcharging it, you will readily excuſe the freedom I now take with you; and as 'tis an affair of ſuch conſequence to my family, I know the friendſhip you bear me, will induce you to ſerve me effectually.

I am, Sir, your moſt obedient ſervant.

The Anſwer.

SIR,

IT gives me ſingular ſatisfaction, that I have it in my power to anſwer your demand, and am able to ſerve a man I ſo much eſteem. The balance of the account is two hundred pounds, for which I have procured a bank note, and for ſecurity divided it, and ſent one-half by the carrier, and incloſed the other. I wiſh you may ſurmount this and every other difficulty that lays in your road to happineſs; and am, Sir,

Yours ſincerely.

From

From a Father *to his* Son, *on his Admission into the University.*

My dear Son,

YOU are now going into the wide world. Every step you take is attended with *danger*, and requires *caution*. My eye is upon you no longer, and the vigilance of governors, and the *care* of *tutors* cannot follow you every where. Few will have *concern* or *affection* enough to advise you *faithfully*. Your *conduct* must be a good deal regulated by your own *reflections*. The only secure *paths* are those of *religion* and virtue, in which it will not be difficult for you to walk, if you live agreeably to the *simplicity* of life, which the rules of *academical societies* prescribe. Mix not intemperance with your *growing* years, nor treasure up infirmities against an age the *fittest* for employment. You have received health from your parents, and you owe it to your children. Be careful in the choice of your company; pay civility to all; have friendship with few; not too quickly with any: An idle companion will corrupt and disgrace you while you associate with him, and asperse and expose you when you shall shake him off. In this, be advised by those, whom I intrust to do all good offices for you. Whenever you find yourself with persons of superior *age*, *quality*, or *station* or *endowments*, pay a deference to them: So much is due to their *experience* and *character*. *Modesty* is the most amiable virtue, especially in a young man who professes himself a *learner*. Possibly, in a large society, you may meet with some bold young men, who will think to arrogate to themselves a *value* amongst their well-bred companions, by daring to say and do *abusive* things to their governors: But don't you imi-

such examples; for *impudence* is not *magnanimity*. A brave mind is seen in persevering through the difficulties of a virtuous course; in the conquest of irregular appetites and passions, and in scorning to do any thing that is mean or base. Have nothing to do with *politicks*, which when you shall have studied all your life, you will not have found out what will hereafter be the *humours*, or *resentments*, or *private interest*, or *public views* of men in power: A study which, as it is generally directed, rather leads from virtue, is foreign to your *present purpose*; and in which if you could really have any skill, at your age it would seem to be *affected*. Take the proper advantages of living in a society. Observe the different *tempers* and *dispositions* of men; shun their *vices*, imitate their *virtues*; make use of their *learning*, and let the many eyes that are upon you, the conscience of your duty, and an indignation to be insignificant, raise an *emulation* in you to excel in some kind of art or knowledge that may hereafter be useful to the public. From the moment of your entrance take care of your *reputation*. Let not one exercise go out of your hands that hath not employed your utmost diligence. Notwithstanding the affection I have for you, I shall not be able to do you the service I desire, unless you assist me with your *character*. And in all doubtful cases, let not your *father*, who loves you best, and your *Governors*, who are well able to direct you, be the *only friends* you will *not* consult.

I am, &c.

*From Lady *** to her Daughter, a Girl of twelve Years old, then under the Care of her Grandmother in the Country.*

My dear Child,

THOUGH I know you want no precepts under my mother's care, to inſtruct you in all moral and religious duties; yet there are ſome things ſhe may poſſibly forget to remind you of, which are highly neceſſary for the forming your mind, ſo as to make that figure in the world I could wiſh you to do. I am certain you will be kept up to your muſic, ſinging and dancing, by the beſt maſters the country affords, and need not doubt, but you will very often be told that good houſewifery is a moſt commendable quality. I would have you indeed neglect none of theſe branches of education; but, my dear, I ſhould be grieved to hear you were ſo much attached to them as not to be able to devote two hours, at leaſt, every day to reading. My father left a collection of very excellent books in all languages behind him, which are yet in being, and as you are tolerably acquainted with the *French* and *Italian*, I would have you not be altogether a ſtranger to their authors. Poetry, if it be good, (as in that library you will find none that is not ſo) very much elevates the ideas, and harmonizes the ſoul; and well-wrote novels are an amuſement, in which ſometimes you may indulge yourſelf; but hiſtory is what I would chiefly recommend: Without ſome knowledge of this, you will be accounted at beſt but an agreeable triſler.—I would have you gay, lively and entertaining, but then I would have you able to improve, as well as divert the company you may happen to fall into.

But, my dear child, I muſt warn you to beware with what diſpoſition you ſit down to read books

his nature; for if you lightly ſkim them over, and merely to gratify your curioſity with the amazing events delivered in them, the reſearch will afford you little advantage:—You muſt, therefore, conſider what you read; mark well the chain of accidents which bring on any great cataſtrophe, and this will ſhew you that nothing happens by chance, but all is entirely governed by the directions of an over-ruling Power.—In diſtinguiſhing the true cauſes of the riſe and fall of empires, and thoſe ſtrange revolutions that have happened in moſt kingdoms of the world, you will admire divine juſtice, and be far from accuſing Providence of partiality, when you find, as frequently you will, the good dethroned, all rites both human and divine ſacrilegiouſly trampled upon, a mock authority eſtabliſhed in the place of a real one, and lawleſs uſurpation proſper; becauſe at the ſame time you will ſee that this does not happen, till the people, grown bold in iniquity, and ripe for deſtruction, have drawn down upon themſelves the ſevereſt vengeance of offended heaven, which is tyranny and oppreſſion; and though innocent individuals may ſuffer in the general calamity, yet it is for the good of the whole, in order to bring them to a juſt ſenſe of their tranſgreſſions, and turn them from their evil ways.—This the hiſtorical part of the Bible makes manifeſt in numberleſs inſtances; and this, the calamities which at different times have befel every kingdom and commonwealth evidently confirm.

I am the more particular in giving you theſe cautions, becauſe, without obſerving them, you may be liable to imbibe prejudices which will pervert your judgment, and render you guilty of injuſtice, without knowing you are ſo. As you regard therefore my commands, which will always be for your improvement and emolument, never be remiſs in this point.

Next to hiſtory, I ſhall be glad to ſee you have ſome ſmattering in natural philoſophy.——You have

already read ſeveral little treatiſes in that agreeable ſcience, and you may be furniſhed with more and better where you are.——The ſame perſon that brings you thoſe neceſſaries you deſired me to ſend, will alſo deliver to you glaſſes of various kinds, by the help of which you may diſcover plainly the form of many inſects, which to the naked eye appear but ſo many moving motes!——Believe me, child, the wide creation preſents nothing that affords not infinite matter for a delightful ſpeculation; and the more you examine the works of nature, the more you will learn to love and adore the great God of nature, the fountain of all pleaſure. I expect your next will be filled with no enquiries on new faſhions, nor any directions to your milliner; nor ſhall I be better ſatisfied with an account of your having begun, or finiſhed, ſuch or ſuch a piece of fine work: This may inform you that it is other kinds of learning I would have you verſed in.—I flatter myſelf with ſeeing my commands obeyed, and that no part of what I have ſaid will be loſt upon you, which a little more time and knowledge of the world will ſhew you the value of, and prove to you, more than any indulgence I could treat you with, how very much I am

Your affectionate mother.

A Letter from the Marquis DE MONTESQUIEU, *to a young Gentleman, on reading Hiſtory.*

SIR,

I HAVE learnt with much pleaſure, that you have reſolved to exerciſe a regular courſe of ſtudy in the country, and to continue it even at *Paris*, and with the army, in proportion as you ſhall have time. But you do me too much honour to conſult me about the reading you ſhould make choice of, being

ſo capable of making that choice yourſelf. Nevertheleſs, ſince you abſolutely require that I ſhould explain myſelf thereupon, I ſhall not heſitate to tell you that I ſhould prefer the reading of hiſtory to all other. It is an opinion of which I have given a public teſtimony, and that I ſhall never change. Inſtead of quoting the paſſage where I ſpeak advantageouſly of hiſtory, I had rather write it in this letter for your eaſe and my own. You will not have the trouble to look for the book, and I ſhall not have that of recollecting the arguments I then advanced. That hiſtory inſtructs us in an engaging and agreeable manner; that the greater part of the other ſciences give precepts which our mind uſually ſlights, becauſe it loves freedom, and becauſe it takes pleaſure in oppoſing every thing that ſavours of command. I added, that inſtead of thoſe imperious maxims, hiſtory gives us only reflections to make upon the events that ſhe diſplays before our eyes, and that thoſe events are ſo many examples which we have to follow or avoid. She makes us attend the councils of ſovereigns, and enables us to diſtinguiſh flattery from good advice. She deſcribes ſieges and battles to us, and makes us take notice of the faults or good conduct of the generals. In a word, ſhe gives us in a few years, an experience that many years cannot give without her aſſiſtance. Will you permit me to improve upon what I have ſaid, and to take from a better fund than my own? A moſt eloquent prelate will ſupply me with two or three periods which you will be very glad to know. He ſpeaks of a great and ingenious princeſs which we have juſt loſt, and ſays, that the reſolution of proſecuting the ſtudy of wiſdom kept her engaged to the reading of which we ſpeak. That hiſtory is rightly called the wiſe counſellor of Princes. It is there, continued he, that the greateſt Kings have no more rank than by their virtues; and that degraded for ever by the hand of death,

they undergo without court and without retinue, the judgment of all people and of all ages. It is there we diſcover that the gloſs of flattery is ſuperficial, and that falſe colours will not laſt, how ingeniouſly ſoever they be laid on. There our admirable Princes ſtudied the duties of thoſe whoſe lives compoſe hiſtory, &c. You ſee, ſir, that I have kept my word, what I have borrowed is better than what is my own, and that I have thought of nothing but ſatisfying you, without conſidering that I was going to deſtroy the good opinion you might have of my writings. I will even tell you what hiſtorian I ſhould prefer for pleaſure and for inſtruction. It is *Plutarch*, whom the too ſevere critics will hardly acknowledge to be an hiſtorian. I muſt allow indeed that he has not made any body of hiſtory, and that he has left none but particular and unconnected lives. But what hiſtories can be found which pleaſe and inſtruct like theſe lives? at leaſt, what perſon can read them without reliſhing a thouſand beauties, and remarking every moment maxims of morality and politics? *Plutarch* introduces them naturally, he gathers none but flowers that grow under his feet, and does not go out of his way to gather others. He paints the man whoſe life he relates; he makes him known ſuch as he was at the head of the armies, in the government of the people, in his own family, and in his pleaſures. In fine, Sir, I ſhould be of the opinion of an author who ſaid, that if he was conſtrained to fling all the books of the antients into the ſea, *Plutarch* ſhould be the laſt drowned. We will ſay more of this when we go to **** with the M. of M ****. If you would entertain your friends with leſs ceremony, I ſhould already have made you this viſit, but you treat at your houſe as ſumptuouſly as if the Superintendancy was ſtill in your family. I am moſt abſolutely, Sir,

Your moſt humble and moſt obedient ſervant,

Fr

From a young Man nearly out of his Apprenticeſhip to the Father of a young Lady who viſited in the Family.

SIR,

IF I was not conſcious that my behaviour during my apprenticeſhip to Mr. *Towers*, would plead in my favour with one, whoſe intimacy in the family has made him not entirely unacquainted with it, I ſhould not dare to write to you on this occaſion.

But, before I preſume to mention the ſubject of this letter, permit me to obſerve, that my apprenticeſhip will expire at *Lady-Day* next; when, beſides my expectations from a maiden aunt, and ſome other of my relations, I ſhall have two thouſand pounds at my own diſpoſal, which, together with my natural induſtry, love of buſineſs, and the knowledge I have acquired under ſo good a maſter, will enable me to enter into buſineſs with ſome degree of reputation, and with a proſpect of ſucceſs. Having laid before you, Sir, a faithful account of the preſent ſtate of my affairs, I muſt beg your permiſſion to add, that I have for a long time ſecretly admired your eldeſt daughter. I ſay ſecretly, becauſe I have not ventured to mention it before, and never ſhall to the young Lady, unleſs this meets with your approbation. In what light this addreſs will appear to you, I am wholly ignorant, and am as little acquainted whether my fortune bears any proportion to that you intend to give your daughter; but of this I am certain, that though the Lady may, in point of outward circumſtances, meet with a more advantageous offer, yet in true and ſincere affection for Miſs *Symonds*, none can exceed him who is, Sir,

Your humble ſervant.

The

The Anſwer.

SIR,

WHAT thoughts my daughter may have of your propoſal I know not, and muſt obſerve to you, that I am determined never to influence her in an affair of this ſort, where I think ſhe ought to have her own free choice. What I have heard Mr. *Towers* frequently ſay of your behaviour, makes any farther enquiry into your character unneceſſary. And if your affairs are as you repreſent them, I ſhall have no objection; but here you muſt allow me to make proper enquiries.

As I have a ſon, I do not propoſe to give each of my daughters above a thouſand pounds at their marriage, though, at my death, their fortunes will be at leaſt equal to yours. I muſt confeſs that I am pleaſed, Sir, with your writing to me on this ſubject before you mentioned it to my daughter, and I give you my free conſent to acquaint her with your ſentiments; however, I would not adviſe you to do this by letter; for, as ſhe is often at Mr. *Towers*'s, you may open your mind to her by degrees, which will be much better than an abrupt declaration; and if ſhe is diſpoſed to favour your paſſion, ſhe will meet with no oppoſition from me. I ſhall be ready, whenever you think proper, to talk with you farther on this ſubject, and am, Sir,

Your very humble ſervant,

J. SYMONDS.

From a young Gentleman to a Lady of ſuperior Fortune.

MADAM,

NONE ſurely can labour under greater diſadvantages than he who preſumes to write to a Lady to whom he is entirely unknown: But a man who

who has been ſo long condemned to ſilence as I have, has ſome plea for taking a liberty to write that would be otherwiſe unpardonable. This, Madam, I beg you would ſee as my apology for giving you this trouble, and for preſuming to aſk whether the perſon who had the happineſs of ſitting by you at the opera laſt night, and who has in vain long waited for an opportunity of ſpeaking to you, might, if all things were favourable to his wiſhes, be admitted to the honour of your acquaintance. Another favour, Madam, I humbly requeſt: It is, that you will find a way (for I proteſt I know of none) by which I may be honoured with your determinations.

I am ſenſible, Madam, that I have gone too far in preſuming to take this liberty; but I beg to be forgiven. No words can deſcribe what I feel, while I write this to you, and which I ſhall continue to ſuffer, at leaſt till I have the happineſs of receiving your anſwer.

I am, &c.

The Anſwer by a Friend of the Lady.

SIR,

I AM now perhaps taking as ſtrange a liberty as you took yeſterday; but if you hope for pardon from one woman, you muſt be ready to grant it to another. I have ſeen your letter to Miſs *Trenchard*, and as I think it impoſſible for that Lady to anſwer it, my regard for her makes me take the taſk upon myſelf. I am ſurpriſed, Sir, and doubtleſs ſhe is more ſo, that an abſolute ſtranger ſhould take the liberty to write to her, eſpecially as Miſs *Trenchard* has ſo univerſal an acquaintance, that I cannot think it very difficult for a man of faſhion to get himſelf introduced to her, without his taking this extraordinary method; however, you muſt permit me to ſay, that

that there are few people to whom Miſs *Trenchard* would wiſh to be known as an acquaintance, beyond the number of thoſe who have at preſent that honour. We are not more ignorant of you than we are of your meaning; but if you have any farther thoughts, I do aſſure you there will require a great deal to ſupport ſuch an application. I am ſincerely the Lady's friend, and in this inſtance, I am perſuaded that I am acting the part of a friend to you. I have only obſerved what I think you ought to have done, and in what manner, and I leave the reſt to your diſcretion. I am, Sir,

Your humble ſervant.

From a Gentleman of Fortune, who had ſeen a Lady in public, to her Mother.

MADAM,

IT will be happy for me, if you are not unacquainted with the name at the bottom of this letter, ſince that will prevent the neceſſity of my ſaying what will appear with a better grace from others. I ſhall flatter myſelf that this is really the caſe, and will only ſay that I am of a family of ſome conſideration, and am not entirely deſtitute of fortune.

I was a few days ago, Madam, at the oratorio, and have juſt learnt, that a Lady who commanded all my attention there, has the happineſs to be your daughter. It is on that Lady's account I now preſume to write to you; and as it is my ſettled opinion that nothing can juſtly deſerve cenſure, that is honourable and undiſguiſed, I take the freedom to own, that though I do not doubt of your daughter's being worthy of a much better offer, yet I am perſuaded that my happineſs or miſery will depend upon her accepting or refuſing this. I therefore beg the favour

vour, Madam, of your letting me know whether the young Lady be engaged; and if ſhe be not, I intreat, that after you have informed yourſelf who it is that requeſts the honour of being introduced to her, you will favour me with an anſwer. I am as great an enemy as poſſible, Madam, to the nonſenſe uſed on theſe occaſions; but it would be doing myſelf injuſtice to conclude without ſaying, that my mind will be very little at eaſe until I know how this addreſs is received. I have the honour to be, Madam,

Your humble ſervant,

J. TOWNSHEND.

The Anſwer.

SIR,

THE letter I have had the honour to receive from you, beſpeaks you a gentleman and a man of ſenſe. After ſuch a prepoſſeſſion in your favour, I am ſorry to inform you that I am induced, from ſeveral reaſons, to decline the offer you are pleaſed to make of an alliance to my family. My daughter, who is very dear to me, is, I think, already engaged; I wiſh it may be as worthily. Beſides, I cannot approve of this unaccountable manner of placing your affections, and then pleading in favour of a paſſion built on ſo poor a foundation as that of ſeeing a perſon once at an oratorio. I wiſh, Sir, that you had known my daughter before you had ſaid ſo much, and by having met with me among our acquaintance, had found an opportunity to mention it. 'Tis very probable, Sir, that you are more than an equal match for her; for though ſhe (if you will ſuffer a mother to ſay it) has merit, her fortune, though not quite inconſiderable, is not great. You ſee, Sir, that I differ in my opinion on this ſubject; but you muſt at-

attribute it to the true cause, and believe that every thing that has, be it ever so remote, a tendency to my daughter's welfare, will make me very cautious of determining. To give you my final sense (at least what is final to me at present), I have not a thought of asking who it is that has thus favoured us, nor would advise my daughter to remember it. However, I thank you, Sir, in her name, as well as my own, for the honour you intended us, and am, Sir,

Your most obedient servant.

From the Gentleman, in reply to the former.

MADAM,

AS before you receive this letter, Sir *Philip Woodville* will have waited on you in my behalf, you cannot be offended at seeing it subscribed by the name of a person whose addresses you had in some measure declined. You now, Madam, know who it is that is ambitious of the honour of being related to you; and I sincerely assure you, that I think myself happy that the Lady's fortune is less than might be expected by a person with mine, who proceeded on the ordinary scheme of marriage. I would fain flatter myself, that what you said of the Lady's being already engaged, was rather an excuse against me than a determination in favour of another; and beg I may have permission to wait on you this afternoon, to assure that Lady of my inviolable affection and to declare to you, Madam, with how much sincerity I am

Your most obedient servant.

Fr

From a young Lady to her Father, to inform him of her having received a Proposal of Marriage.

Dear and honoured Sir,

MY duty and affection both oblige me to inform you, that since I have been here, I have received several visits from one Mr. *Brown*, an ironmonger of this place, who professes to have entertained a sincere affection for me. His person is not disagreeable, and my aunt gives him an extraordinary character. She tells me, that he has been set up for himself these three or four years, and has a considerable trade: That he began with a capital of a thousand pounds; and bids fair for being a wealthy tradesman: She also says, that she has known him from his infancy, and that he was always remarkable for the excellence of his temper. But, notwithstanding this favourable description, I hope, Sir, you will think me sincere, when I assure you, that he has not yet made the least impression on my heart. It was contrary to my inclinations that he was ever brought into my company, or allowed to profess a passion that wanted your approbation; but as my aunt has considerable dealings with him, she was unwilling to disoblige him, by refusing to let him see and speak to me. I have, however, ventured to tell him, that as he has neglected writing to you, I have resolved to do it myself, and that I insist upon his not paying me another visit till I have received your answer. The remembrance of your indulgence and affection would have made me reproach myself for ever, had I not now taken the first opportunity to inform you and my mamma of this affair, and to beg your advice, while I am in a condition to take it. I am, with my humble duty to you and my dear mamma, honoured Sir,

Your dutiful and obedient daughter.

The Father's Anſwer, on a Suppoſition that he does not entirely diſapprove of the young Man's Addreſſes.

Dear LUCY,

YOUR mother and I are equally pleaſed with the inſtance you have given us of your duty and diſcretion. Our tender affection will induce us to take the firſt opportunity to enquire into Mr. *Brown's* character, and if it be anſwerable to our hopes, we ſhall gladly conſent to an union that affords you an agreeable proſpect of happineſs. However, it is neceſſary that you ſhould ſtill keep yourſelf on your guard. His profeſſions may be nothing more than the idle unmeaning flattery of a perſon who has no other view but that of trifling away a leiſure hour; his deſigns may be even moſt diſhonourable; he may ſeek your ruin, only for the gratification of his own looſe deſires: And even ſuppoſing all you have heard of him be true, he may have private vices that may tarniſh all his good qualities. Do not think, my dear, that theſe ſuppoſitions are a proof of an uncharitable ſpirit: His not acquainting me with his intentions gives but too much ground for ſuch injurious ſuſpicions, and the importance of an event on which our happineſs or miſery muſt depend, calls for the utmoſt caution. Keep him, therefore, at a diſtance. Deſire your aunt to intimate to him (if ſhe or you have not done it already), that you are not at your own diſpoſal. But if you find you have an averſion to his perſon, or if any part of his behaviour is ſo diſagreeable, as to make it impoſſible for him to gain your affection, I would not have your aunt give him any hopes that my approbation will be of any advantage to him; for let him be ever ſo worthy of your eſteem, I will never deſire you to

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marry the man you cannot love. I ſhall endeavour to obtain as perfect a knowledge of him as poſſible; and if your mother and I have reaſon to think him worthy of our child, and you are diſpoſed to favour his paſſion, we ſhall rejoice in contributing all in our power to your felicity. Your mother ſends you her bleſſing with mine. I am, my *dear* Lucy,

Your ever affectionate father.

From a Maid-Servant to her Father in the Country, to aſk his Advice whether ſhe ſhould marry her Maſter's Apprentice.

Honoured FATHER,

LONDON is certainly the beſt place in the world for thoſe who are to maintain themſelves by their own labour, provided they have good ſenſe enough to withſtand the temptations and ſnares they are daily ſubject to, and which they cannot be too much guarded againſt. I have got a very good place, and am well reſpected by my maſter and miſtreſs. I therefore return you my thanks in the moſt dutiful manner, for perſuading me, though contrary to my inclinations, to come to town.

But the particular reaſon of my writing at this time is to inform you, that a young man who is an apprentice to my maſter, preſſes me to marry him; he has good friends, and has ſerved five years; but as my maſter or miſtreſs might be diſpleaſed with him were they to know it, I have concealed it from them, tho' I thought it my duty to write to you to know whether you approve of it. I am,

Honoured Sir, your dutiful daughter.

The Father's Anſwer.

Dear Child,

I AM very glad to hear you are in a good place, and that you are ſo happy as to pleaſe your miſtreſs. I am ſure you have reaſon to believe, that I always gave you the beſt advice in my power, and you have in more than one inſtance, when it has croſſed your inclinations, found it of great advantage; I therefore deſire you to pay a ſtrict regard to what I am going to ſay. I do not doubt but you are pleaſed with the thoughts of being miſtreſs of a ſhop, and keeping ſervants of your own; but let me tell you, that by marrying an apprentice, you would take a moſt unlikely method of obtaining that happineſs. You tell me, the young man has ſerved five years, he has then two to ſerve; but with what difficulties would he labour under, and how uncomfortable would thoſe two years be to you? I almoſt tremble at the very thoughts of what you would ſuffer. In this time, you probably would have one child and be far gone with another; while your huſband had no honeſt means of ſupporting his increaſing expences. The difficulties he would labour under, and the knowledge of this imprudent ſtep, would deſtroy his credit; and if his friends ſhould at laſt forgive him, and furniſh him with money to open a ſhop of his own, you would both begin the world under the greateſt diſadvantages, under great expences, and a ſhattered credit. But if they ſhould never forgive him, he would be obliged to become a journeyman, and, at the ſame time, be burdened not only with a family, but with a load of debt, which he would never be able to pay. In either of theſe caſes, can you imagine that the continual uneaſineſs of his mind, and the ſlights he received from all his

friends,

friends, and even from thoſe whom he now looks upon as his inferiors, would not ſour his temper, and make you ſtill more wretched by his ill humour? He will reflect with anguiſh of heart on what he might have been, had he never known you; and what quarrels, what diſtreſs, what miſery would then be your portion?

Let me, therefore, my dear child, adviſe you by all means, and as you have a regard for your own happineſs, not to marry him till he is out of his time; and not even then, till he has obtained the conſent of his friends. Mean while, be careful of allowing him even innocent liberties; and, if poſſible, never give him an opportunity of being with you alone: If you cannot do this where you are, let no conſiderations of preſent advantages prevent your leaving your place. God grant that you may follow this advice; and with my earneſt prayers that you may, I remain

Your affectionate father.

From a Gentleman to a Lady whom he accuſes of Inconſtancy.

MADAM,

YOU may be ſurpriſed, but cannot ſurely be diſpleaſed with a letter, inſtead of a viſit, from a perſon to whom *that* will probably be as welcome as his company.

Why ſhould you ſuppoſe, that if lovers have loſt their ſight, they muſt alſo be deprived of their other ſenſes? I have, indeed, refuſed to believe my eyes, when they told me you were inconſtant, but cannot refuſe to hear of it, when I am told it by others. 'Tis time, Madam, that we ſhould come to a better underſtanding. Am I, then, the object of your

eſteem; is my fortune worthy your acceptance; and do you really encourage my pretenſions? or do I vainly fancy this, while you make me the ſubject of your ridicule? If this is not the caſe, pray what means that coquetry in public? Why are you pleaſed with the flattery of every fool? and why am I told, that laſt night you was, for two hours together, in cloſe converſation with Mr. *Smith*, and are ſo wherever you meet him, if I am not in company? You cannot think of us both, and while I have given you my heart ſo entirely, I am diſtracted at the thoughts of only ſharing yours with another.

Anſwer, Madam, theſe queſtions, and I think I have a right to expect that you ſhould do it generouſly and fairly. But do not miſtake what is produced by the diſtraction of my heart, for want of tenderneſs and reſpect. While I thus write, that heart is filled with a love which I ys claim to an equal return; and I cannot bear to be deceived, where all my hopes are centered. I ſhall only add, that you have made me moſt unhappy, and that I am ſtill,

Madam, yours, &c.

The Lady's Anſwer, in Vindication of her Conduct.

SIR,

IF I did not make you all the allowances you ſeem to require at the concluſion of your letter, I ſhould return you no anſwer. But though I am now unhappy at finding that you are ſo, and the more as myſelf am the cauſe, I can hardly tell how to impute the ſeverity and unkindneſs of your expreſſions to what you would perſuade me was the occaſion of them. However, as I would not be thought guilty of a conduct that might juſtify this undeſerved treatment, I think it neceſſary to inform you, that there

no more foundation for what you have heard, than for what you have ſeen; and that the ſight of others may be as much ſharpened by unprovoked malice, as yours by undeſerved ſuſpicion. I will alſo add, that whatever may be the end of this diſpute (for I do not think ſo lightly of lovers quarrels as many do), I have never entertained an affectionate thought of any one, except yourſelf; and if the faults of your temper ſhould make me afraid to enter into the ſtricteſt alliance with you, I have reaſon to believe, from the preſent diſpoſition of my mind, you will never ſee me married to any other.

I have never had the leaſt thought that the gaiety of my temper gave you uneaſineſs; if I had, I ſhould have taken ſome pains to correct it, and you ought to have told me of it with leſs ſeverity. I am ſenſible that you would have no reaſon to complain, was I to reſent your treatment more than I do: I might refuſe to ſee you; and I certainly ſhould do ſo, had you not an advocate that pleads for you much better than you do for yourſelf.

I am, &c.

A Mother to a Daughter jealous of her Huſband.

My dear POLLY,

I AM very much concerned at your thinking you have any reaſon to ſuſpect the fidelity of your huſband: Let me intreat you, as you love your own happineſs, to ſuppreſs theſe early riſings of a paſſion, that can procure you nothing but the keeneſt anguiſh of heart, and to give no ear to the idle tales of thoſe officious and wicked people, who, perhaps, may find an intereſt in ſetting you at variance. O my child, take care of a ſuſpicion, which will not only give you preſent uneaſineſs, but by ſpoiling your temper, wean

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from you the affections of your husband. If he is innocent, your suspicions are one of the greatest injuries, one of the highest marks of injustice that can be offered him; and you are in danger, if you give a loose to your resentment, of precipitating him on the course you dread, and rendering those evils real, which are now only imaginary. I say imaginary—for I cannot think a man of his sense can be guilty of any thing so base and so foolish.

But supposing that what you have heard is but too true, your reproaches would only make him fly from home, and from you, to one who will side with him, and harden his heart against you. Thus would you yourself contribute to her triumph; while he, seeing that he can no longer have occasion for reserve, will grow hardened in vice, and pursue that course openly, which he would otherwise, for fear of its coming to your knowledge, have followed privately and by stealth. Let me, therefore, beg of you to summon all your prudence. Instead of loading him with reproaches, and by your ill humour driving him to her you would have him shun, strive to make home agreeable to him; and let him see, that it is not in the power of a strumpet to surpass you in sweetness of temper, and an obliging behaviour; and though he is so abandoned as to forget *his* duty, *you* will keep steadily to yours. By this means you will, in time, over-power him by your goodness; You will force conviction into his soul, and obtain the noblest of all conquests; you will recover his heart, and, perhaps, save him you love from eternal ruin. This conduct your own conscience will approve, and your children will have the greatest reason to rejoice in the prudence of such a mother. I am,

My dear daughter, &c.

From a Lady to a Gentleman, who was jealous of his Wife.

SIR,

NOTHING but the moſt inviolable friendſhip and eſteem for you and your family could induce me to take this liberty; a liberty, which, perhaps, you will never forgive, though it proceeds from the moſt generous motive, and is only intended to ſecure to you and yours, that happineſs which I think your virtues deſerve.

I was at the play laſt night with your Lady, and the reſt of the good company that dined at Mr. *Simpſon*'s. You was to have been of the party, but excuſed yourſelf on account of buſineſs, and pretended you had a prior engagement that you could not poſſibly break through. But how amazed and confounded was I, when I ſaw you diſguiſed in a horſeman's coat, mixt with a crowd in the pit, and obſerving every look, every geſture and action of your wife! 'Tis true, ſhe is of a gay and chearful diſpoſition; but what of that? Chearful people, tho' the moſt liable to miſrepreſentation, are generally the moſt innocent; for thoſe in truth and reaſon can only be merry, who have no evil in the mind, no canker in the heart. But jealouſy always ſees with jaundiced eyes; every thing is miſrepreſented or diſcoloured, and I am ſorry to find that you are ſeeking your own unhappineſs; for all that you feel is founded upon fear, and the miſchief is intirely of your own making. Good God! What do you make of us? Do you think women of ſenſe have no ſenſe of honour?

Your Lady has never deſerved this behaviour from you; I have never ſeen any thing in her conduct, but what was perfectly innocent and inoffenſive. Her affection for you, I know, is great and unalterable,

rable, and I don't believe there is a worthier woman in the world. How then can you debaſe yourſelf, and ſcandalize her virtue, by behaving in this manner? I hope nobody perceived it but myſelf, and I beg, for your ſake, for your Lady's, and for the ſake of your family, that this may go no farther, and that you will excuſe this well-intended freedom from, Sir, *Yours, &c.*

The Gentleman's Anſwer to the Lady.

MADAM,

'TIS true, I am unhappy, and I can't help it. There is ſomething in that Lady's conduct that diſpleaſes me, nay that diſtracts me, and I ſhall never recover myſelf, till I am able to clear away ſome doubts that dwell upon my mind, and which I have been attempting to do for ſome time; but am ſtill ſo embarraſſed, that I don't know whether her behaviour ariſes from a gaiety of diſpoſition, and a deſire to pleaſe the company, or from levity of mind and diſregard to me. If I did not love her, I ſhould not be thus unhappy; but ſhe has ever had my whole heart, and 'tis natural for a man to center all his cares where he has placed all his treaſure. I am obliged to you for your letter, and beg it may be a ſecret; but I ſhall never be able ſo fully to purſue your advice as I would do, till ſome circumſtances reſpecting her conduct are cleared up, and which time and due attention may perhaps effect. I do not intend to live a life of jealouſy, Madam, but I want to be ſatisfied. I am, with the moſt perfect reſpect and eſteem, *Yours, &c.*

From a Lady to her Husband, who was jealous of her.

My dear Husband,

MRS. *W*** has done me the friendſhip and juſtice to ſend me your letter, and directed me to make an apology to you in her behalf for the ſtep ſhe has taken; but I am ſo terrified, ſo amazed at the contents, that I know not what I do.—Speak to you I cannot, but I can tell the truth in writing; and the truth, my dear, is this: I never ſwerved from my duty to you, in any reſpect; I never had a thought to your diſadvantage, nor ever did any thing with deſign to make you uneaſy. If my gay deportment diſpleaſed you, or any part of my conduct gave you pain, you ſhould have told me ſo—indeed you ſhould—and have prevented me from going on in a daily courſe of diſobliging you. Had you given me the leaſt hint of your uneaſineſs (and ſure it would have come better from you, and with leſs pain to me, than from any other) I ſhould have immediately changed my conduct; for a more reſtrained behaviour will be as eaſy to me as this. I can judge what you feel, from the pain any apprehenſion of the kind would have given me; and I am truly unhappy in having been the cauſe of making you ſo. I don't blame you, my dear, for this groundleſs ſuſpicion, (tho' it reflects on my character) becauſe I believe it proceeds from the affection you bear me; but leſt any mutual friends, who are often mutual enemies, ſhould have done me this kindneſs, I beg for your ſake, as well as my own, that my conduct may be brought to the moſt ſtrict and ſevere ſcrutiny; and that you will do me the juſtice and kindneſs to write down every thing that you have heard or ſeen amiſs in me, that I may have an opportunity of clearing up every doubt that may be fixed in your mind;

mind; for till that is done, it will be impoſſible for us to be perfectly happy. I am, and ever ſhall be,

Your faithful and truly affectionate Wife.

From an Uncle *to his* Nephew, *againſt ſudden Intimacies.*

Dear NEPHEW,

AS nothing in the conduct of human life is of greater importance than the choice of your friends, you will permit me, I hope, to adviſe you in all caſes where your happineſs is concerned. I am ſorry to hear that you have lately contracted a cloſe intimacy with Mr. *Trigg*, who, notwithſtanding all that vivacity and humour which makes him generally thought an agreeable companion, is of an abandoned character, of very looſe principles, and by his vices has rendered his circumſtances not the moſt happy. I am, therefore, the more concerned at hearing, that you are hardly ever aſunder: I dread, leſt he ſhould lead you into his debaucheries; leſt you ſhould learn of him to treat every ſerious ſubject with contempt; and leſt he ſhould involve you in that ruin, which by his vicious conduct he is bringing upon himſelf. Let me, my dear nephew, prevail on you to break off an acquaintance that can be attended with no advantage on your ſide, though it may on his. You muſt not think that every man, whoſe converſation is agreeable, is fit to be treated as a friend. You ought to put ſome reſtraint upon that natural openneſs of heart, and frankneſs of diſpoſition, which is, in other reſpects, ſo commendable; and always remember, that friendſhips too haſtily contracted generally end in repentance; and if you proceed with him, I am afraid he will teach you that wiſdom at your own expence, or ruin, which you may have by only following the advice of

Your affectionate Uncle.

To a young Lady, on keeping Company with a Gentleman of a bad Character.

Dear SISTER,

MY affection for you, and the natural concern I have in whatever reſpects your reputation, obliges me to inform you, that people begin to talk very freely of you and Mr. *Smith*, who has been ſeen with you at both theatres, and other public places. It gives me pain to tell you, that this muſt, at leaſt, reflect upon your prudence, as he is known to be a profeſſed rake, and makes a common boaſt of the favours he has received from your ſex, whoſe criminal fondneſs is the conſtant ſubject of his mirth and ridicule. There is but too much reaſon to fear that his idle boaſts of this kind, are not entirely without foundation; and to conclude, that the deſigns of ſuch a man are far from being honourable. How many arts may ſo great a profligate make uſe of to undermine your virtue? But though all his endeavours of this kind ſhould prove ineffectual, yet you cannot be known publickly to converſe with him, and to give him your company, without receiving a terrible wound in your reputation; for though I know you publickly make a game of him, as I think every woman of ſenſe muſt of ſo arrogant and ſtupid a coxcomb, yet, as it is an univerſal maxim, that people are known by their company, you'll find the moſt innocent actions will be miſrepreſented, and turned to your diſadvantage. Therefore, my dear ſiſter, if you love your friends, if you value your own peace of mind, or that jewel your reputation, avoid him, and all ſuch company. I am, my dear,

Moſt affectionately yours.

To a young Lady on her firſt going to London, *containing proper Advice on that Occaſion.*

My dear SALLY,

AS your brother informs me you are going to *London*, a place replete with every kind of vice, you muſt give me leave to offer you ſome inſtructions with regard to your conduct there; for there, my dear, you may expect many ſolicitations will be made, and ſnares artfully laid, to rob you of your innocence and your virtue.

As we have ſo many more male than female writers, it is no wonder that the vices and foibles of women are moſt maliciouſly ſatirized, and placed in an unfavourable light, while little notice is taken of the villainous behaviour of our maſters the men, thoſe lords of the creation, who trample innocence and juſtice under foot, and rejoice in the power that is given them.

In their tranſactions with each other, they are obliged to keep up an appearance of probity, while with regard to us, every ſtratagem, every deceit is put in practice, to corrupt the innocent and betray the unwary. But why it ſhould be leſs a crime to deceive an innocent inexperienced girl, whoſe age and ſituation render it impoſſible ſhe ſhould know the world, than it would be to direct a blind man to the extremity of a precipice, I am at a loſs to imagine; yet cuſtom, that tyrant cuſtom, has taught us this and many more abſurdities.

As example, however, is more prevalent than precept, I ſhall illuſtrate what I have ſaid by the following ſtory, which upon inquiry you will find true, and which I hope will have a proper effect on your mind, and in ſome meaſure influence your future conduct.

Mrs. *Jenny* **** having lately loſt her father, the ſhe

ſhe might not be a burden to her mother, who had for her own ſupport but a ſmall annuity, determined to apply to a relation in *London*, for her aſſiſtance in getting her a genteel ſervice. In order to this, ſhe took a place in a ſtage-coach. The other paſſengers were an elderly gentlewoman and her ſon, a lad of about fifteen, and three gentlemen. The early hour of ſetting out, and their being entire ſtrangers to each other, kept them almoſt ſilent for the firſt ten miles. By this time the young ſpark grew exceeding ſick, and the indulgent mother inſiſted on being ſet down at the firſt town they came to, ſaying, her child's health was dearer to her than all the *Londons in the world*. They were now near the town where the coach uſually puts up, that the company might breakfaſt. They no ſooner arrived, than the young man and his mother retired to a chamber, leaving our country-woman to purſue her journey, without any of her own ſex to accompany her. The firſt day was paſt without any more than the common civility of bearing her expences, which were equally divided between the three men; only now and then a ſmile of approbation, accompanied with a ſigh, ſeemed as it were to eſcape from the genteeleſt and beſt dreſt of them, whenever ſhe by chance caſt her eyes on his. At ſupper, he ſhewed the utmoſt aſſiduity to pleaſe her, inſiſted on her being lodged in the beſt room in the houſe, and, in ſhort, ſpared neither pains nor expence to render himſelf agreeable. Thus they went on for the firſt three days; but on the fourth, which was to be the laſt of their being together, he appeared diſconcerted and uneaſy. At noon, he intreated her to permit him to walk with her in the garden of the inn, where they dined, for a few minutes: There he made the warmeſt profeſſions of love, mixed with the moſt ſolemn appeals to Heaven, that he had no other views than thoſe which were for her honour and intereſt: He told her, he muſt un-

avoidably be unhappy if ſhe refuſed to let him know where he might ſee her again. To all this ſhe replied, that Providence had placed her in ſuch a ſituation, that it was impoſſible ſhe ſhould grant his requeſt, ſince ſhe did not know where ſhe ſhould be fixed; as her buſineſs in town was only to get a ſervice. A ſervice! he returned with ſome emotion: No, no, that muſt never be the caſe, while I have an eſtate to maintain, or hands to work for you. I am at preſent poſſeſſed of upwards of 400l. a year; and expect, by the death of an uncle, more than double my fortune. If, deareſt creature, I am ſo happy as not to be diſagreeable to you, conſent to ſhare it with me. By this time the coachman call'd, which relieved *Jenny* from her embarraſſment. At length they arrived at their journey's end. She was met at the inn by her couſin, to whoſe houſe ſhe went for that night. As they were getting into a hackney-coach, ſhe obſerved her lover ſpeak to the coachman, and look earneſtly at the coach-door, but ſhe knew not what this meant. Next day ſhe was ſurprized at hearing herſelf called by a voice ſhe knew to be her fellow-traveller's. This interview was the forerunner of many more; till at laſt, after a ſtrict enquiry into his character and circumſtances, ſhe conſented to be his wife; but as their marriage was to be kept private, he propoſed the *Fleet* as the moſt proper place for the performance of the ceremony. This, with ſome reluctance, ſhe agreed to; when, as if recollecting himſelf, he cried, There can be no occaſion for our running the hazard of being ſeen, ſince a miniſter will come to us, and it will be equally valid. This alſo, weak and unthinking, ſhe conſented to. The next day they went to a tavern, and he ordered a drawer, whom he aſked for at the bar, to go for a clergyman from the *Fleet*. This ſame drawer ſerved for both father and clerk. The ſolemn ceremony being over, he carried her to genteel lodgings,

ings, at the court end of the town, where he behaved with the utmoſt tenderneſs for three months. She was now with child, and he began to be leſs frequent in his viſits; when one day, on her deſiring leave to acquaint her mother with her happineſs, he told her, that happineſs was hers no longer than ſhe kept it a ſecret, and immediately left her. She ſaw him no more for ſeveral days; and when he came home, he was in the height of ill-humour, and told her he was going out of town for a fortnight. She aſked him for money for her ſupport, when flinging her a guinea, he flounced out of the room. This behaviour, ſo different from what ſhe had reaſon to expect, filled her heart with anguiſh, and her eyes with tears. But who can deſcribe the aſtoniſhment, the miſery, the torture of this poor creature, when the woman of the houſe told her, that ſhe muſt provide herſelf with other lodgings; for the gentleman whom ſhe called her huſband, had paid her to that time, and told her, ſhe muſt expect no more from him! She ran—ſhe flew to the tavern where ſhe was married; but on enquiry, found the drawer had been diſcharged two months before: She then aſked, if any of the family knew the miniſter that was ſent for by Mr.*** but they all pretended ignorance. Thus artfully deprived of every reſource, to whom could ſhe apply for juſtice? The wretch that betrayed her was flown; her kinſwoman refuſed her ſuccour; called her an infamous creature; and to complete her miſery, told her, that ſhe had the week before received a letter, which gave an account of the death of her mother. Loaded with grief, ſhe returned to her lodgings. The woman had compaſſion enough to let her remain there that night, and the next morning ſhe was in a high fever. The expences of an apothecary and nurſe ſoon diſſipated her little ſtore, and the pity of her landlady did not continue much longer. By this time the ſtrength of

her conſtitution got the better of the diſtemper; and ſhe lives to feel more diſtreſs.

Pray think of this, my dear, and believe me to be,
Dear Sally, *Your moſt affectionate humble ſervant.*

From an Aunt *to her* Niece, *containing ſome Inſtructions for young Ladies to judge of Propoſals of Marriage made to them.*

Dear POLLY,

THE friendſhip I had for your dear mother, and the entire confidence ſhe always placed in me, will make me ever ſolicitous for the welfare of her family: you'll therefore pardon me, I hope, if in my letters I ſometimes preſume to offer you advice. I don't pretend to be wiſer than you, my dear, but yet I know ſome things that you have not had the opportunity of being acquainted with; and if what I have learned with pains and with expence can be conveyed to you gratis, and without any trouble, you are ſure to be no loſer by the bargain. You are now, my dear, removed to *London*; where your perſonal charms, and endowments of mind, will attract many admirers; and your fortune, which is large, will probably engage many more. Your buſineſs, my dear *Polly*, is to diſtinguiſh the one from the other, and to make a due difference between him who makes love to your perſon, and him whoſe affection is centered ſolely in your pocket. But this will be difficult for you to do without the advice and aſſiſtance of your friends and guardians; make them therefore your confidants in this affair; and never lend your ear to impertinent go-betweens and infamous match-makers, who are bribed by the ſharpers and coxcombs about town to betray ladies of fortune into their hands. And this, according to their general method, they will perhaps attempt by repreſenting to you, "That

"ſome

"ſome fine gentleman of great merit and fortune is "deeply in love with you.

"That he has ſeen you at ſome public place, and "is impatient to make to you a declaration of his "paſſion.

"That he would not willingly make any overtures "to your guardian, till he knows what reception he "ſhall meet with from yourſelf.

"That your guardian may probably raiſe ſuch ob-"jections as may be altogether groundleſs.

"That in caſe he has any daughters of his own, "he may poſſibly be inclined to ſee them diſpoſed "of firſt.

"That your fortune being in his hands, he may "have occaſion to make uſe of it, and conſequently "be unwilling to part with it.

"That he may have private views in marrying "you to ſome friend of his own, without conſulting "your inclination or intereſt.

"That it would be improper, therefore, for your "guardian to be intruſted with the ſecret, till you "have ſeen the party propoſed.

"That, after all, it lay in your own breaſt, ei-"ther to admit of, or decline his offer.

"That the propoſer, for her part, was altogether "diſintereſted in the affair, and had no other view "than the bringing about a match that might prove "equally happy for both parties.

"That, in a word, there could be no harm in "accepting of a line from the gentleman, if an inter-"view ſhould be thought improper."

Diſcountenance with warmth and reſentment all ſuch officious buſy-bodies, and boldly aſſure them,

"That you are determined to liſten to no propo-"ſitions, how ſeemingly advantageous ſoever, with-"out the approbation and conſent of your guardians, "or other judicious friends."

For

For they, you may be aſſured, are the people who ſtudy your happineſs.

Such a prudent conduct as this, my dear, will make your officious confidants, or interveners (if they have any ſenſe of ſhame) deſiſt from their deſigns upon you; and hereby you will be convinced, that ſuch perſons are altogether undeſerving of your good opinion or acquaintance. By ſuch a conduct you will never loſe an humble ſervant that is in the leaſt worthy of your encouragement. For, if the perſon really loves you, and is poſſeſſed of the fortune he pretends, he will readily apply to your guardians, and entertain a very favourable opinion of your prudence and diſcretion: And in caſe he declines his ſuit, you may juſtly conclude that his intentions were baſely to betray you; and then you'll have juſt reaſon to rejoice that you turned a deaf ear to all his artful inſinuations.

But if, without the aſſiſtance of a go-between, a young fellow ſhould preſume to ſend you letters, without firſt making a regular application to your parents or guardians, you ſhould get ſome friend to write to him in the following manner, but be ſure you do not write yourſelf.

SIR,

I Am to inform you, that Miſs *Jones* thinks herſelf obliged to every one who has a good opinion of her. But ſhe begs that you will not give yourſelf, or her, the trouble of any more letters; for things are ſo circumſtanced, that ſhe has neither inclination nor power to encourage your addreſſes.

I am, Sir, Yours, &c.

But if a propoſal ſhould come in this manner, that you have reaſon to think is not unworthy ſome attention, your buſineſs, my dear *Polly*, is to rebuke the attempt of a clandeſtine addreſs, which you may

by getting ſome friend to write in the following manner, or at leaſt to the ſame purport.

SIR,

IT may not be improper to acquaint you, that Miſs *Jones* is ſo happy as to have a friend of experience and probity in Mr. *Williams* of *New Bond-Street*, who is her guardian, and without whoſe advice ſhe undertakes nothing of conſequence; you may therefore reaſonably ſuppoſe, that ſhe will not care to admit of any propoſals of moment to her that have not paſſed his approbation. This ſhe hopes will ſave her and you the trouble of any further application. *I am, Sir, your humble ſervant.*

Thus, my dear *Polly* (emboldened by your friendſhip and good opinion of me) I have endeavoured to offer you ſome inſtructions, which by and by you may find uſeful: And I doubt not but you will pay a proper regard to what I have ſaid; ſince you know it comes from the heart of one, who will be ever ſolicitous for your proſperity; as her happineſs muſt in a great meaſure depend upon yours.

I am, my dear,
Your ever faithful and affectionate Aunt.

From a young Lady to her Father, expoſtulating againſt a Propoſal of Marriage made to her.

Honoured Sir,

I NEVER till now thought it could be a pain to me to anſwer any letter that came from my dear papa; but this laſt of yours diſtreſſes me to the greateſt degree, as I know not how to ſend an anſwer that is conſiſtent with the duty I owe and the affection

I bear

I bear to the beſt of parents, without at the ſame time offering up my ſincerity, and making a ſacrifice of my peace and happineſs.—Ah dear Sir, reflect, do reflect on the real worth and uſes of riches. Do they purchaſe health? Do they purchaſe peace? Do they purchaſe happineſs? No—then why am I to barter health, and peace, and happineſs, for riches?—The man you propoſe to me, I know you would never have thought on but for his immenſe wealth, for he has nothing elſe to recommend him. And I, who can live upon a little; I, who at preſent have no canker in my heart, and am happy in the company of my dear papa and my mamma, can never think of giving up this peace and tranquility, and of throwing myſelf at the mercy of a brute, whom I deteſt, for the ſake of being thought worth a large ſum of money that I don't want, and can make no uſe of. Theſe are truths that I am afraid will be diſagreeable to you, and therefore 'tis with pain I write them; but, my dear papa, what pain would it give you to ſee me made for ever miſerable. I know what would ſhorten my days, would put an end to yours, ſo great is your affection for me. The ſenſe of that affection, and my own love and gratitude to you, the beſt of parents, will make me ſubmit to any thing. Do by me as you pleaſe, but pray think of the conſequences; and believe me to be,

Honoured Sir, your moſt dutiful,
affectionate, and obedient daughter.

From an Aunt to her Nephew, who had complained of Ill-Succeſs in his Addreſſes.

Dear Nephew,

I DID not think you had been ſuch a puſillanimous numps till I received your letter complaining of the cruelty of Mrs. ***. Why, did you expect a lady of her beauty, fortune, and good ſenſe, would drop into your arms in a moment? Sure you muſt have a comfortable portion of vanity, as well as folly, nephew, to expect ſuch uncommon conceſſions.—You ſay the ſuit will be fruitleſs; how do you know? She has given you no flat denial, nor has ſhe peremptorily forbid your viſits, or refuſed to receive your letters; be thankful for that, and attend conſtantly till ſhe thinks you have done duty enough to deſerve her. Lovers like ſoldiers ſhould ſuſtain the charge with patience, and when repulſed and beaten off, rally again and renew the ſtorm with vigour, and not run away from their colours and leave their treaſure behind them. A lady, nephew, in her ſituation may not happen always to ſpeak as ſhe means. *No, no,* may chance to mean *yes*; as two negatives make an affirmative; and you ought to be ſcholar enough to conſtrue the meaning, and to make a proper conſtruction of her whole words and behaviour united together. She is a lady of good accompliſhments, my dear nephew, and her affections muſt be engaged by degrees; ſhe looks on matrimony as a momentous affair, as a ſtate either of happineſs or miſery; and will not ſuffer an ill-grounded paſſion to lead her into a labyrinth, from which ſhe can never extricate herſelf. If this lady is taken, it muſt be by good ſenſe and perſeverance; and that I am perſuaded may do with my

aſſiſtance,

aſſiſtance, which you are welcome to; for as the lady is ſo amiable, I cannot but approve and commend your choice.

I am your affectiouate Aunt.

From one Lady to another, enquiring the Character of a Maid-Servant.

MADAM,

A YOUNG woman whoſe name is *Sarah Johnſon*, has applied for a ſervice in my family. She ſays ſhe lived three years with you, and can have a good character, which to me is a great recommendation; but as I do not know the truth of this, and as it would be particularly imprudent in me to take a bad woman into my houſe, I muſt beg the favour of you to let me know how ſhe behaved in your ſervice, and whether you think her a perſon of modeſty, integrity, and diſcretion.

I know, madam, 'tis too common for ladies of humane diſpoſitions to give ſervants better characters than they deſerve. We are all apt to do it, in hopes they may mend of their faults for the future; and perhaps it may be ſometimes right; but mine is a caſe in which I am obliged to be very circumſpect and exact, and therefore I muſt beg of you not to incline too much on the ſide of good-nature; ſince there are other places that may ſuit her very well, though ſhe may be not altogether ſo proper for mine.

I have a daughter, madam, almoſt a woman grown, who is as dear to me as a child can be. Great care has been taken of her education, and ſhe is of an amiable diſpoſition, and in all reſpects a very good child. Such a character one would not have ſacrificed to the malice of a ſervant, nor a child ſo

dear

dear and valuable, and one who has ſome fortune, ſeduced, or attempted by needy perſons, becauſe they have money enough to engage her maid in their ſervice.

I beg pardon, madam, for giving you ſo much trouble on this occaſion, which I ſhould not have done, but you ſee how extremely improper it would be to admit a ſervant into my family, who is not truſty and of a good diſpoſition. I have the honour to be, with the greateſt reſpect,

Madam, your moſt obedient humble ſervant.

From a Lady with the Character of a Maid-Servant, in Anſwer to the foregoing.

MADAM,

I OWN to you that I, like many others, have been perhaps too partial to ſervants I have parted with; and, if they were honeſt, have concealed their faults on promiſe of their amendment: but in caſe of diſhoneſty I never ſpare them. In anſwer however to the letter you have written me, I ſhall tell you the moſt perfect truth, without reſerve, and conceal nothing which I think it my duty to ſay, or your intereſt to know.

The ſervant who has offered herſelf to you, madam, lived with me three years, and I parted with her becauſe ſhe gave me, in anſwer to a complaint I made, ſome tart expreſſions, which I thought ſavoured of diſreſpect. This ſhe was ſorry for afterwards, and aſked my pardon; but I would not keep her, leſt from her having been ſo long in the family, ſhe ſhould, after this, think herſelf of more conſequence to me than ſhe really was. And ſometimes, madam, even the beſt tempers, you know, may live too long together.

I don't know how far this may plead againſt her, but as it is all that can be objected to a perſon otherwiſe very deſirable, I think, was the caſe my own, I ſhould not conſtrue it particularly to her diſadvantage; for I muſt do her the juſtice to acknowledge, that ſhe might have ſome provocation. She is a perſon of good ſenſe and diſcretion; I have always found her very faithful and honeſt; and, as the world goes, I do not think you will meet with a better ſervant.

I am, Madam, yours, &c.

From a Gentleman to his Son juſt arrived from Paris, *againſt ſervile Complaiſance and Talkativeneſs; with ſome Directions for behaving politely in Company.*

Dear Tom,

THERE is ſomething in your behaviour ſince you returned from *Paris* that diſpleaſes me, and I muſt frankly tell you, that I don't think you are at all benefited by travelling. You have, by keeping company with coxcombs, or by miſtaking ceremony for politeneſs, contracted a habit of not only talking much, and in a very frothy, trifling manner, but of ſacrificing every thing to compliment. Even your ſincerity is offered up to ceremony; and you think yourſelf obliged, in point of good manners, to agree, like *Polonius* in the play, with every thing that is ſaid, whether right or wrong. You don't want underſtanding, *Tom*; nor are you without a good ſhare of learning: And yet that eternal ſimper, that cringe and obſequiouſneſs, render both ſuſpected, and tire all your acquaintance, who (I am told) laugh at your behaviour, and ſpeak of this behind your back, though they have not friendſhip

enough

enough to confeſs it to your face. But your father, who loves you ſincerely, and who conſiders you as a part of himſelf, can never ſee you do any thing that may turn to your diſadvantage, without warning you of the conſequence; for that father muſt have a very bad heart or a very bad head indeed, who does not inform his ſon of his faults. Yours is not an error of diſpoſition, but of judgment, and therefore it may be eaſily rectified. You, I know, my dear *Tom*, intend it for civility and politeneſs, but you are miſtaken. Forced and affected compliments are the reverſe. Politeneſs is ever attended with eaſe and freedom, and deſpiſes every thing that is unnatural. Beſides, this cringing and fawning render your *ſincerity* ſuſpected. Thoſe who make large profeſſions to *every-body*, are eſteemed by *no-body*; it is all conſidered as froth, and their friendſhip is ſuppoſed to be as trifling, inſipid, and troubleſome, as their converſation. Caſt off therefore, my dear *Tom*, this ſort of behaviour, and put on one that is more manly, and conſiſtent with the character of your family, who were always eſteemed for their openneſs, freedom, and ſincerity, which intitles a man to more reſpect than all the fine ſpeeches and low bows in the world. Not that I would have you entirely diſregard what you brought from the dancing-ſchool: A proper deportment is neceſſary, and even a little ceremony may be conſiſtent with politeneſs and good-manners; 'tis the exceſs that makes it blameable. Look at Mr. *Moleſworth*, (for in this caſe one example is better than ten precepts) he is eſteemed an accompliſhed gentleman, every one is pleaſed with his behaviour, all are charmed with his converſation; and the means he purſued to attain this art of pleaſing univerſally, are theſe.

He takes care to keep none but good company (for by his company he is ſenſible that he ſhall be known and diſtinguiſhed). Among ſuch his ears are ever

open to receive inſtruction; for he conſiders *that a ſilent young man generally makes a wiſe old one.* He attends to every body, and ſpeaks but little; and that not till he has heard and collected the opinions of the whole company; well knowing that he ſhall profit more by hearing, than by ſpeaking on any ſubject; and that by this means, he not only fathoms the capacities of the company, but alſo gratifies, as it were, and obliges each perſon, by giving him an opportunity to talk, and eſpecially, when with proper queſtions he introduces ſuch ſubjects as each man can ſpeak to with propriety and judgment. This he does with wonderful dexterity, and offers every one an occaſion of diſplaying his talents; for he knows, that in order to keep up an univerſal good-humour, every man ſhould be pleaſed with himſelf, as well as with his company. And pray what pleaſes a man more, than to have an opportunity of letting the circle know that he is ſomebody? How unlike him are thoſe, who having ſeen nothing of the world, expoſe themſelves to contempt and ridicule, by impertinently giving their opinion of things they do not underſtand? What Mr. *Moleſworth* ſays is always to the purpoſe, is properly addreſſed, and every body hears him with ſatisfaction; for tho' he is young in years, he is old in experience and underſtanding. When he ſpeaks, it is always with a becoming eaſe and freedom. He has reſolution enough to defend and ſupport the truth, but always delivers his ſentiments in ſuch a manner, that it may not appear like dictating to the company; and when he has done, he hears others (let them differ from him ever ſo much) with patience, complacency, and temper. In ſhort, *Tom*, exceſs of ceremony will never gain a man friends, but impertinent babbling will undoubtedly create him enemies; for converſation is a banquet, which every man is entitled to a ſhare of, who is preſent; and why ſhould any one

expect

expect to have the whole feaſt to himſelf? Beſides, the very end of converſation, which is improvement, is thereby deſtroyed; for he who always *talks* has no time to *hear*, and conſequently can reap no benefit from what is ſaid in company. Another vice in converſation (if I may be allowed that expreſſion) I would caution you againſt, and that is talking *obſcenely*, which is not only a mark of a depraved mind but of low breeding, and is never encouraged but in the company of fools; ſince, as my Lord *Roſcommon* juſtly obſerves,

Immodeſt words admit of no defence,
For want of decency is want of ſenſe.

I am, my dear ſon, your truly affectionate father.

CARDS *of Compliment, &c.*

To invite a young Lady to an Aſſembly.

Mr. and Mrs. *Singleton*'s compliments to Miſs *Williams*, they hope to have the pleaſure of her company to the aſſembly. A corner of their coach is at her ſervice, and they beg leave to wait on her at ſix. *Tueſday* morning.

An ANSWER.

Miſs *Williams* begs her compliments to the obliging Mr. and Mrs. *Singleton*. She is truly ſenſible of the honour they intend her, and will do herſelf the pleaſure to wait on them at the time propoſed. *Tueſday* noon.

From a Lady to her intimate Acquaintance inviting her to Dinner.

The bride and bridegroom dine with Mrs. *Jones* to-morrow, and they join with her in ſoliciting the

favour of Mrs. *Thomſon*'s good company, as the only thing that can add to their happineſs. None of your ſecond-hand apologies, pray now; for indeed, my dear, you muſt come. We are to be very merry.

Wedneſday morning.

An Excuſe to a Lady of Quality for diſappointing her.

Mrs. *Richardſon* ſends her moſt reſpectful compliments to Lady *Lovewell*, and hopes her Ladyſhip will do her the juſtice to believe, that ſhe is inexpreſſibly concerned that ſhe could not have the honour of waiting on her yeſterday. Had ſhe received the card her Ladyſhip ſent in any tolerable time, ſhe ſhould not have failed in her duty; but ſhe was on a party of pleaſure with Miſs *Bloom*, and did not ſee the meſſage ſhe was honoured with till this morning.

Saturday noon.

From a Lady inviting a Gentleman to be of a Party at Cards the next Day.

Mrs. *Jones*'s compliments to Mr. *Langham*; ſhe is to have a few friends at Cards to-morrow, and cannot think of ſuch an evening without him. Hopes he is not engaged.

Monday 3 o'clock.

The ANSWER.

Mr. *Langham* had the honour to receive Mrs. *Jones*'s card, which he conſiders as the greateſt compliment, and will do himſelf the pleaſure to wait on her in the evening.

Tueſday morning.

From

From a Lady, inviting a Gentleman to a Party at Cards the ſame Day.

Mrs. *Thompſon* preſents her moſt ſincere reſpects to Mr. *Jones*. She has ſome friends engaged for this evening, about four tables, which ſhe thought herſelf obliged to inform him of. Begs he will make no apology, for ſhe abſolutely depends on his company.

Tueſday morning.

An ANSWER.

Jones returns his compliments with the ſame ſincerity, to the moſt obliging Mrs. *Thompſon*. He ſhould have thought his company agreeable to her and the reſt of the party, had he been honoured with her card the day before; but as it is, he muſt confeſs that he has a ſort of engagement upon his hands, and c nnot poſſibly do himſelf the honour of waiting on Mrs. *Thompſon*.

Tueſday noon.

From a Lady who thought herſelf ſlighted by an Acquaintance.

Miſs *Bloom* is ſorry that any accident ſhould oblige her to give Miſs *Pollard* the trouble of another card, after having left ſo many at the door already; but ſhe has occaſion to ſend ſomething to her friend Miſs *Wilſon*, and has forgot the direction. She begs pardon for this freedom, and if Miſs *Pollard* will oblige her in this particular, ſhe promiſes to be no farther impertinent.

Friday noon.

An ANSWER.

Miſs *Pollard* does herſelf the honour to ſend her compliments to Miſs *Bloom*. She is moſt extremely con-

concerned at receiving a card from her ſo full of reſentment, and does not pretend to ſay that her diſpleaſure is without foundation; but ſhe begs leave to aſſure Miſs *Bloom*, that there muſt be ſome miſtake in the affair; ſince it is impoſſible for her to be guilty of ſo much rudeneſs to a Lady for whom ſhe has the moſt perfect affection. Miſs *Pollard* will do herſelf the pleaſure to wait on Miſs *Bloom* with the direction, and endeavour to clear up this miſunderſtanding; for ſhe cannot bear the loſs of a friend that has ever been ſo dear to her.

Friday 4 o'clock.

From an Aunt *to her* Niece, *who lived unhappily with her Huſband.*

Dear SALLY,

YOUR father called on me yeſterday, and with tears gave me an account of the miſunderſtanding that ſtill ſubſiſts between your huſband and you; which indeed I had heard before from ſeveral of your neighbours, who wiſh well to you both, and would be glad to promote your happineſs. You, I find, to excuſe yourſelf, rail againſt your huſband, which, inſtead of healing the difference, only makes the breach wider, and is a ſort of behaviour that I did not expect from your prudence. For prudence, I think, will induce a good wife to bear a little with her huſband's faults without railing, eſpecially if ſhe conſiders that both her duty and intereſt require it. You ſay he is obſtinate, peeviſh, and petulant. I am afraid he is, and your poor father tells me you are ſo too. If that be the caſe, and you are both determined in the purſuit, there is an end of all happineſs, and 'tis to no purpoſe to lend you either advice or aſſiſtance. The beſt tempers indeed are ſometimes diſcompoſed, and the moſt affectionate people may

may have words; but how eaſily are thoſe things ſet to rights by means of a little prudence!—I'll tell you a ſtory, my dear, and I beg you would tell it to your huſband, for I think it may be of ſervice to you both.

Archbiſhop *Cranmer* had a niece, whom he married to a gentleman every way her equal in point of family. The wedding-day was ſolemnized with great pomp and ſplendor; after which, according to cuſtom, the new-married couple were left alone. Next morning the good Archbiſhop went into their chamber, and enquiring after their health, told them he had a preſent to make them. They were impatient to know what it was; but he perſiſted in concealing it till they both promiſed him never to wear it at the ſame time; and having extorted from them that ſolemn promiſe, he preſented them with a *Fool's Cap*.

Now, my dear, when you ſee your huſband is inclined to wear the cap, I would have you be patient, meek, and mild; give him only good words, and he'll throw it off again preſently; when if you pleaſe you may put it on, provided he will promiſe you to behave in that manner. But the leſs you wear it the better, and if I was you, I would not learn a bad thing even of my huſband. If you manage well, your prudence in time will get the better of his paſſion, and he'll acknowledge your ſuperiority of underſtanding, and be adviſed by you in every thing. I wiſh you happy, my dear, and am

Moſt affectionately yours.

A Letter from a Gentleman at Liſbon, *to his Son in* London.

My dear Son,

ERE you receive this from your unhappy father, you will have heard of the deſtruction of this place, and of the calamitous ſituation of its few remain-

maining miserable inhabitants. God in his infinite mercy protect us! All that you have heard will fall far short of what I have seen, for no words have energy sufficient to convey an idea of a scene so amazingly dreadful.—Your poor mother is no more! —Ask me not for your sisters!—And as for myself, I am a vagabond, and condemned to seek my bread from those who can ill afford to feed me. But *the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away.*—I am satisfied.—All may be for the best, and our friends are, I doubt not, removed to a more permanent city, whose foundations are not to be shaken, and where sorrow is no more. Let us, my dear child, prepare to follow them; and that we may do so, let us so live here that we may fear no dissolution, nor dread what may happen hereafter. Let us always be prepared for the worst, and not depend on a death-bed repentance; for you see we have not a moment that we can call our own. St. AUSTIN says, *we read of one man who was saved at the last hour, that none may despair; and of but one, that none may presume.* How unsafe, how foolish therefore is it to put off that 'till to-morrow, which is so essentially necessary to be done to-day! To-morrow may never come!—Oh think of that!—You may be snatched away in an instant, as thousands here have been, for there is no withstanding the arm of the Almighty. No; the attempt would be vain, would be presumptuous, would be impious; and you will find, my dear son (I hope not too late) that the only security against accidents of this sort, is the leading a religious and good life. I am

Your truly affectionate father.

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